WEEK ENDING SEPT. 8. 1928

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A Weekly for Everybody

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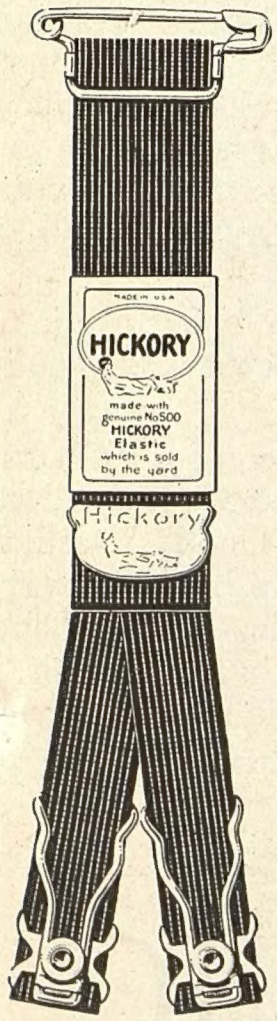
Back to School...*to playground...to gym!*



25c and up

Hickory Garters teach this lesson—

that it's nice to be neat . . . that it feels good, and certainly looks much better to have stockings smooth and straight. Are you taking advantage of the school opening this Fall to instill pride in your children about their personal appearance? Equip each of them now with a fresh, clean pair of Hickory Garters. The rubber is so live and stretchy . . . it never strains or tugs in any strenuous play. And the cushion clasps save much darning. They last longer . . . they hold better . . . it certainly pays to buy Hickory!

79

—and for your sewing Hickory Elastic is best

Put this *live* rubber in every casing that requires elastic and see how long it lasts . . . through hard wear and many washings. It's the same Elastic used in Hickory Garters and often outlasts the garments into which it is sewn. You can get it in all widths, black and white, by the yard. Also in handy 12-yard reels for your sewing basket.

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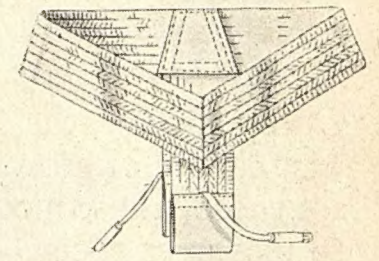
HICKORY

GARTERS ··· ELASTIC

and Personal Necessities



For Older Girls, Hickory provides Personal Necessities that help to prevent time lost from gym and classroom. This soft, comfortable Hickory Belt is made of gentle, non-binding bandage elastic. Slip-on style—handy taped-on safety pins. Flesh or white; medium, large or extra large; as low as 25c. Satin trimmed, 50c.

Hickory Aprons, sanitary bloomers and stepins should be in every high school girl's wardrobe. Prevent wrinkling dresses even after prolonged sitting. This Hickory Apron of lightweight rubber with cool mesh top, cut to fit and stay in place, comes in white or flesh; as low as 25c.

Coax back the *natural* wave in your hair

LOOK at some of the pictures of yourself taken when you were a tiny youngster. Didn't you have a little natural wave in those days? Haven't you ever heard your mother say that as a baby she could curl your hair over her finger?

You see, Nature intends most of us to have wavy hair. 80% of us are born with it. But all too few, alas, keep it.

Oddly enough, the children who have the best chance of growing up with curly hair are those whose mothers haven't had time to fuss over them.

The conscientious mother, with hygienic scruples, who shampoos her baby's hair at least once a day—who brushes her child's hair vigorously the minute it looks mussed or tousled—discourages the natural wave until it finally disappears. And yet she bemoans the fact just as much as her daughter does later on.

In many cases, though, you *can* coax back the natural wave, if you just give it a chance.

First of all, don't wash your hair too often. It is not necessary if you give yourself regular "dry cleaning" treatment. Take absorbent tissues and go over your whole scalp thoroughly every morning and night. In this way, you can remove surplus oil and dirt and actually delay your regular shampoo several days.

Before every shampoo—and oftener if your scalp is very dry—give yourself scalp massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Part your hair and apply a little of the Tonic directly to your scalp. Work it in well with the finger tips. This relieves dryness and tightness of the scalp. Stimulates circulation. Helps remove dandruff. Makes for a generally healthy condition.

Don't brush your hair any oftener than necessary. Regular massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic will give your scalp the exercise and stimulus that brisk brushing would give. Form the habit of shaking out the hair to get rid of loose dust or any particles of dandruff. You'll be surprised to see how effective this is.

And remember, if you want to encourage a natural wave, don't subject your hair to intense dry heat. For unlike an artificial wave, natural curl thrives best on humidity. Just look at any naturally curly head of hair on a damp day and you'll see this demonstrated.

Buy a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic today and start to coax back the wave you've lost.

If you're one of those people with naturally *straight* hair, who simply has to have it waved artificially, you'll find "Vaseline" Hair Tonic useful to help hold the wave. Rub a tiny bit on the palms of your hands and smooth them gently over your hair. It trains your hair smartly in place and keeps it from getting too fluffy—especially with a permanent wave.

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HAIR TONIC

SEPT. 8, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 36

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

HUMANITY! HO HO!

Letters are still coming about our recent editorial in which we quoted the Biblical account of Jesus' turning water into wine at Cana of Galilee.

As might have been expected, the tenor of many of these is to the effect that we shouldn't have brought the matter up. But there also are many answers to our inquiry as to how the episode is to be fitted into the belief, prevalent in some quarters, that prohibition is properly a tenet of religious faith.

One correspondent submits that Christ was not only divine but also a man and in His human capacity made a mistake.

Another explains that they didn't have much sugar in Cana and, this being the case, their wine was not particularly potent.

A third quotes Solomon (who was not even a prophet, though to be sure he was a king), commending his wisdom concerning strong drink. This writer does not urge that the monarch's example in the matter of wives be followed.

A fourth argues that in Jesus' time "men approved of wine," and that the Master "abode by the laws of the land in which He happened to be." In other words, since American laws had not come into being, He was free to use His own judgment; but as between the practice of the founder of Christianity and the precepts of the American Congressman, Volstead knows best.

And so on.

Well, it has always been thus. Those who hold one set of beliefs argue on one side; those who disagree with them argue the other way. Both groups are equally positive and sincere, but they seldom change or convert one another.

The Bible is a record of many centuries, compounded from many sources. Almost anything may be "proved" from it. Almost everything has.

In the years before the Civil War the Bible was used by both sides to strengthen their position. Slavery was wrong, said some, quoting from Holy Writ to prove it. Slavery was right, said others, quoting from the same source.

So, because we are human, words in writing are used not to establish convictions but to offer an excuse for one's beliefs. And all the other fellow's reasoning is as if it were traced in sand; a gesture wipes it away.

Fortunately there is in this country a great body of liberal opinion, bound by no creed, which bases its decisions on what it considers intelligent self-interest.

But these letters on the water and the wine bring out again how hard and unresilient is the human brain in many of its manifestations. Beliefs come first; if the facts do not fit them, so much the worse for the facts. Sometimes it seems a miracle that we progress at all.

The intellect does not actually guide us very much. It is used rather as an explanation or alibi for our actions. Our actions come from deeper springs apparently, from our instincts and from what in modern lingo is known as the subconscious.

Humanity! We share Sergeant York's feelings. Humanity! Ho ho!

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September 8, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 36

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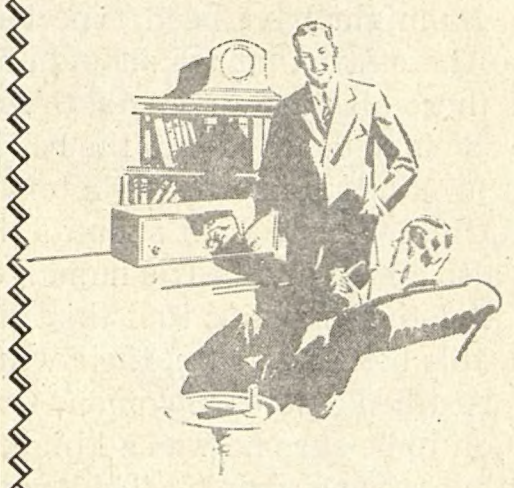

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From *L'Illustration*

A French bayonet charge in 1914, from a painting by Georges Scott.

14 *Years* Ago This Week

(Reading time: 39 minutes 23 seconds.)

The First Battle of the Marne

By

EMIL LUDWIG
Author of Napoleon, The Son of Man, etc.

PARIS, the great metropolis, trembled! It had not witnessed a day such as this since it apparently had lost its great splendor forty-four years before. A shadow fell upon the city of gayety. What about Viviani's exclamation:

"We are without reproach and fear nothing!"

But on this day a grudging reproach was on the lips of the nation, a fear forced back only by the most courageous men and women, for the greater portion of them were crying:

"Away! Off to the most southern nook of France! There were German uhlans on the bridge of Pecq yesterday! The forest of St. Germain is swarming with white cuirassiers! Pack up! Just recall father's tales of the last time—when they ate rats!

"What? You mean to say there are Russians coming by way of Archangel to help us? You believe you have seen Russian uniforms?

"Now, then, I will tell you the entire truth, which I have known since yesterday. There are not one thousand shells left at the front! Our supply of shrapnel is almost exhausted! Why were there no precautions taken? The soldiers are in their barracks playing cards because the supply of shoes is exhausted and there are no more to be had.

"Off to the south—toward Lyons. That is the safest way out of it!

"Taxi! What is your charge to the railroad station? One hundred francs! Well, then, away, away!"

At the railroad stations persons remained about the ticket windows all night, clamoring for tickets. In vain the frightened mob turned to the three issues of the daily newspapers for encouraging news.

But these papers yielded nothing but the horrible truth—at last!—after having continually devoted their columns to hideous lies about the marvelous deeds of their army.

Scornfully the *Temps*, as well as the *Humanité*, criticized on August 25 the faulty war bulletins and the unpardonable concealing of facts about the advancing German armies. Foreign newspapers, however, gradually found their way into Paris. The new government thereupon promptly prohibited the importation of all English newspapers.

What was the new government?

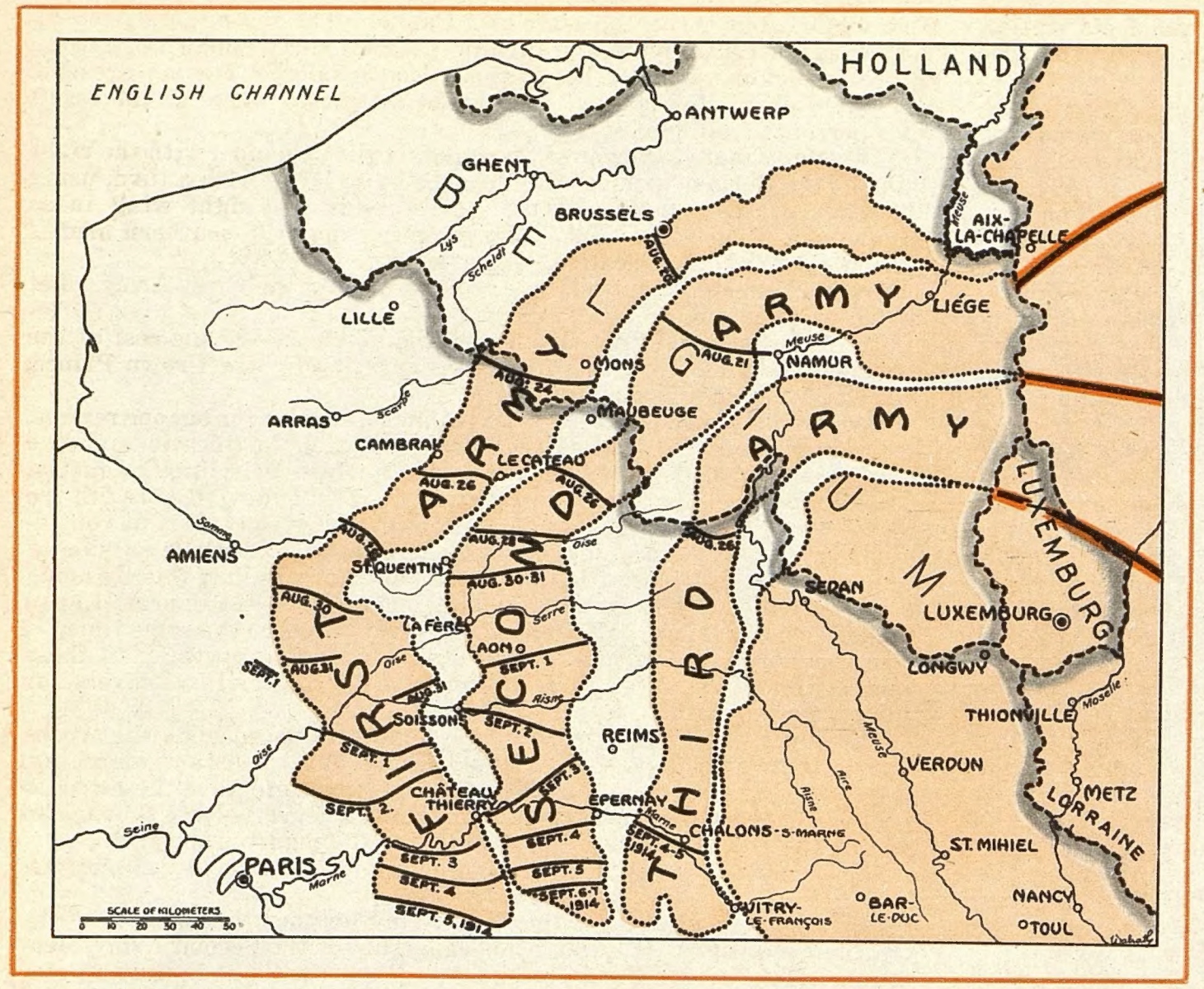
It was a more broad minded arrangement which even included the Socialists. Hence, Viviani rearranged his cabinet on the 27th by having Delcassé appear at the Quai d'Orsay, turn the leadership over to Millerand, and intrust the radicals, Sembat and Guesde, with other important duties.

Thus the new cabinet consisted principally of an excellent collection of energy and determination, not including, however, such party leaders as Messimy, who was the Secretary of War, and who turned important offices over to friends and acquaintances.

General Galliéni was appointed governor of Paris by the President. The latter move proved to be a most fortunate one, for the most important man during this critical week was he whose duty it was to defend Paris: Galliéni, a quiet man, somewhat younger than Joffre, perhaps a little more active and less pensive. To the public he said but four words: "I shall defend Paris!"

All personal grievances were forgotten as the day of the great crisis approached. The Secretary of War, who had resigned as the result of quarrels with Joffre, entered the army. Galliéni's predecessor asked for an assignment under the new governor. Millerand wrote encouraging words to his beaten commander in chief, assuring him of his faith in his actions. Joffre, the quiet, serious minded Frenchman of the south, the Pyrenees, discharged a number of poor generals.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



The yellow tint on the map shows the occupied portions of Belgium and France, and the day by day advance of the Germans on Paris fourteen years ago this week.

[FOURTEEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK]
Continued from page seven

According to revised arrangements, advancements among officers in the field were no longer based on age. The war bulletins eliminated erroneous statements as much as possible. All large headlines and extras were prohibited.

However, there was one who mockingly assumed a scornful attitude toward the government, which, in his opinion, talked too much and acted too little. It was Georges Clemenceau who wrote in his own paper:

The government merely mentions what we all know, and if it maintains that the Germans are heading for La Fère, it neglects to state the most important fact—i. e., that they are advancing toward Paris.

Clemenceau knew exactly why he had just resigned and given up his active military duties:

"When all are tired or dead, I, the tiger, shall live and begin!"

SUDDENLY, one Sunday at noon, four weeks after the beginning of the war, the first German bomber flew over Paris and killed three people. Bags containing German flags were found and a conspicuous note in French, reading:

The German armies are at the gates of Paris. There is but one thing for you to do—surrender!

The flags as well as the note merely strengthened the spirit of resistance. News had it that the Germans were but eighty kilometers from Paris. That the city would soon be besieged was quite evident, hence it was turned into a fortress. There was no interference whatsoever with those who had decided to leave the city. On the contrary, train schedules were put up everywhere.

And yet, while thousands of trains left the city, the panic diminished. It was then that to stay appeared to be the only right thing to do. The courageous became even more determined. The foreigners had left, so there remained only a determined set of Frenchmen. Especially the women kept up marvelously. Paris was kept absolutely dark at night. Galliéni did all in his power to make arrangements for a successful defense and ordered all houses in the danger zone to be destroyed.

While France was awaiting the rapidly approaching days which were to decide her fate, a few hundred soldiers placed the Venus of Milo, Leonardo da Vinci's smiling Mona Lisa, and Rembrandt's Self Portrait in secure steel vaults, barricaded the hall of the gorgeous antiques in the Louvre with sandbags, converted the second story into a hospital, and thus, by placing a conspicuous red cross on the roof of the museum, gave it indeed a significant double meaning.

No one in Paris knew that, at the same time, a few hundred Huns were reading the news of the successful attack of their aviators with the same uncomfortable feeling Nietzsche had in 1870 when, in Basel, he became restless over the rumored destruction of the Louvre.

Valuable statues, wealthy folks, and Americans disappeared, but something of much greater, utterly vital importance arrived at the new fortress—trains laden with live stock. These animals were immediately led to the great parks where heretofore only young couples had enjoyed the beauty of their delightful paths. Simultaneously an additional supply of 2,000,000 kilos of frozen meat was received, with forage and flour—flour which in April the recently appointed governor of Paris had demanded because of "the possibility of a war."

Steadily approached the dreaded armies!

Was there sufficient hospital space? Sufficient quarters for those who were asked by their own troops to leave their homes in the suburban districts? Guesde the Socialist seized every room which possibly could be spared by its owner, threatening to resign whenever he met with opposition, until everyone yielded and acted in accordance with his orders.

There was compiled an exact statement as to the number of people who would require food during the period of siege. By September 3 almost 1,000,000 Parisians had either left or been drafted for the army, yet there were 2,000,000 remaining for whom food had to be provided.

Again bombs exploded in the streets, one of them almost mutilating the statue of King Henry III at Pont Neuf, in spite of the fact that he happened to have been the King of Poland, and another bomb almost demolished the Grand Opéra. The Parisian aviators considered this bombing a challenge and made ready for revenge. The government supplemented certain minutes "in connection with disregarding the new by-laws which prohibit flying over Paris."

The national executive offices left the capital again, as forty-four years before, with the exception that this time they moved faster. Again to Bordeaux. Again in the fall. An ill omen!

When the President's special train arrived at Bordeaux on the 4th, there were troops of honor, but no banners or music. A great number of curious, mute citizens gathered in the streets. There was no cheering. Everyone was quiet, as though attending a national funeral. Were they burying the Republic? Poincaré's strained features resembled those of a mask. Almost motionless, he greeted the crowds. He suffered—he who had dreamed of entirely different "parades" that fall.

Spacious trucks bearing bulky government files and the gold of the Banque de France followed him, like a similar scene six weeks before when the Serbian Chief Executive and his staff left Belgrade for Nish. On the next train followed the newspapers with their publishers, printers, and even printing machines. The city became a bit livelier.

Old Clemenceau, who forty-four years before had induced the executives to leave Paris for Bordeaux, remained in Paris and, even in his last issue, scoffed at the "invisible government, the departure of which has destroyed every sign of authority." He stated further, "I now put down my pen, but I must say that it is to be regretted that the government is no longer willing to subject itself to the control of public opinion."

All diplomats left Paris with the exception of the American Ambassador. He remained. Why he—above all? Was it his intention to study the sensation of being besieged? Much more grotesque was the reason for his solitary stay. He remained because he had volunteered to protect the Germans and Austrians within the walls of Paris.

A miracle saved Paris! The French themselves first spoke of "the Miracle of the Marne." Because they drove away the Germans without gaining a victory, because the retreat of the Germans remained a mystery to them, this phrase has taken on tremendous significance. Let us see if this miracle cannot be solved in a purely psychological and human way, without resorting to mystery or strategy.

EIGHTY kilometers from Paris and still steadily approaching were the German multitudes. Seven armies, extending from the sea to the Alps, were for four weeks steadily surging closer.

"Christmas at home!" exclaimed the Emperor.

The troops and the people believed it and rejoiced at the thought.

"Again a William and a Moltke!" they cried, and sang The Watch on the Rhine.

Luxemburg—but an hour's drive from the black and white and red posts. Here is the brain of the tremendous army, a distance of about 200 kilometers from its wings. In other words, just about twice the distance from its own right wing and its headquarters as the latter from the main quarters of the enemy!

Here the commanders were stationed, so remote from their front lines during fast moving hours when their own troops were rapidly approaching the enemy's capital and it was imperative to be immediately at hand.

During such times, when troops are rapidly advancing, it is but natural that communications become disorganized, as it is quite impossible for every telegraphist to lay the wire behind him without being interrupted. Fire, inhabitants of that particular section, and one's own troops often destroy the mysterious wire. The wireless was obliged to substitute for the telegraph, and there was but one receiving station at German headquarters. A commander in chief must keep in close per-

sonal touch with his advancing armies. Joffre maintained his station fifty kilometers behind his front lines. Galliéni made a tour of the outposts of Paris every day.

It was impossible to install telephones to keep up closely with the rapidly advancing German armies, hence frequently the most important messages to and from headquarters were subject to delays of from twelve to twenty-four hours.

Neither the commander in chief nor the head of the Operations Department nor the quartermaster general visited any one of the commanders of the armies in action during this critical advance. The German documents signify this fact. News quarters, receiving stations, as well as active officers for rapid telegraph dispatch service, were missing entirely.

An old system was resorted to and, as in the days of Rossbach and Sedan, a few officers were sent to the front with the understanding that they use their own judgment upon arrival. But by the time they arrived at their destinations the armies had already assumed different positions.

" The chief executives of the army at headquarters no longer felt the heartbeat of their distant troops at the front. Instead of carefully studying the situation at the front and then cautiously acting accordingly, they instructed the various commanders at the front to simply come to mutually satisfactory understandings, whereas they should have known that it is simply impossible for three commanders to solve the same problem alike and thus eliminate misunderstanding and friction." This was General von Baumgarten-Crusius' opinion.

DID the Emperor dread the thundering of the cannon of which he had spoken so proudly for twenty years? Or did his own staff fear the acoustic shock on the Emperor, as pointed out by General von Stein, so that the gentlemen were privileged to remain in Luxemburg?

From the very first day of the war the great commander in chief lifted his armored fist only when distributing medals and whenever the hatred of foreign lands stamped him as another Attila. At that time outsiders little realized how silly it was to Germans to have a man afraid of his own country's battle line called an Attila.

Eight years before the war he had forced the leadership of the great armies on Moltke—a nephew of the great unforgotten warrior—a soft, nonmuscular figure with a fine head and flabby features, an expression emphasizing anything but energy, yet quite cultured, flexible, nervous, and rather experienced in the study of maps when they happened to be spread out somewhere in a safe place. Yet he certainly never seemed fit to assume any too great responsibilities.

He was quite aware of his inabilities, but the romantic Emperor preferred to have a Moltke at the head of his army, and finally quieted the latter's doubts by stating, " In case of emergency, I am here."

Because of this absolutely personal and shortsighted choice on the part of the Emperor when appointing the commander in chief, he simultaneously assumed all responsibilities connected therewith. His choice proved to be the anticipated mistake, whereas William I has justly received historic recognition and appreciation for his wisdom in appointing the right men for war and politics.

Here, as in everything else, decisions are subject to the mood of the men in charge, and strategical difficulties, which may be solved in a number of ways—" and are not supposed to be open for criticism by the layman "—are not always solved according to the best of their abilities, but rather according to their natural tendencies. A conspicuous line connects the natural tendencies of the Emperor with the appointment of Moltke and the ultimate loss of the battle.

In the first place, Moltke altered the plans of Schlieffen—his predecessor—in three distinct ways.

In this instance, where all strategical questions must be set aside, as the details of the Battle of the Marne are to be considered from the psychological point of view—that is, from the aspect of opinions rendered by German and British experts—it is imperative to touch upon certain political problems. Schlieffen, who had expected the French to advance between Metz and the Vosges, had intended to trap them and then to prepare a regular Cannæ* between the Moselle and the Saar. Instead, Moltke decided to attract the main attention of the French with his Sixth and Seventh armies, the most southern ones, in order to relieve the turning German wing.

This was the Battle of Lorraine, August 20-23, 1914, which resulted in a victory, but not in the sense of a Cannæ. The reason: Fearing an attack against Thionville, the turning point of the German west front. Since Schlieffen, as an authority, had also considered, but not dreaded, this possibility, Moltke must have made this first change as the result of a personal feeling of weakness.

Schlieffen's main idea was to touch the English Channel with the right wing of the German armies, then to close in on Paris with a turn, using the most northern armies, thus " maintaining the right wing in as strong a position as possible." In the meantime, the southern armies were to break the fortifications of the enemy.

Moltke, however, even went so far as to weaken the First Army. Let us see what he did.

The fact that he did not strengthen the northern—at the cost of the southern—armies represents mere consideration for the Crown Prince, who was commanding the Sixth Army.

Also, Schlieffen had decided to go through Belgium for but one reason: in order to be in the lead as regards the French fortifications and to insure a victorious battle all along the north when encircling the enemy.

Moltke refused to go through Belgium, on one hand—but not with the idea of avoiding that great political prejudice. On the other, he considered it a necessity, in order to force the French into battle outside of their own fortifications. He anticipated a victory in Lorraine by using the right wing for the attack. Thus he believed he had improved upon Schlieffen's intentions. He wanted to do two things at the same time.

In the Battle of Lorraine he withdrew and left everything to those officers who had received their training in the imperial maneuvers for this type of situation.

" However, the great strains which had been placed upon the troops during these maneuvers, from four to five days' constant marching, proved to bear detrimental results. It was unwise to have these troops meet the enemy immediately. Moltke later on regretted not slowing up toward the end of August."—General von Baumgarten-Crusius.

There were other detrimental manipulations due to personal motives.

MOLTKE suddenly placed the First Army for the attacks north of the Meuse (August 17) under the leadership of the Second Army, General von Kluck under Field Marshal von Bülow, without indicating reasons for his decision, without considering that the " adjoining Second Army was to solve its problems with a tendency toward a tactical point of view, while the First Army was obliged to follow strategical measures." —General von Kluck. This action on the part of the commander in chief created great dissatisfaction and wrath between his most important general, at that time, and his neighbor, who happened to be a personal friend of Moltke and of about the same age.

General von Kluck felt humbled because of this decision, and maintains that the detrimental outcome of the battle is also somewhat to be blamed on Bülow's actions.

General von Kluck, commander of the German First Army (left), and Von Kuhl, his chief of staff.

Rather than miscalculation, it was fear, weakness, consideration for princes and other important persons, which influenced the commander in chief to make detrimental moves. Sickly, weak nerves prevented him, as well as the Emperor, from being in close touch with his generals.

Similar tendencies in character, which Tirpitz termed " pusillanimity and clumsiness," induced the new cabinet, consisting of those three or four men accompanying the Emperor, to spare the German navy. This was, of course, entirely contrary to Tirpitz' demands. The German navy was at that time superior to that of its enemy.

A glance at the countenances in German General Headquarters suffices to ascertain that their main interest revolves around the desire for high titles, keen demands of life, and the endeavor to maintain secrecy. It is hardly credible that this set of cheerless, frigid, and sulking men should be in positions to appreciate the marvelous spirit of bravery, the keen sense of duty, and the willingness so fervently displayed by the 2,000,000 excellently trained men at the front.

They still were maintaining quarters in Coblenz when daily messages from the east told of the retreat of the Eighth German Army and the advances made by the Russians. The governor of Eastern Prussia hastened to these quarters, and very sound reasons indeed compelled him to speak up for his province. The Emperor, as well as his counselors, being timid yet lofty of mind, were unable to carefully study difficult situations. In moments such as these they magnified the reports of victory as well as those involving danger.

They already imagined themselves filing victoriously into Paris while the Russians were taking possession of Berlin!

They were simultaneously shocked and overjoyed, always exaggerat-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*Here Mr. Ludwig refers to the Battle of Cannæ in 216 B. C., when Hannibal, assailed by a vastly superior force under Varro, surrounded and destroyed it utterly. Fifty thousand men are said to have been killed and 10,000 prisoners taken.

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ing their feelings one way or the other, and in moods such as these dismissed all principles of caution by failing to station the armies carefully and properly and to concentrate on the front in the west first and then save the situation in the east.

In spite of the fact that there had not been a Cannæ, they somehow managed the Battle of Lorraine, and simply imagined everything else to be in order.

Good news from the right wing, particularly from Kluck's army, and the thought of occupying practically all of Belgium strengthened their conception of being practically through with France. Accordingly Moltke decided, though hesitatingly, to send some of his troops to the eastern front.

On August 25 it was definitely decided to take six corps—two each from the center, the left, and the right wings—out of an advancing army and hurl them against Russia! An action similar to that of a man jumping from a moving train in the wrong direction.

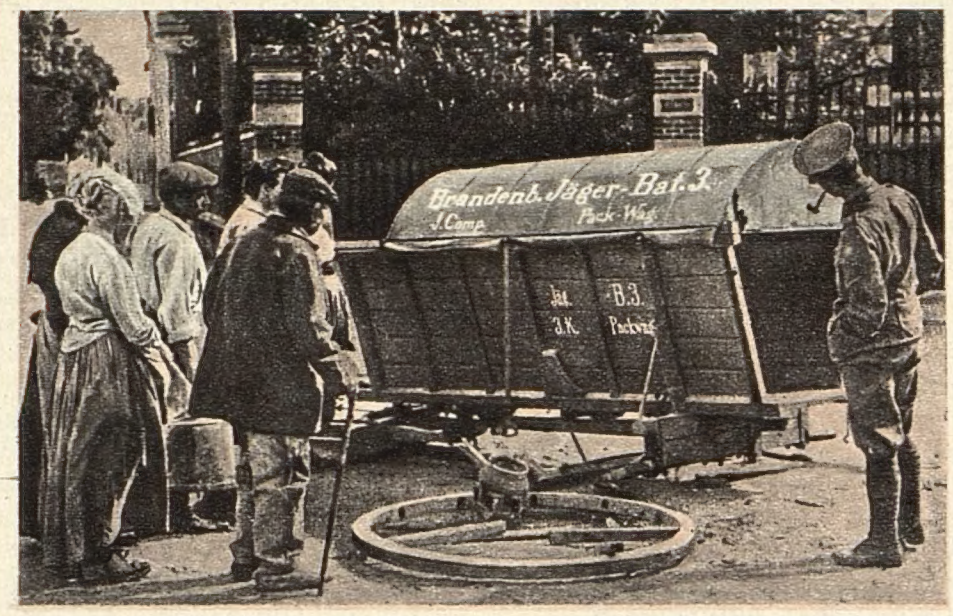
It was the right wing from which Moltke commenced to cut off two corps, the very wing which should, if anything, have been strengthened instead of weakened.

And yet no general on the eastern front had asked for these re-enforcements! Only the next day the recently appointed Hindenburg wired new hope and—on August 28—his marvelous victory at Tannenberg!

In spite of the fact that Moltke now immediately recalled his instructions, four corps were on their way east, while it proved impossible to have the last two corps rejoin the rapidly advancing right wing in time for the battle. Experts blamed the too distant headquarters in Coblenz for these fatal delays in the execution of orders.

On the day these decisions were made, Joffre instructed his troops to withdraw. Openly he had announced on the 23d:

"Our troops, in spite of outnumbering those of the enemy, in this particular instance have not displayed the offensive abilities in the open battlefield which we had expected. We are therefore compelled to withdraw."



London *Sphere* photo

A demolished baggage wagon abandoned by the Germans in their retreat in 1914.

At the same time he was requested by the Minister of War to collect three corps for the purpose of protecting the French capital, for "the road to Paris lay open for the Germans," as stated later in the official report of the Committee of Inquiry.

THE French armies withdrew without having been beaten, in fact without having lost many prisoners. For this very reason Joffre planned during the last days of August another joint offensive with the British.

However, General French, who only considered the size of his diminishing army, having already lost one-fifth of his entire 20,000 men, refused to remain, and on the 28th wired rather naïvely to England:

My faith in the ability of the French commanders is rapidly vanishing.

French had greatly disappointed his two allies.

Then, on the 1st, Kitchener arrived, succeeded in having him stay, and ultimately, braced by Joffre's diplomatic ability, persuaded him to join the new battle.

Meanwhile Moltke, realizing that his Lorraine wing was being pressed back, again disregarded Schlieffen's scheme which, in anticipation of this situation, had provided for an attack against Toul and Verdun. However, because of the immense distance between the active army and himself, Moltke was unable quickly to notify the right wing of the retreating position of the left wing. On the 30th he wired his commanders of the right wing a vague message of accord to the effect that they swing around toward Paris. A maneuver such as this can work out successfully only provided the entire army advances as a unit.

As a matter of fact, neither Kluck nor Bülow was thoroughly familiar with the situation. Otherwise they would have refrained from advancing.

At this point Moltke's nerves gave out entirely. He was exhausted. In the early days of September he broke down rapidly, which is the main reason—and symbolical—for the simultaneous breakdown of the German war drama. From day to day he changed his plans. Suddenly he tightened the reins which, for so long a time, he had allowed to hang so loosely.

Since he did not know what the conditions were at the front, 200 kilometers away, he ordered Kluck on September 2 and 3 to accomplish the impossible.

"The intention is to crowd back French from Paris in a southeasterly direction. The First Army is to follow the Second Army immediately and also assume the protection of the wings."

On account of being at least one day's journey from the Second Army, Kluck necessarily considered it a dangerous proposition to wait. He correctly based his assumption on certain possibilities and refused to accept these orders definitely on September 4 on the basis of a significant reason: "Further weighty decisions of the First Army, because of ever changing position, possible only when continually advised as to position of all other armies."

The same day Moltke realized his error and placed a new problem before his generals:

"The enemy has succeeded in withdrawing from the encircling attacks of the First and Second armies and has been able to get in touch with Paris, from where he will obtain re-enforcement to threaten the right side of the German army."

Accordingly Kluck and Bülow were to remain between the Oise and the Marne in order to oppose new activities of the enemy. Simultaneously the center "received vague orders about another attack. In this way Schlieffen's plans were decidedly set aside."—General von Baumgarten-Crusius.

However, the wireless from headquarters in Luxemburg was received by the commander in chief at the front on September 5, twenty-four hours later, when positions again had been changed.

"Instructions too late, impossible to execute. Messages from headquarters located at too great a distance causing failure. Fate is taking its course."—General von Baumgarten-Crusius.

Moltke had anticipated it all somewhat and expressed his doubts to Dr. Rudolph Steiner, among others, with whom he discussed important features of the campaign at his headquarters.

While the Emperor on the 4th brags to Helfferich, "Today, on the thirty-fourth day of warfare, Reims is occupied, the executive staff of the French government is in Bordeaux, my cavalry but fifty kilometers from Paris," Moltke on the same day utters: "Let us consider the situation correctly. We have been successful, but not victorious. When millions are facing one another, the conqueror boasts of prisoners. Where are our prisoners? Even the number of captured guns is comparatively small. The hardest task is yet facing us."

"The hardest task is yet facing us," Joffre murmured to himself at the same time, and on the 4th gave instructions for his great battle. The ultimate impulse for this decision, however, was Galliéni in Paris. He believed that the Germans were approaching the capital until his aviators unexpectedly reported to him that the German infantry (Kluck) had suddenly changed its original course toward Paris, that it had turned away from the city and was marching in a southerly direction, unprotected on the flank, along the front of the Allied army, thus affording an opportunity to be trapped at right angles. Immediately Galliéni decided to throw his recently formed Sixth Army, under General Maunoury—an army of which Kluck could not as yet have received any news—into the open German flank.

"Additional information tomorrow," he informed his officers and men. "You must leave Paris this afternoon."

Then he informed Joffre of the news.

The latter altered his plans immediately and, contrary to the advice of his chief of staff, dared the very utmost and cleverly rearranged in a single day his entire army, strengthening his left wing in order to attack the German right flank. He released his center for a turn, and on the 5th sought ultimate success by encircling the enemy once more in the valley of the Marne.

"As soon as the ultimate rescue of our country begins, nobody must glance back. All energy must be concentrated on the attack. Whichever troops are unable to get ahead must, by all means, remain on the conquered battlefield and be prepared to die rather than to move. Under serious conditions such as these weakness cannot be tolerated."

These instructions given by Joffre were picked up by German troops on the 6th and wired to Moltke. When reading them he realized that the enemy was ready to begin the battle that day. However, he did not even then leave his villa in Luxemburg.

IN the meantime the First German Army was hurried ahead to the southeast on that famous so uncomfortable hot fifth day of September, still looking for the enemy somewhere ahead.

But that enemy approached from the rear!

The Frenchman had executed the Cannæ, and the German *mouvement tournant* had been converted into a *tourne!*

Kluck, without any news, was but then reaching the goal of his week long advances, Grand Morains. There at the middle Seine he actually met the enemy who, by a flanking movement, had come out to destroy him!

For three days, from the 6th to the 8th, the battle raged, the English courteously permitting their allies to assume the front ranks.

Toward the first evening Kluck succeeded in withdrawing from fatal danger and assumed a threatening position. The new Sixth French Army began to stagger, but did not withdraw. Its commander, connected with Paris by telephone, implored aid.

Galliéni gathered another reserve of some 6,000 men in the capital and

took possession of all available automobiles along the boulevards. That night 300 motorcars were gathered at the Esplanade. In the first Galliéni placed an officer with definite instructions, and the long stream of vehicles fell in line. From force of habit the taximeters were started.

Toward dawn, when this nondescript parade was crossing a railroad, a swarm of soldiers descended upon them, soldiers who had just arrived by train from the right wing to support the wavering Sixth French Army.

Gen. von Moltke.

It was impossible for Kluck to beat this new opponent, but he withdrew cleverly and, in doing so, pounded the enemy many a hard blow. By early evening he was safe and preparing another attack for the morrow.

Consequently, that night the French feared Kluck more than Kluck the French.

"On the evening of the 8th," so it was stated in the official Parisian news items, "it was evident that our movements toward the east were a failure. Everywhere the situation had continued to change for the worst."

The final German maneuver centered around the Second Army, that of Field Marshal von Bülow, which army, however, was without hope of ever receiving renewed strength through reserves, whereas the First and the Third armies could still count upon re-enforcements. These were commanded by Kluck and the Saxon General von Hausen, who during the battle was confined to bed.

Bülow advised his superiors that he had been reduced to three corps. He was worried most over the retreat of one of his corps on the right wing immediately adjoining Kluck's, thus causing a gap between the First and Second armies.

"This," he said, "will prove to be a most threatening and fatal situation, unless Kluck should immediately decide to withdraw and regain his close touch with us."

However, little or no communication was possible, only a few greatly delayed wireless messages.

UNEXPECTEDLY a man arrived to see him, a man who was to make the ultimate decision.

That evening, the 8th, a tall, broad shouldered man about forty years of age, accompanied by three officers, had himself announced to Bülow.

There was a cautious expression in his eyes and his features always seemed to be somewhat forced (the author of this article happened to know him personally); a man who, because of the absolute calmness of his speech, easily gained control over his audience, at the same time cleverly hiding great ambitious tendencies—Lieutenant Colonel Hentsch.

It was to this man that Moltke had given absolute power to ascertain from personal impressions gained during a tour of the front whether or not it was advisable to continue the battle and then—make the final decision! A report made by Hentsch to this effect later was acknowledged by headquarters as being absolutely correct.

Because the highest official, the Emperor, as well as his friend, the commander in chief, preferred to stay a distance of 200 kilometers behind the front, the final decision as to the outcome of the great battle between the Germans and the French—the significance of which had been anticipated for scores of years—rested upon one man's personal impressions!

This one staff officer undoubtedly was a competent man; his decision surely was his unbiased opinion.

But what would have happened if his motorcar had been destroyed?

Who would have given the orders to advance or retreat?

That day a lieutenant colonel commanded the German armies on the western front!

That evening he discussed the situation with Bülow, and naturally was greatly influenced by the latter's mood and statements.

At 8 o'clock he wired Moltke:

Situation of Second Army serious but not hopeless.

Yet at the same time he added to Bülow's discouraging explanations:

There is practically nothing left of the Second Army.

Later Bülow wrote:

I agreed with the Lieutenant Colonel Hentsch and was of the firm conviction that it was now the most important function of the Second Army to assist the First Army just north of the Marne so as to accentuate the possibility of having it regain connection with the right wing. This decision was not so easily executed by the Second Army, which had been so successful right along. However, the scheme of the enemy was foiled and a possibility given for the formation of a new army front at the Aisne within a few days.

From the viewpoint of facts, Bülow's statement is quite right; not so from a reasonable angle. As the commander of an army his first thoughts always revolved around his own competent troops, because they had met with great misfortune for which he himself was not to be blamed; yet it was the retreat of one of his corps that had caused that fatal gap.

He undoubtedly acted in this manner as the result of a decision arrived at with Hentsch, although these instructions were not executed until after the latter's departure, on September 8, when Bülow's aviators on the following morning announced that five long columns were advancing toward the Marne.

Gen. von Bülow.

Then he agreed that the retreat of the First Army could not have been avoided, but added that this caused his own retirement, to prevent a circling movement around his right flank. Independently, without waiting for replies to any of his messages, Bülow wired his neighboring commanders—Kluck and Hausen—that he was retreating.

He assumed this attitude since, on the one hand, Kluck had been placed under him, and, on the other, because there was no co-operative spirit among the various commanders and General Headquarters. Too, he undoubtedly was acting in accordance with instructions given by Hentsch.

In the meantime Hentsch continued his journey toward the First Army and, according to his statement, "realized the difficult position of the left wing of the First Army and the threatening situation of the right wing of the Second Army."

When Hentsch arrived at Kluck's headquarters about noon he was surprised to find them in most high spirits. Marwitz had thrown part of the English back across the Marne, and the entire First Army was in the very midst of an active attack. Here the conception of the battle obtained "that the situation of the decisive advancing wing is quite safe, the left one firm, and that the right wing appears to be quite secure because of Marwitz' group."

However, Hentsch, official representative of General Headquarters, does not report, before making his decision, to the nearby general in charge, but merely to the chief of staff, Kuhl.

Kluck did not learn of Hentsch's call until after his hurried departure, a regrettable circumstance which the lieutenant colonel should have sought to avoid.

Undoubtedly a personal discussion between Hentsch and Kluck would have materially influenced the fate of the battle, the chances of which, just at that time, happened to be quite equal on both sides.

HOW is it that, just at so critical a time, the powerful lieutenant colonel carefully avoided a discussion with the First Army commander? Did this cautious scholar of Moltke, influenced by the dull atmosphere prevailing at General Headquarters, dread the quick, triumphant disposition of the general who might have induced him to grant a renewed attack?

Did Hentsch believe it a simpler task to force his convictions on Kuhl? He speaks of him as "an old superior and pal, with whom I had been excellently and officially acquainted for sixteen years. He knew that I always decide quietly and firmly."

And what is Mr. von Kuhl's opinion?

In a later statement he praises Hentsch's great knowledge, adding, however:

"In spite of all that, General Headquarters never should have placed the responsibility of an ultimate decision in his hands, for, after all, it meant the turning point of the deciding battle of the war."

How is it, then, that it did not occur to Hentsch to discuss the entire matter with Kluck?

Right here rests a great secret which has not been referred to in any of the numerous statements made by those who participated.

This proves that history, even on the battlefields, is dependent upon the moods of men and that the fate of a nation was influenced by the character and attitude of only three individuals!

At any rate, Kuhl at last learned—after having been left in uncertainty for a considerable time—of the conditions of the other armies. He was shocked at the news—i. e., that the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh armies were halted at the fortifications, close to the border, unable to balk the enemy.

"Had we been informed," he complained, "that the Fourth and Seventh armies were firmly stationed just east of the Moselle, thus permitting the right wing of the enemy to move about freely, we never would have allowed ourselves to cross the Marne in such great numbers. The French are now in a position to receive re-enforcements from Paris by rail."

"We have made a careful study of the situation and considered the various possibilities of the First and Second armies," reports Hentsch.

Two officers in a room, without the presence of the commander of one

General Galliéni, military governor of Paris in the crucial early days of the World War.

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army and the commander or chief of staff of another, deciding the destinies of those two armies!

And Hentsch's reason for this decision?

" I did not gain the impression at the time of my presence there that they were absolutely convinced of the success to be achieved by the right wing of the First Army."

They—Kuhl is meant here, for Kuhl did not discuss the situation with anybody else!

And now, what is his decision? According to Kuhl's statement, Hentsch was " surprised at the favorable situation here." However, due to the decision reached at the Second Army, which had partly been influenced by Hentsch, he was practically forced to give orders to retreat.

Accordingly Hentsch drew in on Kuhl's map the position to be gained by the retreating First Army, making minute changes as per Kuhl's suggestions. He then gave formal orders for the retreat of the First Army *and these orders were issued to an advancing army in the name of the chief commander!*

All this while, but a short distance away, the general commanding the First Army was directing a victorious battle!

Hentsch describes himself and his comrade Kuhl as they seriously consider the situation and decide upon the fate of the German army. Kuhl emphatically praises his friend, but gladly leaves the entire responsibility to the staff officer from Luxemburg.

Later on, however, he supplements his statements as follows:

" The situation of our right wing was splendid toward noontime. Its commander opposed strongly and did not wish to accept the retreat orders. The troops would not believe them. The commander of the victorious Eighteenth Division at first refused to execute these incomprehensible instructions."

A number of expert critics maintain that if Bülow had given instructions for a retreat, Kluck was automatically obliged to follow, because the gap between the two armies, which had at that time gone unnoticed, was rapidly increased to the width of an army's front. Others assume that Kluck should have continued to send his victorious forces ahead in the hope of inducing his fellow commander to bring his troops up into the attack.

At such moments of doubt it is advisable to consider everything from the viewpoint of the victorious enemy.

Joffre's daily records for the 11th and 12th cautiously mention " favorable results " only.

The French critic Deltour even states: " The word 'victory' in connection with the battle at the Marne was used only after months."

For this reason the French became accustomed to speak of " the Miracle of the Marne " and the event has retained something of a legendary atmosphere.

The British General French, however, who was but a subordinate commander of a small army, renders a somewhat more candid opinion of the situation, as may be quite naturally expected. He, as an Englishman, is apt to make a more unbiased statement than the French. He frankly maintains:

" As marvelously as the Allied armies may have fought in the Battle of the Marne, it was the Germans who retreated with the conviction of superiority, no matter what prospects they may have had for an ultimate victory."

But there is still another strong reason why it was unnecessary for the right wing of the Germans to retreat, and this reason is—the victory of the central German armies which was won the same day! The same great worry which was Hentsch's and Bülow's, when they realized the gap at Bülow's flank, seized Foch and Langle de Cary because of the gap at Foch's right wing. A break and an inclosure were close at hand, for De Cary's left was beaten.

London *Sphere* photo

How bacon was distributed to the German soldiers to sustain them on the march on Paris.

"OUR situation was critical," Foch stated in after years, though quite cautiously, as he is obliged not to rob the Frenchmen of their sincere belief in their victorious Joffre, as well as in their wonderful poilu.

" The regiments," Foch has said, " were, as a result of constant retreat, demoralized, having melted down to from one-half to one-third of their original size. All the roads were filled with trains of wounded and the remnants of the Ninth and Eleventh corps were able to resist only with desperate courage.

" I tried to gather the various troops and to encourage them on the basis of the successful results achieved by the other divisions. However, on the 9th our center was smashed by a powerful enemy. At La Fère the advancing Germans threatened to roll us up. Castle Mondemont finally was seized by the German Guards, in spite of the fact that I had given special instructions to hold it by all means, as it represented the key to our position. Now we had to act quickly."

He did move troops quickly, over such distances as twenty-five kilometers. He ordered Africans and other troops to the castle and finally succeeded in regaining possession of it.

And that is how undecided matters stood on the eventful 9th of September between the French and the Germans.

It was not the German army but the German high command that had broken down!

For the first time since the beginning of the war, Moltke appeared, on the 11th, at one of the army headquarters. He was greatly depressed. Without having arrived at a definite conclusion, he returned to General Headquarters and three days later was requested to resign. The Germans returned to their prepared fortified positions and remained on French territory four years.

The German scheme against France had been destroyed. Strategically the victory was lost. Politically as well. Not until then did the national spirit of France begin thoroughly to arm itself. They had defeated the terrible German army in open battle—the first time in 100 years!

Paris, above all, was liberated and soon again recalled its executive offices.

Only the German nation knew nothing of it. Never did Germany's commander in chief tell her about a great battle at the Marne.

The victory was lost because one lone officer, according to personal impressions and resulting moods at the front, ordered the retreat of the German armies without anyone's supervision.

ABSOLUTELY responsible for the fate of the nation and its armies is that man who induced the weakling to accept leadership, merely to have a Moltke. That is the man who had obligated himself by his statement that if there is an emergency " I will be there." And that is the man, the highest official, who did not dare get near the front!

Since the Battle of Jena the Prussian army never had been defeated. Its strength had been tested and hardened by national battles and it had been led to victory in three wars. What had happened, since the Battle of Sedan, during those forty odd years?

Out of an army of quality, the desire for magnitude had created an army of quantity. Instead of a king, an emperor had appeared. Out of the small Prussia, which heretofore had been obliged to defend itself within very limited boundaries, an empire had grown.

Fantastic numbers of troops, marvelous systems for military traffic, cannon grinning ironically at vast distances, wonderful methods of communications had seized as much significance from the individual as it had given the multitudes.

The cavalry attacks of Prussian hussars were a story of the past. The manly bravery of the individual, an admirable feature of old wars, was curtailed. The old relationship of the soldier toward his commander had to be weakened. There no longer was faith in one man's name. Now the soldier seldom knew the features of the man who was to lead him into battle. Because of the extreme length of front lines the personal emphasis, which in the past had enlivened Prussian armies, was lost.

In this case the great number of troops, rather than their commanders, was depended upon—yet it was the commanders who failed and lost. It was not the soldier who cost Germany the Battle of the Marne, but the commander.

The new methods of warfare and the elimination of personal danger weakened the feeling of responsibility among the commanders who, at these times, based their calculations on mere figures rather than men.

The old custom that the royal house actually defend itself on the battlefield had become legend. The patriotic spirit was false. Ostensibly only, the monarch commanded his armies, and out of his tendency to indolence had grown the desire for security with which characteristic he had endowed the commanders whom he saw fit to appoint while the German army at the front was bleeding to death.

Also the inherited disagreeable disposition of the Emperor as well as the characteristic weakness of many nobles at his court became readily apparent. The two Moltkes—uncle and nephew—were symbols. The last Prussian and the first new German general supplemented respectively the characteristics of the two Williams under whom they respectively served. Thus the Prussian spirit gradually faded away into conceit, weakness, and the desire to be pampered.

It was therefore not surprising that the Battle of the Marne represented an ultimate decision.

THE END

Adventure on a Water-Wagon

A Story of Love's Tribulations

By EDWARD HOPE

(Reading time: 28 minutes 29 seconds.)

Pictures by KENNETH F. CAMP

"Now," he said, "tell Miss Sayer all about it. Start at the beginning."

"THROW your coat on a chair and sit down," Dave Chilton commanded, releasing my hand and disappearing behind the screen that hid the shelves of glasses euphemistically known as his kitchenette. I heard him sloshing liquids about, cracking ice. In a moment he emerged, agitating a cocktail shaker with smooth, practiced swing.

It was a beautiful sight. It was also a terrifying sight. Pouring cocktails into Dave ever since I could remember—and that meant back to freshman year at college—had been like pouring gasoline into a red hot stove.

The mist on the shaker became glistening white frost. He reached behind the screen. His hand came forth holding one glass which he placed on the little table beside me.

I looked at him. "Drinking yours out of the shaker?"

"Mr. David Chilton," he said, "takes pleasure in announcing that he is on the water-wagon."

"Get out!" I jeered. "None of your miracles. Go get your glass."

"Honest," he insisted. "Cross the street and hope to die. I haven't had a drop since a week ago Tuesday."

The Martini was excellent. I emptied my glass. He filled it again.

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me that you are not drinking?"

He grinned. In fact, he had been grinning like a Cheshire cat ever since I arrived.

"On the wagon."

My exclamation, I fear, will not bear recording. Picturing Dave Chilton as a total abstainer was too large an order for my imagination.

"Has somebody got a personal injunction against you?" I asked at last.

He shook his head and allowed a corner of his mouth to twist up.

"Then would you mind explaining—"

He backed away and slouched into his sofa. "Several things," he said, taking a cigarette, "including"—he lighted the cigarette and threw the match at the fireplace—"love and duty."

"Love?"

He bowed. "Ahmor weenkit omnyah," he intoned. "Twenty-nine years and three months of single blessedness are enough."

Somehow I got my mouth closed.

"I hope you're not disappointed in me, Steve?" said he.

"No. Lord, no!" I assured him. "But the wagon *or* love would have been enough. Both together are too much."

"They go together. In reverse order. Love closely followed by the wagon."

"May I ask who the lady is?"

"You've met her. She was with me at the theater that night we ran into you in the lobby. Janet Sayer. Slender and dark, with long hair."

I remembered the girl well. If beauty means anything, she was one of a very few who might be worth these tremendous upheavals of a man's life. From her eyes, although I had hardly heard her speak, I judged that she might have intelligence, too. I got up and crossed the room to shake Dave's hand.

"When are you to be married?" I asked.

"Now you're a little bit off-side," said Dave, grimacing. "First I have to stay on the wagon for three months. Then I have to hold my job

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with Ames & Rodburn and indicate that I can support a wife. *Then* we talk dates."

"A sort of fairy-story stunt," I said. "Climb the mountain of glass, slay the dragons, outwit the giants, and you can marry the princess."

"Oh, I laid out the course of sprouts myself. That is, Janet wouldn't believe that I was worth marrying, so I arranged the demonstration.

"Of course, the whole thing comes down to the drinking. I know the real estate business. I can make plenty of money with Ames & Rodburn if I just stay sober. But if I don't—" He made a gesture that indicated a bursting bubble. He rose again as I sat down.

"You see," he went on, walking toward the window away from me, "I've had my—sort of last warning from Rodburn. I went on a four day loop about six weeks ago. And while I was missing a nice expensive deal I was handling went blooey. Cost the firm a lot of money, aside from what it cost me in commissions." There was no smile on his face when he turned back to me.

"Well, after that, Rodburn had me on the carpet and told me that one more of these would land me on the sidewalk. I don't blame him." He looked at his watch.

"Not that I'm complaining," he said. "I'm a new man after just ten days on the wagon. I'm getting so I hardly crave a drink. And I make myself watch other people drink, just for exercise. Let's go to dinner."

He helped me into my coat. I was relieved. Several of Dave's friends had talked to me about the fall he was riding for and I was happy not to have to worry about him any more.

"HERE we are," said Dave, and stepped into an areaway to a basement door. He pressed a button beside the grating. "I'm bringing you here partly because you'll like it and partly because the proprietor has got so much bootleg money he doesn't know what to do with it and I'm going to sell him a few million dollars' worth of real estate. He doesn't dare put it in a bank because—"

The inside door opened and flooded us with a glare of light. A small, dark haired man peered out at us.

"Hello, Tony," said Dave.

"Mees-ta Cheel-ton!" said Tony warmly. "Goot eefning. T'is chentlem'n—" he indicated me.

"Friend of mine I want you to meet, Tony," Dave explained.

The grating swung back. Tony bowed before us. We made our way down the narrow hall and into one of the ten thousand basement speakeasies that prohibition has brought to New York.

We were awarded an honor table at the back of the room, a round table laid for four. Tony crackled Italian at the waiter who came up, evidently a description of our virtues and the splendid service we were to receive.

A bell rang. Tony bowed again. "I see you lateh." And he was gone to admit another guest.

Dave drank water rather ostentatiously. I had a pint of astonishing Chianti with my meal. Tony's dollar and a quarter dinner was the same in specifications as all the other Italian table d'hôte dinners of the world. Minestrone, spaghetti Caruso with grated Parmesan cheese, broiled chicken, lettuce salad, and the choice between spumoni and cheese. But it was, as Dave had said, better cooked, fresher, more tasty.

Loafing over our food—a thing which requires a special dispensation in any Italian restaurant—we argued the relative merits of the married and single states. We told a few stories. We laughed a lot.

It was 10 o'clock when Tony joined us, at Dave's invitation, for a liqueur.

He asked Dave whether he had looked up those properties they had been talking about and revealed several things that were new to me about bootleggers' financial operations. He invited Dave to lunch there the next day, and the invitation was accepted.

It was nearly 11 when we left.

A taxi stood at the curb, the driver conversing with a man on the sidewalk. As they saw us they gave up conversation.

"Cab, gents?" asked the driver. And his friend pulled the door open for us.

"Can I drop you home?" I asked Dave. "I've got to go all the way down to Tenth Street and another few blocks won't make any difference."

"Thanks. But I think I'll walk. I want to get some of Tony's smoke out of my lungs. Say, what is your new address? I got your phone number from Tom and I forgot to write it down."

"I'll walk to the corner with you," I said. I shook my head at the taxi men and fished in my vest pocket for a card. Emptiness greeted my fingers. "Got a pencil and a piece of paper?" I asked.

Dave searched himself, found and handed me a pencil, but sought paper in vain. "Here," he said finally. He extended a white cardboard cigarette box. "Write it on there. I'll copy it off when I get home."

I scribbled my name and address inside the cover of the box.

"Thanks," nodded Dave. "Let's go to a show soon, you and I and Janet."

"Fine!"

"Well . . ." He raised his hand in a wave. I motioned at a cruising taxicab.

THE alarm clock got the surprise of its life next morning when it summoned me at 8 and I responded courteously. It was a bright fall day and something about it gave me courage to face those stacks of sorted manuscript that littered one end of my living room.

I shuffled to the kitchenette, fixed coffee in

"Mr. David Chilton," he said, "is on the water-wagon."

the percolator, collected the rolls from the doormat, and proceeded to my bath. I sang as I shaved. While I had my second cup of coffee I even read the last chapter of my novel, and found it not nearly so foggily objectionable as it had seemed on the previous reading.

By half past 9 I had my heroine writhing in very satisfactory agonies over the row that had parted her from her lover. Everything was splendid that morning. The typewriter flipped out the words and they were right.

And then the accursed telephone rang. I left my heroine in mid-writhe.

"Hello," I snarled into the transmitter.

"I want to speak to Mr. Stephen Torrel," declared the chill voice of an unfamiliar business female.

"Who's calling?" I demanded, determined not to speak to anyone less than a magazine editor with an offer of a whopping price per word.

"Dr. Kinnon calling," replied the woman.

"Who?"

"Dr. Kinnon, Bellevue Hospital."

A man's voice came on. "Hello, Steve. This is Harry Kinnon."

"Oh!" You lose track of your boyhood friends and they acquire strange titles. I had quite forgotten that Harry Kinnon had taken up medicine. "Hello, Harry. How are you?"

"Fine, thanks. Listen, Steve."

"Yep."

"There's some friend of yours here all smashed up. A cop found him over by the river this morning. He's out of his head and—"

"Wait a minute! Start over again. You're too fast for me."

"I say we have an accident case here who seems to be a friend of yours. He—"

"What makes you think so?"

"He was picked up unconscious and the only thing we could find to identify him was your name—written on a cigarette box."

I sat down suddenly. "Did you say written on a cigarette box?"

"Yes. He—"

"Was he drunk?"

"I don't think so. He may have been. He's been hit on the head and he's crazy. I just happened to hear somebody mention your name and I thought I'd call you. You see, otherwise the police get in on it and it gets complicated."

"I'll bet."

"I was wondering whether you could run over and see this fellow and—"

"I'll start right now."

"Fine. Ask for me when you get here."

"All right, Harry. Thanks for calling me."

I STOOD near the tall window of the reception room.

Frightened foreign faces, wide eyed and dry lipped, peered furtively at one another. A woman with a shawl about her shoulders bent over to attend to her little boy's nose. Official looking people walked rapidly in one door and out another.

A young man in a white coat came in, leaned over the pink cheeked nurse at the desk, whispered in her ear, raised his eyebrows, laughed, and departed. A middle aged, Latin featured man with three or four days' growth of beard limped in and stood a foot or two from the door, looking confusedly about him, crumpling an old felt hat in big jointed, dirty, trembling fingers.

Harry Kinnon's lively smile was no slight relief when it appeared. We shook hands.

"We'll walk over to Ward Thirty-eight," he said. "I'll tell you what I know about this fellow on the way. Come along."

I followed him into the corridor, out into the sunshine again. "Good to see you again," I muttered from a vast confusion.

"A policeman found this man of yours," he said to me. "He was lying on top of a freight car at Seventy-second Street and the Hudson River. The cop dragged him down and sent in an ambulance call. They took him to Knickerbocker. That was about five o'clock this morning.

"He regained consciousness around seven in a very excited state. Couldn't answer any questions. Didn't know his name or what had struck him. Just lay there and screamed. They haven't got any facilities for handling cases like that up there, so they transferred him down here."

We went along the curving asphalt walk

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

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Campbell's Tomato Soup! What astonishing popularity it enjoys! Few, if any, other foods have been so enthusiastically approved by the whole nation.

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WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

PACKARD

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Most Packard owners prefer to keep their cars for several years. Yet frequently an owner turns in his car after a comparatively short time—because he wants another Packard of a different model.

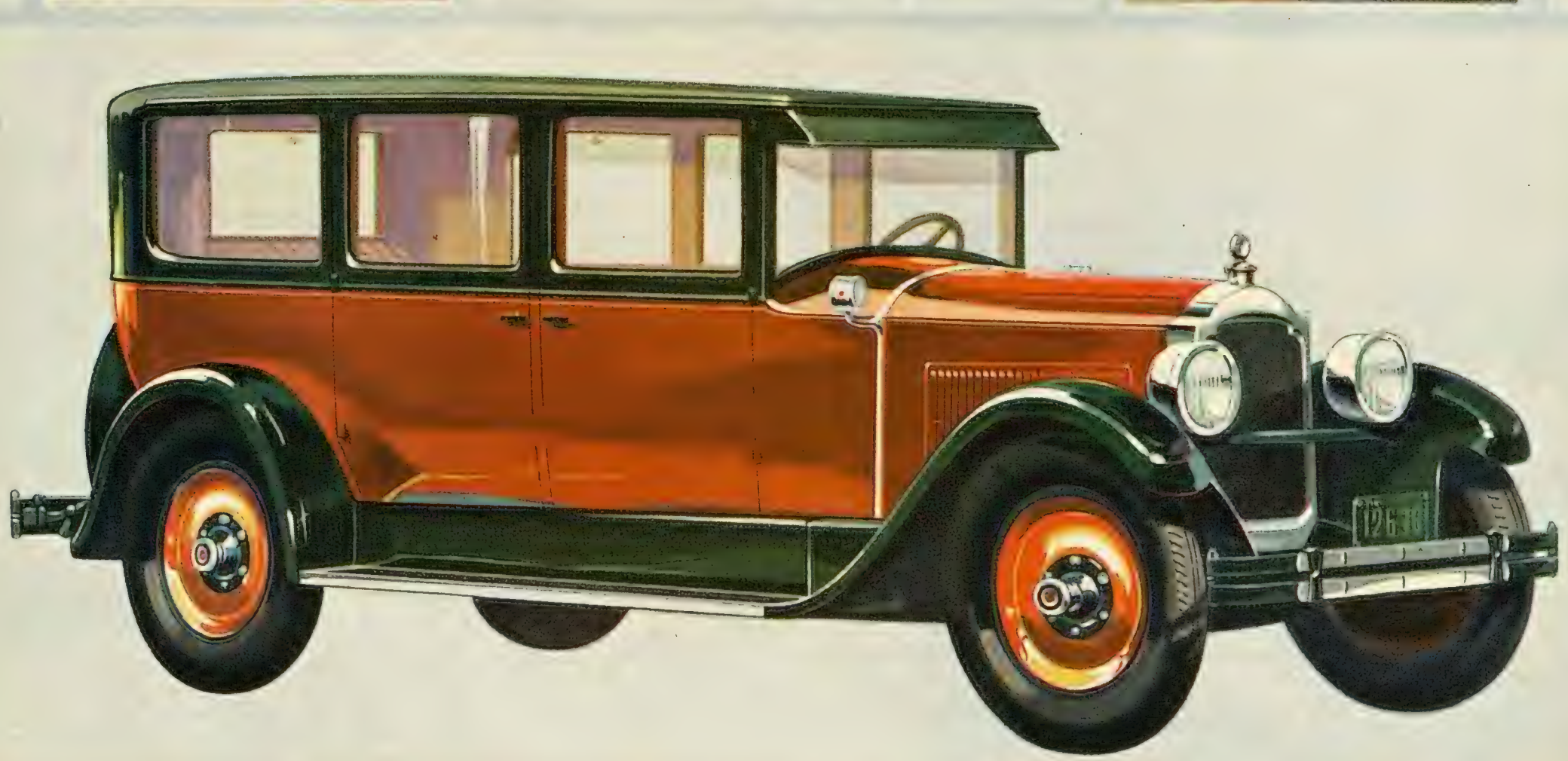
The Packard Six Seven-passenger Sedan illustrated here is a typical example. It was received by the Evanston, Ill. Packard dealer when less than three years old. A corporation lawyer owned it but wanted an Eight Coupe. When reconditioned and equipped with today's accessories it had been driven but 19,000 miles, and it looked and performed like new.

A young architect bought it—knowing that it would provide him with several years of distinctive, care-free and luxurious transportation at minimum cost.

Many motorists today wisely prefer the beauty, comfort and distinction of a used Packard to the lesser advantages of a new car selling at the same figure.

See your nearest Packard dealer. His selection of Packard cars for resale is sure to be of interest to you.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

through the hazy September sunlight. "I don't see how—" I began. "I mean, I had dinner with him last night. Left him before eleven and he was going right home. Do you know—is he very badly hurt? I mean dangerously, permanently?"

Harry Kinnon spread his fingers. "You can't tell. He doesn't show any signs of a fractured skull, but you can't be sure." We went through a small tunnel and came out at the door of a low brick building. "He's an awful mess, though. Be prepared for that. And crazy. We had to put him in here."

I prepared myself as best I could for anything that might be awaiting me. Harry knocked on an inner door that was ominously provided with a special lock. A nurse peered out.

"Oh. Good morning, doctor," she said. She opened the door wide.

"WE want to see that accident case," said Harry. "Down here?" With a jerk of his head he indicated the closed double doors at the end of the broad corridor.

"Yes, doctor."

"Still excited?"

"I think he's quieter now."

Harry tapped on the closed door at the end, pushed it open. A very tall, very thin young man in white nodded politely.

"Good morning, doctor."

"Morning. Where's that accident case?"

"In here," said the lean young man, and led the way to a door at the right. We stood in the doorway and looked.

Only one of the five cots in the dingy, narrow room was occupied. The occupant was barely recognizable as Dave Chilton. The top of his head was swathed in a turban of bandage. The left side of his face was covered by a bulbous lump of gauze, stained brownish—I hoped with iodine. His hands, one wrapped in a cocoon of gauze, lay limply on the wrinkled coverlet.

The look of his eyes was terrifying to me. They stared straight ahead of him, fixed, unfocused, tired, feverish.

Harry walked to the bedside. "How are you, old man?"

Dave stirred only slightly, to shrink away.

"Were you drunk when this happened to you?" The words rasped. Wrinkles appeared on the uncovered portion of the sick man's forehead. He turned his eyes on Harry Kinnon.

"I was . . ." His voice trembled over the slow words. "No . . . no."

"You weren't drunk, eh?"

"I . . ." Dave was struggling for something in the back of his mind. When it wouldn't come, his forehead contracted again, his eyes went back to the blank wall. He rubbed an eyebrow with his unbandaged fingers. Then his eyes came back to Harry Kinnon's face and his voice rose to sudden strength. "I'll kill any—that . . ." The idea escaped him again. He turned his head away from us as if in embarrassment.

"Do you know this man?" Harry waved his hand toward me. Dave made no sign that he heard. "Do you know this man?" Harry repeated more quietly. Dave turned his eyes upon me with what looked like a resentful stare. He said nothing.

Harry Kinnon looked at me and raised his eyebrows. Then he turned back to the bed.

"You'll be all right, old man," he said.

Dave seemed not to hear. He reminded me of a run-over dog I once held for a veterinary.

As we left I noticed two strips of cloth that came from under the covers of Dave's bed and were securely tied to the iron bar at the foot.

Afterward I answered many questions about Dave Chilton while forms were filled out. I signed my name to a couple of documents that established his identity to the satisfaction of a meticulous city. I assured several persons verbally that I would bear any responsibility and expense that might make things easier for Dave in any way.

Harry Kinnon promised to let me know what they might learn about the seriousness of both the physical and mental injuries. Telling him that I would come again the next day, I went back to my typewriter.

He struck the newcomer on the jaw and clipped him on the ear with the other hand before he fell.

ON Monday I found that Dave's mind had cleared and the hospital had taken him to a ward devoted to the treatment of physical injuries. They had established the fact that his skull was uncracked, in fact that all of his multitudinous injuries were external.

Dave was still sore and weak, but there is no describing my relief at finding him rational. Warned not to tire him, I asked no questions, but learned nevertheless that his memory was blank from the time he had left me on that street corner to the moment when order came into his brain again and he found himself under the restraining straps of the cot in the psychopathic ward.

His realization of his situation, however, was not so mercifully befogged. In slow, painful words he explained to me what I already realized: that his sudden disappearance of three days before was going to meet only one

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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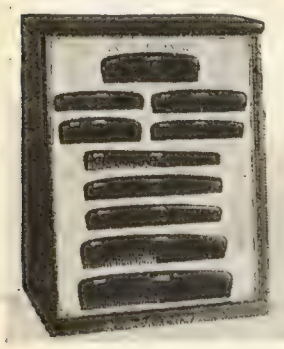

The Ace Comb Cabinet is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere

[ADVENTURE ON A WATER-WAGON]
Continued from page seventeen

interpretation among people who knew him. Even those to whom he had made his vow of abstinence would regretfully believe that his habit had been too much for him.

Finally we came to the point I had been dreading. Dave was too weak even to see the two persons who must be convinced of his innocence. To let them wait until he was well again would be almost certainly fatal. . . . It seemed up to me to represent him. . . . I agreed, Dave never knew how grudgingly.

Tuesday afternoon I called on Janet Sayer. She was politely friendly and cool.

She appreciated my motive in serving my friend when he was unable to speak for himself. She understood my desire to make light of his bad and silly habits. She was more sorry than she could tell me to learn that Dave, of whom she was inordinately fond, had had such a terrible and painful experience. . . .

But she was afraid I did not quite understand the situation; she was afraid I did not grasp the fact that it was her whole life that she would have to risk on Dave's improbable temperance. She could only believe that Dave's troubles had arisen from an infraction of his pledge.

I protested. I told again the story of Dave's behavior on that Friday evening. I pointed out the importance of her decision in molding Dave's life, the dangers to him in her making a mistake. To no avail.

It was nearly time for dinner when I left Janet Sayer, the corners of her mouth drawn sadly downward, her chin inclined to tremble, but her head shaking slowly over my pleading. . . . She would send Dave some flowers.

The following morning I sat in a shiny mahogany chair at the end of the impressive desk of Henry P. Rodburn, of Ames & Rodburn, real estate brokers. Again I went over my history of Dave's determination to abstain. Again I rehearsed the harrowing tale of his hospital experiences and his present condition. . . . The round, white hair framed, red face I talked at was expressionless.

Rodburn, too, was awfully sorry. And he, too, thought I was lying to save my friend. Three-quarters of an hour of additional argument failed to convince him that there was even a grain of truth in what I was saying. He concluded by saying that Mr. Chilton and he had understood each other perfectly and that they must abide by their agreement. . . .

For three days thereafter, while Dave picked up strength, I assured him that Miss Sayer was out of town on a visit and that I had been unable to reach Mr. Rodburn.

AFTER being discharged from the hospital Dave Chilton suffered through a repetition of the calls I had made for him. Janet Sayer and Henry P. Rodburn were just as sympathetic with him as they had been with me—Janet somewhat more so, I believe, for she wept—and just as unyielding. From these interviews he came straight to my rooms, carrying a bottle of whisky.

Only by going on the wagon with him for six months—for my own good, I swore to him—did I manage to get that bottle away from him and to put the thought

Janet Sayer appeared in the doorway. Her head was held high.

of bottles pretty well out of his mind.

And now we were living together in the apartment he had formerly occupied alone. I liked the arrangement because I could keep an eye on Dave and because my share of the rent was small enough to enable me to pay for a tiny office in which to meet my typewriter. Dave had managed to get a job with a third rate real estate firm, at a third rate salary, and could no longer afford the luxury of three rooms to himself.

HE still had not the slightest recollection of the events that fetched him up on top of a freight car. Someone had removed the labels from his clothes and all the papers from his pockets, from which the natural assumption was that his assailants had thought him dead and had hoped to land his body hundreds of miles from New York without the possibility of identification. He could remember leaving me that night and walking north a block or two. Next, awakening from temporary insanity.

One night in early spring Dave and I came out of an Italian restaurant where we had dined. It was not many blocks from the establishment of Tony, which had since disappeared, as speakeasies will. This one—Joe's, it was called, in common with a few hundred others—also was reached through an areaway three small steps below the sidewalk level. In front of the house, as a landmark for those who had difficulty remembering house numbers, the city had thoughtfully placed a high street lamp.

As we stepped up to the sidewalk a man was waiting to go down to Joe's entrance. I saw Dave's head turn slightly toward the stranger, as was natural.

And then suddenly I heard Dave explode with several of the world's least printable expletives.

Before I knew what was happening he had struck the newcomer violently on the point of the jaw and clipped him on the ear with the other hand before he fell.

I stood rooted to the spot. Unable to believe my eyes, I saw Dave going through the stranger's pockets, swearing softly but fervently all the while. At length he pulled an automatic pistol from the man's vest and a blackjack from his hip pocket.

"Whistle for a taxi!" he commanded me, knowing my proud gift of making a piercing shriek through my teeth. I obeyed.

"Don't you make a sound!" Dave snarled at his now limpish victim, who was beginning to mutter protests. "Or I'll show you what a good sock on the jaw really is. Shut up, you —— ——!"

A TAXI drew up before us. Dave almost threw the man into it, climbed in after him, and yelled back at me to come along. I got in.

Dave shouted at the driver an address that had a vaguely familiar ring to me. The taxi jounced along, rounded a corner, another, and headed south on Lexington Avenue.

Meanwhile Dave talked earnestly to the man at his side.

"You see this gat of yours, big boy? Well, one peep out of you and I'll let you have everything that's in it. I ought to wring your —— neck right now. And I would if I didn't want you to make a call with me."

"Jees—" the man began to protest.

"Shut up! I'll sock you with the butt of this thing." Dave's voice continued, low and vibrating with emotion. I leaned forward a little. "You probably kill so many people in a year that you've forgotten all about who you killed last September. So I'll go back over it for you. Do you remember the man you called over to your taxi on Lexington Avenue one night? And hit over the head? And thought you'd killed? And took down to the Hudson and threw on a freight car?"

"Say, brother—" began the gunman.

"Shut up—you! That was just one little mistake in your career. You didn't quite kill that man. But you made a good try. It took him quite a while to get well. But he's well now, all right, you ——, you! And he's sitting right beside you here.

"We're going to see a young lady who is very much interested

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

The EQUASONNE

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[ADVENTURE ON A WATER-WAGON
Continued from page eighteen]

in what you did that night, and why you did it. You're going to be very polite and use no dirty language at all. And you're going to tell her that story from start to finish. The truth. One little slip and I'll pull you to pieces.

"After that I may kill you anyway or I may let the police dirty their hands on you. That doesn't make any—"

The taxi halted before the apartment house in which the Sayers lived stylishly. Holding the pistol in his right hand, Dave used his left to arrange his cravat. Then he spoke to the gunman in a lower voice than before.

"Now I'm putting this gun in my coat pocket. Do you understand? I'm keeping it pointed at you. One little break and I'll drill you. Get that straight. I mean it. All right, get out!"

We disembarked, the prisoner first, Dave second, and I third.

"Pay him, will you, Steve?" asked Dave, and marched his man into the lobby. I left the driver pleased.

"Miss Sayer is expecting us," I heard Dave tell the man in the hall. "You won't need to announce us."

"I'm supposed to ring up for all callers," the man protested.

"This is all right. I was just talking to Miss Sayer on the phone."

DAVE poked his prisoner toward the elevator. I followed.

The maid who opened the Sayers' door didn't like our prisoner's face. I myself found it no thing of beauty. Aside from its natural defects, which were several, it was marred at present by a gash and a swelling beside the left eye, a very red bruise on the chin, and a small trickle of blood from the nose which its owner kept rubbing away with a blunt thumb.

"Miss Sayer is expecting us," Dave declared, nudging the gunman forward and advancing on his heels.

The maid gave way slightly.

"But, Mr. Chilton," she protested, recalling Dave's name admirably, I thought, after his long absence, "Miss Sayer is dressing to go out. I don't think she—"

By this time all three of us were in the foyer and I had closed the door behind us.

"Tell Miss Sayer," said Dave, clipping his words, "that I must see her at once. On a matter of the utmost importance. We'll wait in the library."

The maid backed in doubt toward a door. Then, of a sudden, she turned and hurried.

"Here!" Dave snapped at the gunman, holding out a white handkerchief. "Take this and keep that nose of yours mopped up. There's blood beside your eye, too. Fix that. No blood." The inference was that the man was bleeding in defiance of all the decencies, merely for his own pleasure.

We did not wait long.

Janet Sayer appeared in the doorway, even lovelier than I had supposed possible, in a black negligee. Her head was held high. It was evident that she had allowed herself about a minute and a half to send us on our way. I suppose she thought Dave had had too much to drink and had come back to argue his case once more.

What she saw, however, robbed her of most of her poise. Dave was holding the pistol pointed approximately at his prisoner. The latter was industriously policing up whatever blood appeared. I was lingering in the background, wishing I could think of something to do with myself.

"Janet," Dave said so quietly that I wondered if she would hear him, "I am very sorry to bother you like this. I am not drunk. I haven't had a drink since I told you I was on the wagon. I shouldn't think of intruding on you this way, but—" He paused to swallow.

"Really, David—"

"THE fact is," Dave rushed on, still in that soft voice, "that I've just got the true story of that affair last September. You saw fit to doubt my word about it, and Mr. Torrel's word as well. I have brought my proof with me." He jerked the gun toward its owner.

"This gentleman here has kindly consented to come here and tell you the whole story. I just want to put you straight. It's a matter of vindicating my word. When that's done, I'll promise not to bother you again."

Janet moistened her lips with the tip of her tongue.

"Hadn't we better sit down?" she asked, almost in a whisper. She made her way to the great leather sofa and seated herself.

"You sit there," Dave ordered, pointing with the pistol again. The gunman flashed surly eyes from the man to the woman and back.

Then he shuffled to the chair and sat down. Dave took a place at the extreme end of the sofa, balanced on the edge of it. He kept the pistol in his hand.

"Now," he said, "tell Miss

Sayer all about it. And remember your language. Start at the beginning."

"Jees—" It was the first thing the gunman had said since we left the taxi.

"Start at the beginning and start now. Just what happened and why. Go on."

"Well, Jees, it was all a kind of a—a kind of a—now—mistake," the prisoner began finally. "You walked in on a hootch fight. That's what you done." He turned to Janet. "You see, lady, this liquor racket is got lots of jack into it. A right guy in the racket, he can clean up two-three grand a week easy—"

"Grand means thousand," explained Dave. "Go on."

"Well, so much jack into it and all, it's bound to be a tough racket on account of these babies all wants the good breaks, kind of. I mean, suppose you got a cutting plant out in Jersey somewheres—"

"We'll get along without the examples," Dave cut in. "Go on from there. Who did you think I was?"

"This Tony," said the gunman, "what run this dump you was in that night, this dump ain't half his graft in the racket. That's his you might say side line. He cut it out a while ago on account of it might get the revenooers looking at him.

"He got that house full of liquor so's if you bump into it it slops around. And on the back street, right back of that house, they's a garage like. So they got the stuff in the house and the garage ain't got a drop into it. So's when they wants to send out a truck, they just carry it over and nobody sees them."

I looked at Janet Sayer. Her face was dead white. She was holding her finger tips vertically over her mouth.

"DON'T you think," I suggested, coming closer, "it would be a good idea for me to call the police? Then by the time he finishes this story there'll be a man here."

"Oh, yes. He makes me a little nervous," Janet agreed hastily.

"Nothing to be nervous about," said Dave. "One move out of him and I'll shoot him full of holes. But if you don't mind calling the police, we can get rid of him more easily that way."

"All right," I said, starting for the door.

"There's a phone on that table behind the screen on your right," said Janet.

I went.

"Go on," I heard Dave order.

It seems that they had taken me and Dave for detectives, for Tony had threatened to turn a rival gang of bootleggers over to the authorities. The rival gang, therefore, had set a watch before Tony's to observe and attend to any strangers he might be seen talking with. We had been the first strangers observed after the warning.

The plan had been to get us into the taxi and, as the professional killers delicately put it, take us for a ride. Our failure to take the cab was not a serious setback, as they had planned in that case to follow us, the one afoot guiding the driver.

When we parted so suddenly, however, we confused them and they gave me up, calculating that whatever they did to my companion would serve adequately to warn me off.

They followed Dave and drew the cab to the curb as they overtook him. Our prisoner was in the passenger's seat. He opened the door and called to Dave, asking some confused directions. As he had expected, Dave came close

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Who's Who on Brunswick
Electrical Records

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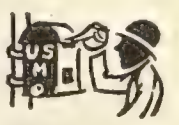

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This exquisite smoothness comes from a thin coating of Linit (invisible to the eye) left on the skin. This thin layer of Linit absorbs perspiration and in cases of irritation, soothes the skin.

STARCH from Corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit contains no mineral properties to injure the skin. In fact, the purity and soothing quality of Starch from Corn are regarded so highly by doctors and dermatologists, that they generally recommend it for the tender and sensitive skin of young babies.

LINIT STARCH IS SOLD BY YOUR GROCER

--THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN--

[ADVENTURE ON A WATER-WAGON]
Continued from page twenty-one

enough to be struck on the head with a blackjack and dragged into the car.

Our prisoner had beaten him into insensibility with a blackjack while the other man drove to their gang headquarters.

Not until they arrived there did they discover their mistake. Going through Dave's papers they learned that he was a business man with no connection with the police, local or Federal. And in their hasty examination they thought him dead.

The problem, then, was to get rid of his body, and their solution, as we knew, was dropping it from the Seventy-second Street wall to the top of a freight car, having first, as they thought, removed all identifying marks.

"I DIDN'T want to hurt you," the gunman protested. "Only I got me orders from the mob and I done what they says. If you was a wrong cop, now, you had it coming to you like I thought. A wrong cop takes his chances. But, Jees, if I'd of knew who you was I wouldn't of socked you . . ." His peroration continued, a plea for mercy.

The maid, still nervous, appeared in the doorway.

"A policeman, miss," she said.

"Ask him to wait a minute," said Dave, exceeding his authority again.

The maid left.

"There's just one more thing, Janet," Dave went on. "Do you believe this man?"

"Why—yes. Of course."

"All right. That's all. I won't bother you any more. I don't blame you for thinking I was off on a drunk again, when I disappeared. But I do blame you for not believing what I told you and swore on my word of honor afterward. I blame you for not believing Steve, too. My only object was to get you to admit that we didn't lie to you. I don't care what you think of me, or what you do—now."

He stepped toward the hall door, the pistol still leveled at the gunman in the chair. "Are you there, officer?" he called.

"I am."

"Will you come in now, please?"

THE policeman came in. He paused, touched his cap in Janet's direction, and suddenly focused his eyes on the pistol in Dave's hand.

"It's all yours, officer," Dave said, extending the gun, butt first. "I took it from this man. Maybe you know him."

The policeman shook his head. "No," he said. "I ain't had the pleasure."

"I don't know his name myself, but you can have him. I want to charge him with robbery and assault with intent to kill. You can get him for concealed weapons, too, if you like. This is his, too." He handed over the blackjack.

The policeman stowed the evidence in capacious pockets. He turned his eyes on our prisoner. "Get up out of that!" he growled to the still-seated gunman. "C'mere!"

Most unwillingly, slowly, the prisoner obeyed. The officer snapped a handcuff on his wrist.

"Mr. Torrel and I will come with you and make the charge, officer," said Dave. He turned to Janet Sayer.

"Good-by," he said, as if he had just met her for the first time. "I am glad that we were able to offer this demonstration."

She took his fingers in hers. I had been lingering behind him, intending to add my farewell.

"Did you"—her voice was so low I barely heard it—"mean what you said, Dave, about—about not caring what I thought or did now?"

Then I left.

And so far as I know it isn't yet decided whether Dave and Janet are to be married or not.

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms

By THOMAS MOORE

[In the early part of the last century, when the star of Moore was at its zenith, no song was more popular than this, perhaps as much for the charming air to which it was set as for the beauty and rhythm of its words.]

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul may be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as surely loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose!

Lilts and Lilacs

You Get Music with Your War in Colleen Moore's New Film

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 42 seconds.)

EVERY movie producer tries to tie his production to a song these days. Even before the screen revealed its new found voice, films were being exploited with melodies. Thus we had Ramona and Laugh, Clown, Laugh thrust upon us.

Now that most special films are being Movietoned, Vitaphoned, or Photophoned, it is possible to get the melody—they call it the theme song—right on the film or its synchronized disk. Colleen Moore's new film, Lilac Time, has a love song, Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time, spread all over the celluloid.

Don't think that the song craze is going to stop with Lilac Time. Right now Irving Berlin is dashing off Where Is the Song of Songs for Me? which will be interpolated into D. W. Griffith's forthcoming film, The Love Song. Then, too, Berlin is writing Marie, which will be the melodic background of Vilma Banky's The Awakening.

But to return to Lilac Time and Colleen Moore. Lilac Time, which was used as a stage play by Jane Cowl, is no mere routine film. It is a special and occupied some four months in the making. Twenty planes—sixteen of which are visible, three of which were camera ships, while one, the observation plane, transported the technical director—were used. This called for twenty crack stunt pilots, for several ships had to be broken up right in front of the cameras. The production ran to $1,000,000 in cost.

Jeannine finds the dying German ace. One of the scenes from Lilac Time.

Jeannine (Colleen Moore) and her aviator hero, Captain Blythe, played by Gary Cooper.

Perhaps you saw Lilac Time as a footlight play. I did not, but I know that Jane Cowl never played *Jeannine*, the little French peasant girl who comes to love the big handsome English flier, as a wistful, kittenish hoyden. *Jeannine* is brave beyond words, bolstering up the spirits of the seven airmen billeted in her farmhouse with many a coy trick.

Back of the farm is a lilac garden with a statue of Jeanne d'Arc bearing the inscription: Love Never Dies. It is inevitable that *Jeannine* and *Captain Philip Blythe* should plight their troth in its shadows and that our hero should go forth to battle against overpowering odds.

I am not one to be moved by Miss Moore's herculean wistfulness. And yet Lilac Time has some remarkably moving moments. The scenes outside the hospital—into which *Captain Blythe* has been taken after his crash in combat with the German Red Ace—are finely done. Director George Fitzmaurice has managed his throngs of indifferent passers-by with genuine cinematic skill. Through these crowds little *Jeannine* blindly stumbles, intent upon buying lilacs for her lost *Philip*.

There is an overabundance of bravado among the fliers. The air combat shots lack the punch of Wings. And yet Lilac Time can be recommended as a sentimental tale of war that will get you.

Gary Cooper's performance of *Philip Blythe* has an admirable romantic tang. Willis Goldbeck's screen adaptation is a strong one.

Don't think that the film is without faults. It has the weaknesses of all stellar vehicles: too many closeups and too much footage devoted to the star.

You will note Cleve Moore, Colleen's younger brother, as the captain of the seven fliers billeted at the lilac farm. And you will also note an unknown youngster, Jack Stone, as the kid aviator who is afraid to die. There's a lad with possibilities.

Cooper, the hero of Lilac Time, is a screen comer. He made his first hit as the lover who lost in The Winning of Barbara Worth. Sam Goldwyn, the producer, let him slip away, and he next turned up as the ill fated flier who crashed in Wings. Then he was the sky adventurer of The Legion of the Condemned.

This Cooper, who is twenty-seven, hails from Helena, Montana. His father, Charles Cooper, was six years on the Montana Supreme Court bench, aside from being a farmer and lawyer for forty years in Montana.

Gary crossed to England to attend school and came back to go to Grinnell at Grinnell, Iowa. He had been hurt when he was fifteen, and in an effort to recover his health he roughed it awhile in Montana. Then he hit the Hollywood trail. In 1925 he tried his luck as an extra.

Cooper is about six feet, blue eyed, and as popular as any leading man right now who is still this side of stardom. Cooper does not dance, but he rides like a cowboy. A lad with possibilities indeed.

Do you know that—

F. W. Murnau is studying the Northwest wheatfields preparatory to starting Our Daily Bread? . . . John Barrymore may do Hamlet as an all talkie for the Warner Vitaphone after finishing his next and last for United Artists? . . . Theda Bara is going to try a film comeback?

Wanted– men seeking opportunity

Somewhere east, there's a broad-shouldered, ambitious young doctor. He longs to go where life is real and interesting, where the country is growing and prosperous, where the air is invigorating and men snap into their work.

There's a place waiting for him in The Milwaukee Road's West—and the right sort of a man soon will find he's an important figure among the friendly folks of his chosen field.

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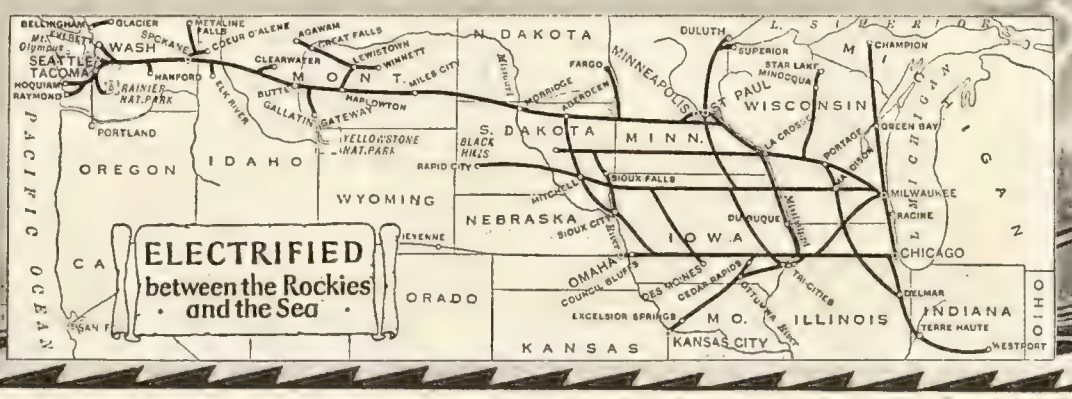


How HOOVER Happened

A Chronicle of the "Mystery Years"

By
FREDERICK PALMER

(Reading time: 20 minutes 43 seconds.)

"I KNEW him when—" Any nominee for the Presidency must be surprised at how many knew him when. They make a chorus regaling us with memories of "the ole swimming hole" or the fifth floor back of his humble childhood days.

The number of those who were personally responsible for starting him on his career is large enough to form a large fraternal order. But some who did know him when always refuse to join the band shining in the light of reflected glory.

"Why don't you come to see me?" said Theodore Roosevelt to one of these. "I suppose you think that I have become too great, and you are one that wants nothing of me. I was never so lonely for your kind of company."

The chorus of "I knew him when" is loud about Herbert Hoover since the World War began, when he was forty; but we hear from few who knew him from 1895 to 1914, from twenty-one to forty, in what have been called his "mystery years" and even his "lost years."

Only Ulysses S. Grant in our history sprang into such sudden fame at middle age; and Grant also ran for the Presidency as his first elective office.

At thirty-nine Grant was a retired regular army officer, a failure, clerking in his father's leather store; at forty the land was ringing with his name as the victor of Fort Donelson; at forty-two he was the victor of Appomattox. At forty-six he was President.

War, that magic promoter of swift reputations, made both Grant and Hoover, but in different ways, and one on the home background and the other on a foreign background. People were wondering at the close of the Civil War whether Grant was a Republican or a Democrat, as they were about Hoover at the close of the World War.

We know that Hoover was born in Iowa. But lots of people have been. He was born in a farmhouse, not in a log cabin. Up to the middle of the last century it was the thing for a candidate to be born in a log cabin.

Reading some of the campaign biographies of Grant recently, I found that he had never made a mistake or done anything wrong. They never even mentioned that he had taken a drink. But in reading the diatribes of his political enemies I found he was a wicked man, called the creature of "bull luck," "drunkard," and "Cæsar," and had never done anything noble or good. In these days we are impatient with the "angel" and "devil" views, and seek the real man from all the "knew him whens" and the "know him nows."

Herbert Hoover at twenty-five, as he was when the author first met him.

Adelbert Bartlett photo

The Republican Presidential nominee today.

Henry Miller photo

Hoover's childhood home at West Branch, Iowa.

Adelbert Bartlett photo

We have been told as often as that he was born in Iowa that Hoover worked his way through college. Lots of young men did in his time, and do now.

When there are only two leading candidates for the Presidency every four years, that is not enough recommendation to get one elected. But it has taken the place of the log cabin as a symbol of being selfmade; and a large "worked his way through" vote has accumulated.

Everybody also knows that Hoover organized relief for the stricken Belgians; that to "Hooverize" became the word for war rationing; and of his work as Secretary of Commerce.

We know, too, that he is an engineer. By this his habit of mind—the engineering mentality—is explained. Yet people in Washington talk about him as an enigma.

I think that the "mystery years"—which should be no mystery at all—from twenty-one until forty explain the enigma, give us the real Hoover. A man's character, although it may expand, does not change much after forty.

Those were the years when Hoover

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOW HOOVER HAPPENED
Continued from page twenty-five]

was in the making. No less so than lanky, moody, story telling Abraham Lincoln was as lawyer and politician in Illinois; than Roosevelt riding the bucking broncho of the plains or the police commissionership of New York; Wilson going his professorial way in academic shades, marked among his fellows; or "happy warrior" Al Smith as member of the State Legislature or sheriff.

The Hoover in the making was a battling, world ranging, restless, fortune making, gold hunting, gold extracting, hospitable, generously spending man of far flung enterprises.

He formed armies, he built cities, and he knew great gambles before the greatest of all, that of a Presidential election. Of all candidates only John C. Frémont, the pathfinder, and Andrew Jackson, the *exigeant*, had anything like so romantic a career; and it is modern romance. But that the campaign biographies overlook; they do not even mention that he wrote a best seller among books of its kind.

He himself does not see anything romantic in the so-called "lost years." He took care to disdain that side of it when the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers gave him the Saunders Medal last February. Otherwise all the other romance makers present, all being engineers, might have thought that he had lost the Hoover touch; that he had forgotten that the whole thing was "the reduction of working costs."

"He was having enough fun without going into politics," said one of them. "After all the organizing jobs he had done that Belgian relief was nuts for him, and being Secretary of Commerce not so much, either. If he doesn't itch, sometimes, to drop that Washington game and jump on board a steamer on the trail of another great property like the Bawdwin mine in Burma, then he's ceased to be natural."

If the world ranger wants to be President the other world rangers are for him. None better for the job, to their mind. To them it is an engineering job, like all human enterprises.

MY own "I knew him when" began when I was crossing the Pacific in 1899, and I indulge in it because first hand human contacts are better than those taken second hand.

The first meal out of San Francisco, a missionary appointed himself lecturer in charge of the education of the people at our table. Apparently he was determined to get us through the fifth grade before we arrived in China. He announced the subject and carried on all the conversation.

Opposite me was a round faced young man of the large shouldered, leaning forward type who looked about twenty-one. He appeared the most tractable listener of all. While the rest of us tried to get in a word now and then in skepticism of the miscellaneous misinformation which was inundating us, he never interrupted the orator. At times his eyes would twinkle. At intervals he would jingle his keys or loose change.

At dinner on the second night out our teacher decided that the evening's discourse should be on elemental astronomy. We had the planets through the soup and fish, and then he decided to lighten the lesson for younger minds by explaining what made the stars twinkle.

The keys were jingling quite loudly when they suddenly stopped; and the silent young man broke in when our teacher had finished that subject.

"No. Pardon me, but this is what makes the stars twinkle," was the introduction to a terse exposition of the correct scientific explanation with machine gun fire precision.

His manner carried the conviction that when Mr. Herbert C. Hoover on the passenger list talked, he knew what he was talking about. He did not fire until the gun was loaded and the target clear.

All our teacher could say was, "On second thought I think you're right"—as he took cover. The Belgians were not the first to thank Hoover for relief.

Hoover was not one of the mixers who told the stories of their lives in the smoking room on that long voyage, but a preoccupied man unless he was interested. Then he could talk as he had about the stars. He was on his way to China, which was about to be modernized again. Venerable Li Hung Chang was to do the modernizing this time.

"That boy will find out what he is up against," said old China hands on board. "He will pass out as the other foreign advisers have."

For "that boy" had been appointed Director of the Imperial Chinese Mining Bureau to study Chinese mining resources and organize their production. He did not mention it, but someone who lived in Peking did tell the amount of the salary he was to receive.

Few would believe it. This fabulous sum for that shy, mute youngster! For the legend of the shy Hoover was already started.

Fifteen thousand a year—equal to forty today—and what a job for youth! Quite a start in life for a man of twenty-five.

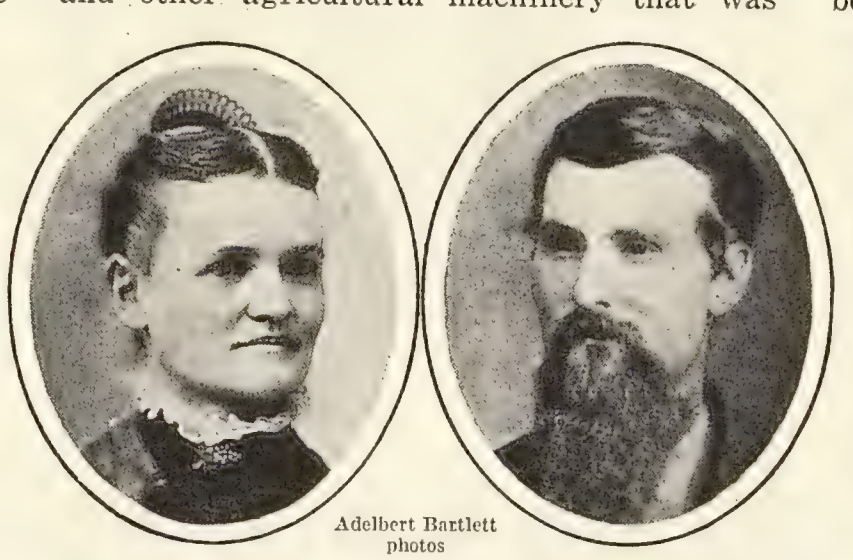
How did it happen? How had he made such a reputation that he had been chosen of all recommended for this big position to astute old Li Hung Chang? At this time Alfred E. Smith, who was twenty-six, had been clerk in the office of the Commissioner of Jurors in New York for four years.

NOW, before we go on with the mystery years, a little about origins. Hoover's parents belonged to a Quaker group which migrated to Iowa and founded the settlement of West Branch, where Hoover was born on August 10, 1874. The Quakers lived and moved in groups—westward. They were thrifty, self contained, taking up new land. Six sound generations of American Hoovers are known.

Probably the original Hoovers were Dutch, as the name is spelled that way in Holland. The French spell it Huber, and the Germans Hoefer or Hoofer. Herbert's childhood was in a world of thees and thous, of Quaker gray and hard work, and where fiction might not be read unless it made a villain of the Demon Rum.

His mother's family was Minthorn, her first name Hulda. She was a gifted speaker at Quaker meetings. He had an Uncle Benajah. Good Quaker names.

His father, Jesse, was the village blacksmith, and an enterprising one. He took on, as a side line, an agency for the new reapers and binders and other agricultural machinery that was coming into vogue, and soon it was so paying that he dropped smithing altogether.



Adelbert Bartlett photos

The candidate's parents, Mrs. Hulda Hoover and Jesse Clark Hoover.

When Herbert was six his father died, leaving older brother "Tad" (Theodore) and little sister May, as well as Herbert, for the mother to care for. She took in sewing to make ends meet. When Herbert was nine she died.

There was a family council. Maternal grandmother Minthorn took little May, Uncle David took Tad, and Herbert went to Uncle Allan, who owned a quarter section of good black Iowa land. One of Herbert's sons is named Allan.

Lawyer Laurie Tatum, who had settled the Jesse Hoover estate, found that there was a net residue of $1,500. Interest on that was to be divided among the children for books, luxuries, and clothes. It was not so small a sum as it seems now.

The relatives all agreed with Lawyer Tatum that the $1,500 capital should be held intact to help the children with their education, for the Quakers are strong for good schooling.

Herbert was rich in kindly uncles. When he was eleven fate took another turn for him. His mother's brother, Dr. John Minthorn, was the physician, counselor, and financial expert of another group of Quakers who had heard the call to take a covered wagon over the old Oregon trail.

In the village they had founded on the Willamette, Uncle John had started building an academy, and here was a chance for one of sister Hulda's boys. He could earn his keep by looking after Uncle John's horses and doing chores. So Herbert was sent to Oregon in the company of a traveler.

Had he shown any signs of future bent so far? He had tried to make a mowing machine out of a cast off, broken toothed crosscut saw. But the horse attached to it showed good sense by running away and ending the venture at once.

Other boys have also made mechanical experiments, and may be now keeping the corner grocery store, or professors of English, instead of eminent engineers. So far Herbert was just a busy, healthy boy, as Al Smith, Roosevelt, and Grover Cleveland were.

When Herbert went West, immigrants were trooping to Oregon; the railroad was coming. A great land boom began. Uncle John found promoting a land company more profitable than doctoring, and that took him to Salem. There Herbert worked in his office out of school hours. He was fairly good at his books, learned easily, but did like to get out of doors.

The interests around him were not only on what the land would grow but on what might be under the land. There was gold in California, in Nevada, in Colorado. Why not in Oregon?

HERBERT not only met the "sooners," the trappers, the sourdough stiffs, and the prospectors seeking grubstakes, but one day he met a real mining engineer. This man crushed rocks in which you could see no free gold at all, and took the gold out of the rock by chemical processes.

A career was settled then and there. Herbert knew what he wanted to do when he grew up. He was going to take gold out of rocks. His character was sufficiently developed so that he meant to get what he wanted.

"What college for Herbert?"

The Iowa uncles were sending brother Tad to a good Quaker college back East. But there was no gold in the East. Plenty of rocks and gold near by in the Rockies. Hoover was already singularly a child of the Pacific slope, as he still is. He knew the college he would attend.

In California a new university was about to open. It was a stupendous project, worthy of its founder, Senator Leland Stanford, who would make it a monument to the memory of his only son.

Stanford's was one of the great bonanza fortunes which had sprung from the earth's fabulous largess after the discovery of gold in California. His university he would endow with all his great fortune. It is now established as one of the great universities of America.

Conditioned on some subjects, but admitted because an examiner believed in him, Herbert C. Hoover became a freshman in the class of '95, then the only class in that institution.

Lawyer Tatum and the family council gave Herbert $300, which was enough to care for him for more than half a year, as costs were then. The rest he would have to make himself.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

Film on Teeth—what it is and what it does

A common-sense explanation based on dental opinion

Why film is charged with most cases of dull, "off-color" teeth. Why foremost dental authorities urge its removal as the first step against serious tooth and gum disorders

Most people's teeth are naturally lovely and white. What darkens them is found to be film, and film is held largely responsible for serious tooth and gum disorders.

WHEN your dentist cleans your teeth he removes a film. Then two things happen. Teeth become naturally white and bright. Teeth are protected against decay and the commoner tooth and gum disorders.

Dull, gray teeth and gum troubles are now known to result from this condition of the teeth known as "film coated."

Film unremoved develops into tartar, which only your dentist can clear off. Film removed twice a day at home gives on a smaller scale the result your dentist gains by cleaning.

Film, tests show, cannot be successfully removed by ordinary brushing methods. Use the *special film-removing* dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Why FILM must be removed

Run your tongue across the teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating—that is film. An ever-forming evil in your mouth.

Dentists know the secret of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice is so widespread today.

It clings tightly to teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull and lusterless.

Film invites the acids of decay. And you will remember that before this special film-removing method the prevalence of dental troubles was alarming.

New method acts on film

Ordinary brushing was long ago proved ineffective. So, under foremost dental authorities, great chemists at last discovered a film-removing agent.

It acts to curdle and loosen film so that brushing easily removes it. This is the outstanding forward step in many years of dental history.

Firms gums — Combats decay

Then the use of Pepsodent firms and hardens gums, thus gives that coral tint.

In still other ways it increases the alkalinity of saliva to neutralize the acids which form from starch in foods and form decay.

So the fundamentals of modern preventive practice are embodied in this latest work of science.

You can see the change

To have bright, gleaming teeth, to have healthy teeth and gums, dentists say, "Remove that film." This patients are told today in 58 nations.

Get a large tube of Pepsodent wherever dentifrices are sold or write to nearest address below for free 10-day tube to try. See how much whiter teeth will be ten days from now. Gums will be firmer—decay combated. This is the way most dentists urge.

Your dentist, and Pepsodent used twice a day, offer you the best the world knows in modern tooth and gum care. Here health is synonymous with beauty.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; 191 George St., *Toronto 2*, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., *London*, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., *Sydney*, N. S. W.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG U.S

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use WILLIAMS!"

You *can't* lose *this* cap!

The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!

A Face that's Fit! Within the reach of almost every man. Important to them all. And to keep your face Fit, choose with care the lather you put on it.

None so quick and copious; none so soothing; none so supremely mild; none so thorough in its softening power; none so gently cleansing—as Williams.

With eighty-eight years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin in every tube, the Williams lather gives a shave that's quick and grateful and—*it leaves Faces Fit!*

The drug clerk knows. Ask him. He'll tell you, "Oh, yes, sometimes they change ..... *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Next time say

'Williams Shaving Cream *please!"*

Finish with a splash of Aqua Velva. Made for after-shaving. It will keep the skin all day as the Williams lather leaves it. *Find out!*

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Can.

[HOW HOOVER HAPPENED Continued from page twenty-six]

He was already at it when the students came to enroll. Quiet young Hoover was the early bird acting as temporary clerk for the registrar, taking down names, addresses, and records.

What professor or student wanted a morning paper at his door? Hoover would deliver it. Who wanted his week's wash called for? That early bird captured that job, too.

He became an employer of labor for the first time when, the laundry agency prospering, he hired a boy to do the leg work on the news route which he eventually sold for forty dollars. Quick to see an opening and to volunteer for it, when a professor found that he did not have to tell Hoover twice to do a thing or how to do it—that gave him a job as a clerk. Eventually he sold the laundry agency and started a lecture course.

P. & A. photo

Mr. and Mrs. Hoover in Washington just after his nomination for the Presidency.

Having been shortstop on the baseball nine—no mitts in those days; you caught 'em barehanded—he injured his finger badly. This was the end of his athletic career, except for a little tennis.

"I remember his delivering the wash," said one of his classmates. "But it gets me, this career of his. I couldn't see anything very promising in him. Never said much, but evidently was doing a lot of thinking."

An honest "I knew him when" is this, from a successful lawyer.

HOOVER had a struggle to get through English, but in geology he was a marked man. His distinction won summer holidays for him, with some pay and good food, in the Ozarks and then in the Rockies on geological surveys, doing the work he loved—studying rocks.

But he was not an all round student. When he found that a course held nothing for the special education he had in mind, he would drop out of it, often without consultation or permission.

When student problems were up in this new college without traditions, he listened to what the others had to say. Then the shy Hoover began a "You do this!" and "You do that!" direction, setting human figures to moving on the pattern of the plan he had worked out—the budding organizer.

Although not an athlete, he became manager of the football team and athletic treasurer, and was all for reducing the working costs. If a player was injured, he was promptly on hand to keep down the medical expense.

When a man who was out of the game claimed that he had brought his own football shoes and wanted them back, Hoover ruled that as they had played on the Stanford gridiron they belonged to the team. He put athletics on a business basis.

As at other colleges, there were those who had and those who had not money at Stanford. The Haves and the Have Nots clashed. The Have Nots won. Hoover was the quiet tactician if not the spokesman of the student body, a power behind the scenes in politics.

Another summer with the geological survey after graduation, and then for a job. He had little more than money enough to take him to the big Mayflower mine in Nevada.

He was met with the information which is ever awaiting the diploma bearer from academic shades when he strikes the hard boiled old world. Mine managers had usually found the youngsters who were loaded with book stuff were not much use down in the drifts.

Hoover took the next best opening, which was as a laborer at two dollars and fifty cents a day. He lived cheap, saving capital for another stroke at fortune.

CLEARLY, if you wanted a job as a mining engineer, you must be in touch with someone who had such jobs to give. Again he struck high. He sought Louis Janin, an eminent consulting engineer in San Francisco. Here, also, supply exceeded demand. Youngsters were on the waiting list for a chance to work for Louis Janin without pay.

Either because Hoover knew typing, or because of his earnestness, or because of the recommendation of the geological survey, or because he caught the big man in the right mood, he was placed as a sort of general utility clerk.

His leaning forward attitude of "Got any nuts to crack? I like to crack nuts [meaning rocks]. Give me a chance!" was under the master's passing glance. And one day Janin turned over a bunch of papers to him.

"See what you make of this! Write a report for me!"

A chuckle was due as Hoover read the papers. Opportunity smiled up from the pages at him.

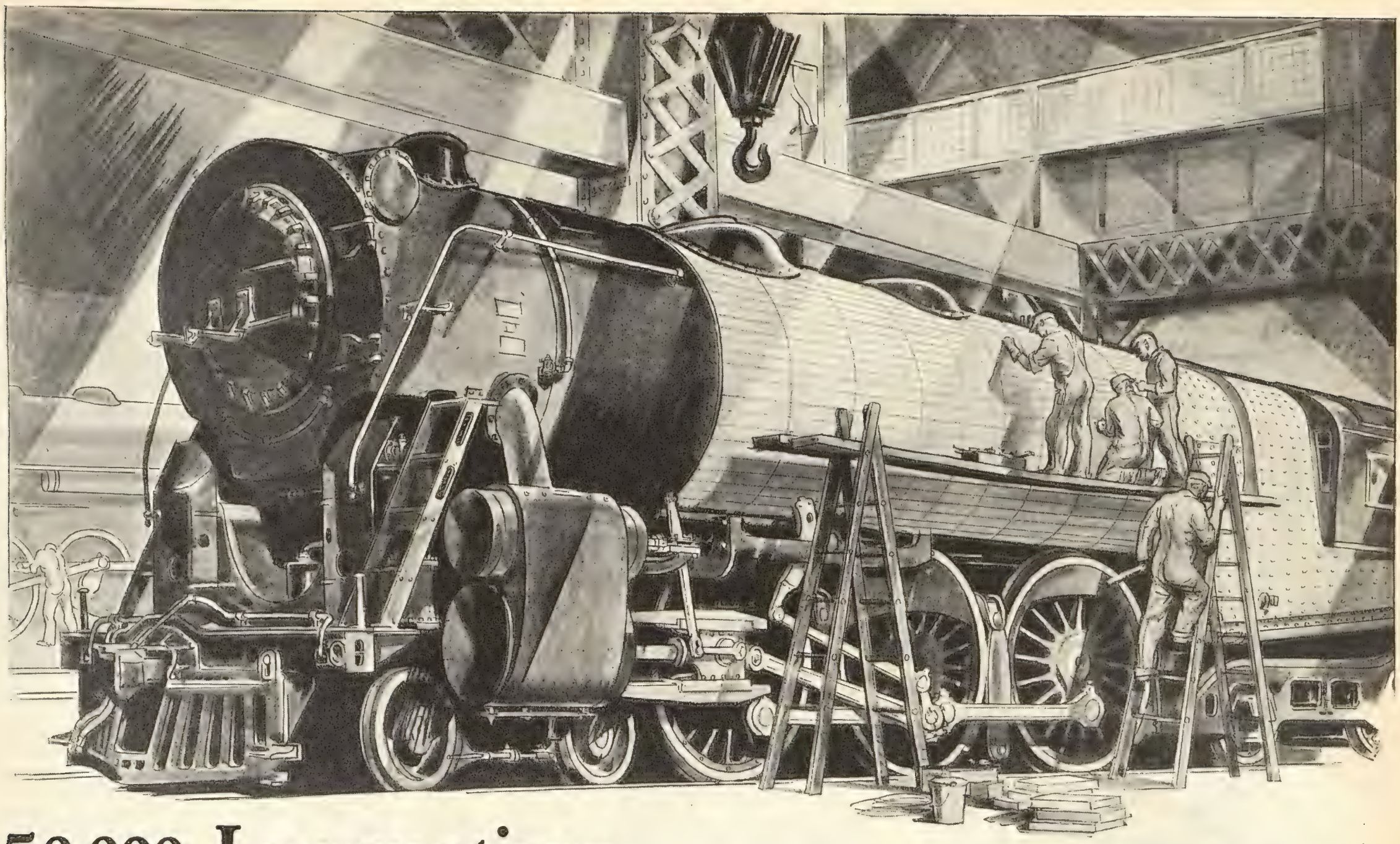
"Where did you learn all this?" Janin asked after he had gone over Hoover's report.

"Working as a laborer in that mine," was the answer. For it was the Mayflower which was in controversy.

He was now no longer under the glance of the big man in passing through the outer office, but directly under his eye and hand. He was soon getting $2,500 a year and being sent out to report on properties.

A very father of mining engi-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]



Insulating the boiler of one of the New York Central "Fifty-two-hundreds." These huge locomotives pull the Twentieth Century Limited, and no small part of their efficiency is due to Johns-Manville Insulating materials.

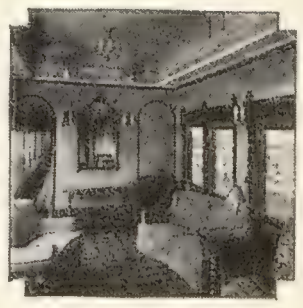
50,000 Locomotives *Conserve Power* with Johns-Manville Insulation

THROUGH chilling rain, freezing sleet, and biting cold, the engine crew must drive their train on schedule time. Every ounce of steam must be conserved. If the great boiler area of an engine were exposed, enormous losses of heat and power would result. GOOD insulation is such an important factor in locomotive efficiency that today more than 50,000 of America's "iron horses" have their boilers covered with a protective blanket of Johns-Manville Magnesia Blocks.

More power and greater comfort

On the swift fliers that pull the limited trains, on the mighty freight locomotives, on the powerful yard switching engines—Johns-Manville is aiding in power conservation with boiler insulation, steam pipe covering, and special railroad packings and high temperature cements.

Johns-Manville renders a real "Service to Railroads"—and it extends back along the entire train. Insulation for the pipes which heat passenger cars—an insulation which lines the steel walls of the cars themselves and guards the passenger against excessive heat or cold.



J-M products add to the comfort of passengers

From the head end of the locomotive to the rear of the last car, Johns-Manville products contribute to safety, comfort and economy in modern transportation. It is a real tribute to Johns-Manville that the engineering officials of the leading railroads of the country have standardized on J-M products—choosing them because of their outstanding superiority.

And for the same reason engineers and operating men in every phase of industrial activity have adopted J-M products wherever quality and maximum results are needed.

Meeting the needs of industry

From fire-safe roofing to power-conserving packings—from insulations to industrial flooring—there are hundreds of J-M articles which are built to satisfy industry's constant need for products that deliver a full measure of service.

Let us tell you the full story of Johns-Manville's contributions to *your* operating requirements.

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

MASTER *of* ASBESTOS

Johns-Manville

INDUSTRIAL INSULATIONS

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco
Branches in all large cities
Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto
We are interested in facts concerning—
——Heat Insulations ——Roofing ——Industrial Flooring

Name.....
Company.....
I—33-9
Address.....

SHOWERS

RADIO FURNITURE

Crosley radio console $115

.6 tube AC electric GEMBOX *and* DYNACONE built in . . . .

Here is a radio VALUE you will only find in Crosley radio dealers' stores? It cannot be equalled.

Crosley builds radio so efficiently at such low prices that there is no comparison between Crosley radio and others in that price field.

Showers, the world's largest furniture manufacturers are equipped, physically and financially to build the products of the world's best furniture designers at prices lesser manufacturers cannot match.

Powel Crosley, Jr., approves Showers cabinets for Crosley Radio not only because they represent VALUE such as he builds into his radio, but because acoustically they enhance the already superior performance of Crosley receiving sets.

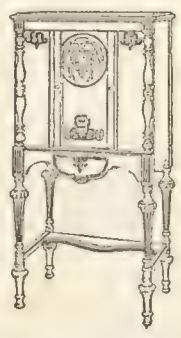
Beautiful walnut veneers exquisitely matched form patterns such as one sees in museum pieces. Genuine wood carvings add decorative touches you find in most expensive furniture.

The dynamic DYNACONE—a genuine *power* speaker is built in these charming cabinets. This wonderful reproducer is the *hit* of the radio industry this season. The same speaker sells separately for $25.

See this combination at any Crosley dealer. He is authorized to put it in your home for a

5 DAY
FREE TRIAL

Prove to yourself, by yourself, the power, the beauty and the unmatchable value of Crosley radio in Showers' cabinets. Use coupon below if you cannot locate a Crosley dealer.



Beautiful 54-inch walnut veneer sliding panel door model C-6 console with Crosley 8 tube AC electric SHOWBOX radio installed and DYNACONE built in. $159.50

SHOWERS BROTHERS COMPANY
Bloomington, Ind.

Send this to Showers!

Showers Brothers Co.,
Dept. 76,
Bloomington, Ind.

I am interested in seeing and hearing the Crosley Radio Console at $115 in my own home 5 DAYS FREE!

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

Send me literature about your beautifully designed furniture at prices less than $200 per suite.

Living Room . . . . . Dining Room . . . . . Bed Room . . . . . Kitchen . . . . . .

[HOW HOOVER HAPPENED Continued from page twenty-eight]

neers was Louis Janin in the region that once had been the world's gold mining center. Remember that placer mining, bonanza mining, "poor man's mining," had practically passed. Taking gold out of low ore now required capital and machinery.

Soon the United States, which had led in gold production, was to yield to South Africa. Today we mine $46,000,000 in gold compared with the Transvaal's $205,000,000.

There were rich strikes in Australia in the '90s. British capital was in control there as in South Africa. Huge speculation and staggering rises in gold shares ruled on the London Stock Exchange.

MINING engineering in the modern sense was a young profession. America was its school, in America were its traditions. America was famous for excellence of dentists and mining engineers. There was a call for American mining engineers the world over; a host of them were in the Transvaal where John Hays Hammond won fame.

British engineers were jealous of favoritism shown to Americans. But British capital had found the American to be the practical man. He supplemented scientific training by apprenticeship in the drifts as Hoover had. And practical mining meant keeping down the working costs as young Hoover had in athletics at Stanford.

For gold was worth taking out of the ledges, or sand, only when you got it for less cost than it was worth on the market. Capital sought dividends; company directors roared when they failed. The able engineer was the one who brought in profits.

To the successful engineer high pay; and far higher pay for the American engineer abroad than at home. Without it no American engineer would leave fair California for life on the Transvaal Rand or the Australian desert.

Youth, when the elders crowded them to the wall at home, saw fortune, promotion, and their world to conquer in the new fields abroad.

Often requests came from overseas to Louis Janin to recommend an engineer for a job. Proud of his position, Janin; proud of having the man he sent make good. It was a part of his prestige that appealed to him. And when a request came from Bewick, Moreing & Co., a big London firm of mine managers and promoters, stating particulars of a position for which they sought a man, Janin summoned Hoover, who could not believe his ears at first.

"Will you accept?" asked Janin.

Hoover came out of his daze. Would he accept?

Twenty-four years old, and $7,500 a year, all expenses paid. Across the Atlantic, through the Mediterranean, across the Indian Ocean, to be managing director of a group of properties.

"That boy! Is he the new manager?" But the staff soon found who was boss, even if he was such a quiet boy.

No wonder Louis Janin picked carefully in choosing one with endurance for that job in the desert where, around the pounding and crunching stamp mills under corrugated iron roofs, were groups of workmen's houses that formed the isolated communities in the broiling heat.

Nothing to relieve the eye under the sun's dazzle in the sandy level distances set with eucalyptus scrub. No life except dwarf kangaroos and lizards. It was hell's own thirsting land.

Water averaged five cents a gallon. Whisky was almost as plentiful as water. Men were broken by the climate and by drink, which they took to break the monotony.

Camels had been imported for travel as the narrow gauge railroad was pressed forward from the hot port of the tropic sea; and highways were being made by grubbing out the bush, leaving a channel through the deep sand.

YOUNG Hoover had enough nuts to crack now. Keeping up efficiency required a firm jaw and a knowledge of human nature.

Processes must be modernized, a better staff developed. He sent back for the latest machinery and up to date assistants who could stand the gaff. And rush both! No waste like the waste of time. Capital invested must be earning.

Transportation, food, and machinery were only one part of his problem. Others were labor and relations with the Socialist Australian government, which would take toll of the gold before it reached protesting British shareholders' pockets.

No diversion except working late into the night on plans and making reports.

One day, when afield, he saw a "prospect" which some Welsh miners were developing. There must have been a jingling in Hoover's pocket then. He visualized up to date machinery and methods in place of the old fashioned ones the owners were using.

Adelbert Bartlett photo

Herbert Hoover (right) at sixteen, with his brother Theodore, twenty, and his sister May, fourteen.

"You ask me what was Hoover's greatest quality as a mining engineer?" remarked a mining engineer. "I should say that it was in his judgment of properties." A case in point, this Sons of Gwalia mine, which was so called in honor of the Welshmen.

The results Hoover had already shown as manager warranted Bewick, Moreing & Co. in acting

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

CROSLEY

PROVES BY COMPARISON

POWER SPEAKER RADIO RECEIVER

TO BE RADIO'S GREATEST VALUE·

·6 TUBE·A C·Electric·GEMBOX·$65·

1928 Features

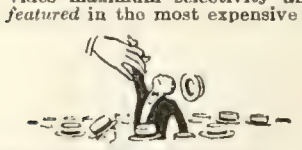
Few Radios AT ANY PRICE combine ALL these features which are essential to today's radio reception.

AMPLIFICATION
Neutrodyne 10×10×10=1,000
Other systems 5×5×5=125

Crosley Radios tune efficiently

Crosley Neutrodyne circuit is sharp, sensitive and selective. Distant stations are easily found. Local stations tune without squealing.

Crosley Radios are shielded Each element shielded from each other provides maximum selectivity and *is featured* in the most expensive sets.



Crosley Radios are selective In crowded districts where many local stations fill the air you find means of listening to ONE at a time.

Crosley Radios have volume Volume may be increased to tremendous proportions without distortion.

Crosley Radios can be softened to a whisper

A positive volume control enables operator to cut any program down to faint and scarcely audible reception.

Crosley radio sets have always been good sets. In them the public always got the utmost value. They have always been sold on a very close margin of profit in order to keep the price low. This margin does not permit extensive advertising as is possible with other radios.

Crosley radio is well advertised but not extravagantly. The growth of The Crosley Radio Corporation is due more to word of mouth by satisfied users than prodigious claims in printers' ink.

Last winter Crosley was first to announce that the place to buy radio is in the home, first to encourage demonstration in the home, first to give the public an opportunity to try, test and compare before buying. The growth of Crosley sales since that time has been phenomenal. *The first six months of 1928 showed sales almost four times greater than any preceding year, because Crosley sets demonstrated in the home in comparison with other sets immediately proved themselves to be the greatest value in the radio world.* Crosley dealers do not fear competitive demonstrations in any prospect's home—they encourage them. Satisfied customers are the greatest asset Crosley can have.

The Crosley Dynacone—a dynamic power speaker at $25, available for all Crosley models introduces for the FIRST time in the popular priced field power, volume, depth of tone and rich reproduction never before believed possible. Immediately Crosley radio became comparable to the highest priced receivers on the market. Crosley radio with DYNACONE gives an entirely new conception of radio.

8 tube AC Electric
SHOW BOX $80

Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and West prices slightly higher

Crosley sweeps the field! Crosley out-sell ANY radio on the market today! Crosley's 5 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER is closely imitated, but be sure you TEST and TRY a Crosley set against ANY OTHER. Such direct comparison is eye opening for the superior Crosley receivers with this new wonder power speaker give an amazing performance.

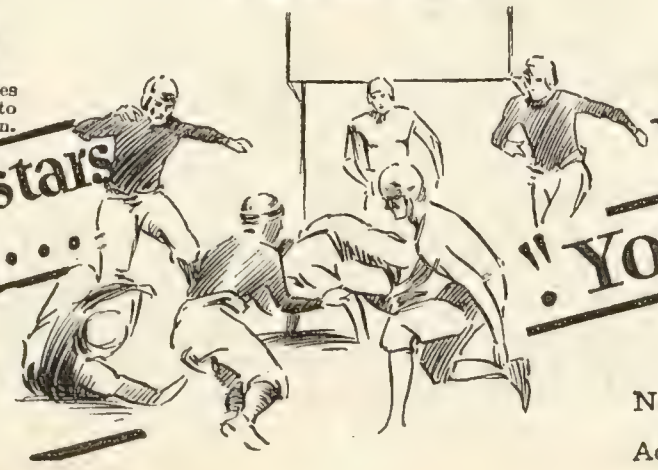
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Cincinnati, Ohio Powel Crosley, Jr., *Pres.*

6 tube Battery Operated
BANDBOX $55

5 tube Dry Cell Operated
BANDBOX JR., $35

The Improved MUSICONE the fastest selling magnetic loud speaker at $15

Crosley prices do not include tubes



When college stars are shining . . .

Whatever Happens . . . "You're *there* with a Crosley"

The Crosley Radio Corporation,
Cincinnati, Ohio. Dept. 76.

Please send me literature about your new radio receiver and the wonderful new DYNACONE.

AC Radio.....Battery Operated Radio.....Dynacone.....

DC Radio.....5 DAY FREE TRIAL IN MY HOME.....

Name.....

Address.....

Pointers on Patents

44 "Inventors" All wanted the same Patent

O. M. MORSE invented a suction cleaner for purifying the air of flour mills. His attorney urged a Patent immediately. However, Morse decided to "try it out" in a few plants first.

But it was tried out so extensively by ambitious imitators that, all told, exactly *forty-four* applications were filed in the Patent Office on the same invention! And because Morse was among the last to apply, the odds were heavily against him. After lengthy legal proceedings he finally won his case—but—it cost him thousands of dollars and the loss of the profits he should have been making meanwhile.

"Be sure you're protected; then go ahead." A Patent should be obtained as soon as possible, regardless of any delays that may be anticipated in manufacturing or marketing the invention. Contrary to public opinion, the words "Patent Pending" or "Patent Applied For" are not a complete safeguard against infringement. Unscrupulous persons still may file opposing claims with the Patent Office, and perhaps even seriously delay the granting of the Patent to the real inventor.

Protection Begins With Precaution

A written Record of Invention, properly witnessed and dated, has often saved inventors and manufacturers their Patent rights and litigation costs as well. We will gladly give you assistance, without obligation, in drawing up such a record. In our files your idea is safe.

With an organization of thorough and experienced ability, we have helped thousands of inventors and manufacturers with the necessary steps in obtaining Patents and Trademarks. In our hands your Patent Application has the advantage of our close familiarity with, and success in, Patent Office procedure.

Those interested in Patents, Trademarks or Copyrights are cordially welcome to the booklet "Patent and Trademark Protection;" it tells each step of procedure required by the Patent Office and answers your questions — and also to my Record of Invention form. My several thousand clients, in every State in the Union, have found them helpfully worth having. Mail the coupon TODAY; they will be sent to you immediately.

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Opposite U. S. Patent Office
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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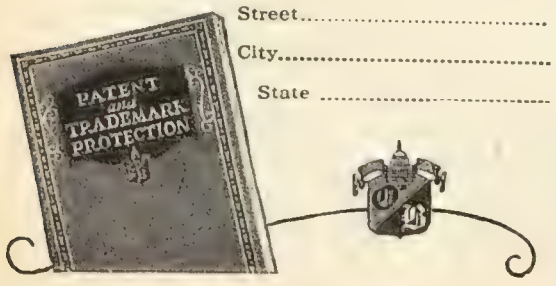


[HOW HOOVER HAPPENED] Continued from page thirty

on his recommendation to buy the mine and float a company, which they capitalized at three-quarters of a million dollars.

Throughout 1898 Hoover was on the job there in Australia, looking after the firm's other interests while he got the Sons of Gwalia equipped and going for another manager to take over. By 1901 it was turning out between $80,000 and $90,000 gold monthly. It paid as high as 20 per cent dividends, and has been paying dividends, with the exception of a single year, ever since.

P. & A. photo

The Hoover residence at Palo Alto, California.

He not only had managed established properties, but he had found and made a property which brought home rich tribute to Bewick, Moreing & Co. And so far he was only a salaried employee, not an owning operator; but the reputation he had made won him the job in China.

There was a personal reason for accepting that, and I think that even matter of fact mining engineers will call it a romantic one.

Lou Henry, daughter of a banker in Monterey, was a brilliant student at Stanford, and more of an all round one than Herbert. She was a freshman and he a senior when they met; and their first subject of conversation being about geologic strata, as an expert on rocks he was able to make a good impression.

While she was finishing her course, it was up to him to earn a living for two and then put the question. Even in these days $15,000 a year is enough for two. And he found that it was practicable to take her to China. The job accepted, a cablegram to Lou from London, and she accepted.

With his keenness to be on the new job promptly—always that time element pressing him—there were no hours to waste, after he jumped off the train at Monterey, if they were to catch the next fortnightly steamer across the Pacific.

No Protestant clergyman was available without a delay that might mean missing the steamer. Local dispensation for the old Spanish mission priests permitted them to marry non-Catholics. So Father Ramon Maestres married Quaker Herbert Hoover and Episcopalian Lou Henry in a civil ceremony. Then the couple hurried to the train and were on board the steamer that night.

Fifteen thousand a year at twenty-five. What a wedding trip! The key to travel in China! Old China in old Asia, where men had sought and fought for gold for treasure and ornament thousands of years before Columbus started for India and hit San Salvador.

Where had that gold come from? Old records to be looked up—records that led him to the great Bawdwin mine many years afterward. Councils with mandarins and caravan heads! Many journeys! Seeking not only gold, but iron, coal, copper, lead, zinc, oil, and to deliver them profitably out of the earth by the latest processes of the new world. But no romance in this at all. The processes were strictly scientific. Romance never reduces working costs.

A certain amount of luck so far had been the handmaiden of the opportunity which Hoover had grasped instantly it looked him in the face. If he had not happened to work in that Mayflower mine in which Janin had a concern, Janin might not have found him out so soon; and if there had been no half developed Sons of Gwalia hailing him when he was on camel back, he would not have had such success in Australia.

From primitive Australia to old China was to mean that he was going from nuts easy to crack to nuts that were hard shelled and nettle burred. Luck was not to be with him now. He was to have a fierce test, dealing with Chinese politics, world intrigue, riots, and sudden death in the cataclysm following the sudden outbreak of the Boxer rebellion. Of this, more anon.

A little-known side of another possible President's personality will be revealed in an early issue of Liberty, in an article by Norman S. Hall on Al Smith as a family man. This will be followed by Frederick Palmer's second article on Mr. Hoover's early career.

Smash!

IT takes sturdy equipment to stand up under the pile driving play of modern football. That's why Knute K. Rockne (the greatest football coach of all time) assisted Wilson in building this fine line of football equipment. Rockne has put the result of his years of experience in producing winning teams into this equipment. It contains many features absolutely new. It is built right of the finest materials—light enough for speed yet with sufficient weight to give necessary protection. Rockne says its right and Rockne knows. Built in Intercollegiate and Prep models.

If you are interested in getting the best at the right price ask your dealer to show you the Wilson-Rockne line of football equipment.

Ask your Dealer

Wilson
FOOTBALL EQUIPMENT
WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.
New York Chicago - San Francisco

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Suspicious Character

Junior came home greatly excited after the first visit of the school nurse and doctor. His father asked him:

"Well, what did they do to you, son?"

"First thing," responded Junior, "they searched me for tonsils."—Mrs. Frank Karnes, Overbrook, Kan.

The Reproof Valiant

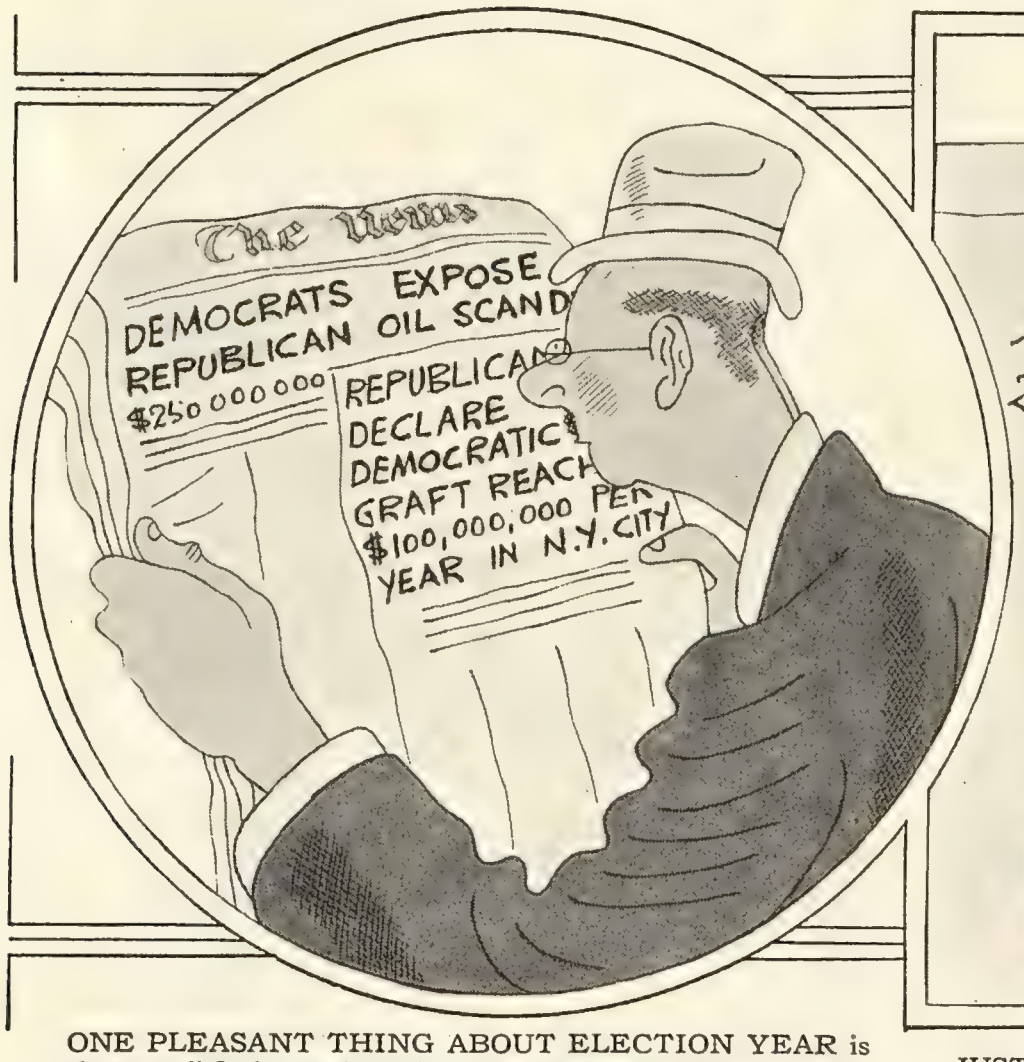
Tommy, very blond, while walking along the street one day, met the manager of a large nut factory, who jokingly called to him, "Hello there, Cotton!"

Sizing up the situation, Tommy replied, "Hello, Peanuts."—Lyndall Nelson, 1122 Continental Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



ONE PLEASANT THING ABOUT ELECTION YEAR is that we all find out where the income tax we have been paying for the last four years has been going.

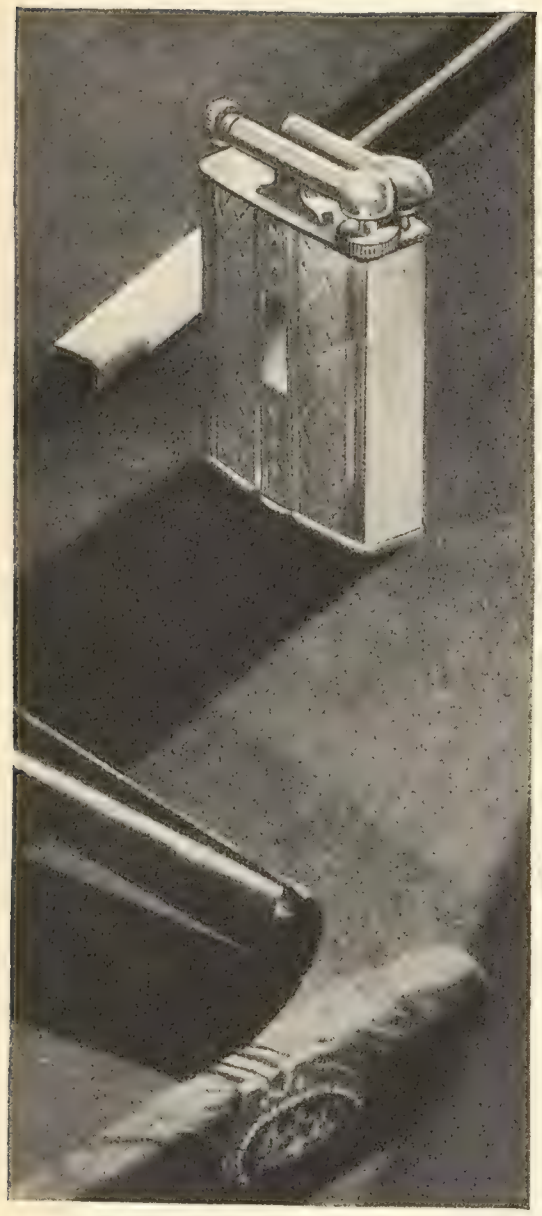
JUST AS THEY WERE ABOUT TO GIVE UP IN DESPAIR. After twenty-two years of labor and propaganda, a member of the Simplified Spelling Board (Carnegie Foundation) happens, by mere chance, upon a disciple of the cause.

THE HAPPINESS THAT GIVING A PARTY BRINGS INTO THE WORLD: Those who are not invited to the party have their feelings hurt; those who are invited to the party are bored; and those who give the party are completely worn out.

THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER.
(A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.)

A DEVICE FOR SAXOPHONE CONTROL, suggested as a Constitutional amendment. If the player attempts to blow hard and produce a troublesome noise, his cheeks, puffing out, open the tone chamber and the air escapes silently, thus obliging him to play in a reasonable pianissimo.

(Idea by Billy Richards, Winnetka, Ill.)



What do *you* smoke?

Some smokers like Turkish tobacco. Others favor Virginia. Most prefer a blend. There are smokers who think cigars the only smoke. The pipe fans bite into their stems with contented teeth . . .

Is it peculiar that with all this variety of opinion the big majority of smokers agree that one lighter is to be most desired . . . and that is a Firefly made by Clark?

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ALWAYS WORKS

The Great Uncle

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

SANDY'S Great Uncle Ulysses Grant Simpson was coming to visit! Lil had transformed her sitting room into a guest room by tossing a pink quilt over the day bed, a lace strip over the desk blotter, and two towels over a chair back. She then made things look even more boudoirish by poking a pair of carpet slippers under the quilt; they stuck out at a toed in angle!

"He's your father's grandfather's youngest brother," she told the baby. She nearly stood him on his head to adjust a powdered abominable abdominal atrocity. "He gave me five hundred dollars for a wedding present, so don't stick your tongue out at him!"

This week's cover picture.

"Glub-b-b-b!" the baby answered, having drunk his 5:15 bottle of water too quickly. And he thought a section of his flesh had made a hit with a safety pin, but he didn't dare complain.

"He's the only financially sound branch on your father's family tree," Lil continued. She inspected the cream colored behind-the-ear spaces. "The rest are bankrupt twigs. They think they're Michigan Avenue swells because they all own their own homes and can take a two week vacation once a year. They think they've gone abroad if they take a trip into the next county. How I hope Sandy takes after his Great Uncle Ulysses!"

She rub-a-dub-dubbed on the baby's chest to get up his circulation, played This Little Pig Went to Market with his cute little toes, and slipped a net cap on his head. This wasn't mosquito prevention; it was flat ear insurance. Ma had made the funny looking thing out of a remnant.

"If his ears take after Sandy's," she had told Lil, "they will stick out like railroad signals!"

This Baby Stuart cap never stayed on his slippery head for more than ten minute intervals. But Lil knew he was getting handsome just the same, although on the installment plan.

Lil was preparing a nice stew for Sandy's Great Uncle Ulysses. Not especially because it was cheap. Surely the good man would be able to chew the vegetables, at any rate? She knew he wore spats, was the president of one bank, director of another, and had never married because the girls of the gay '80s had been a bit too gay for him.

She was setting the table with several pieces of silver bought with some of Great Uncle's $500. She also looked in her savings bank book to see how much she still had to spend. She was out to make as big a hit as possible with this dear wealthy man. While she loathed gold diggers, she hoped to enjoy some tactful, spicy prospecting!

It was while she was sticking hand rolled cream cheese balls in the pineapple centers that she said in a loud voice, "We must christen the baby Ulysses Grant! Pop will be peeved, Sandy was setting his dear old heart upon a Junior, and— Oh, I hear them at the door and I have a dab of cheese on my shoe!"

"No need for formality," Great Uncle Ulysses announced. And he stalked right out to the kitchen and caught Lil powdering her nose. Then he opened his arms like pictures of Columbia welcoming the immigrants of the world to her red, white, and blue bosom! "Lil!" he said. "A dear little old fashioned wife!" And he kissed her.

Standing in the doorway, Sandy wondered if his turn were coming. Lil had certainly made a hit. And being called a dear little old fashioned wife had made her blush.

"I'll show you the baby right away," she suddenly said. "See if you don't think he looks like Sandy. You know, I've never been able to place his eyebrows, but now I see they're yours, Great—"

"I'm not so great—" Mr. Simpson began.

"Yes, you are," Lil told him. "Why, the wedding present you sent us, and now coming to visit—"

"Show me the baby, my dear," he smiled, anxious to see his misplaced eyebrows.

Lil pinched the baby's cheeks to make him look healthy and carried him into the combination guest and sitting room.

"Oh, what a man, what a man, what a man!" Uncle Ulysses said. "A real Simp—"

"Simp?" Lil gasped. Was her offspring being insulted?

"A Simpson," the good man said. He reached in his pockets and brought out a square box.

"Wooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!"

"Geee-geee-GEEE!" the baby cried as a dreadful looking jack-in-the box leaped into the air, now smelling slightly of burned potatoes.

Did these three grownups really think this freak could scare *him?*

(Next week's cover adventure: A Modern Bacchus)

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Cinderella De Luxe

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY

It was difficult to put her finger on the basic wrongness of that interview. Lucretia could have screamed to hear herself demurely answering all the barbed questions.

(Reading time: 10 minutes 35 seconds.)

The Story of a Dollar Princess Who Tried to Find Romance

By
MABEL McELLIOTT CLARKE

SHE was so rich—but it is hard to tell you. Imagine the wealth of your boss' boss, and multiply it by a thousand. Something like that, *her* wealth was. What the French call *incroyable*. But it really isn't. Only in America are fortunes like that grown.

You can't imagine the boredom a girl like that—her name was Lucretia Torrance—sometimes feels. It sounds so silly, so legendary. The rest of you, who get an 8 o'clock train or battle a sweltering subway mob at 5 o'clock, summer and winter, would have thought Lucretia mad when she registered impatience with her friends, her position, her kennels full of breeded pets, her horses, even her clothes.

Those incredible glass walled closets which held her frocks, those pale green shelves spilling custom made shoes of lizardskin and embroidered linen—they would have been a dream of delight to the poor working girl. Lucretia said they made her ill. A poor working girl was what she wanted to be!

She sat on a French *bergère* in her sitting room, she wore a Chinese coat, she hummed an Italian aria. There were Perugia slippers on her feet and the dress she contemplated had come from Louiseboulanger. What she wanted to do was to buy a pair of six dollar pumps from that wonderful Broadway shop which boasts show girls for patrons. She wanted to wear a sports dress costing thirteen ninety-five and to ship, tourist third class, on one of the liners on which her family usually engaged the royal suite. You may not see that performance as romance, but she did.

Being Lucretia Torrance, twenty, a dollar princess, of course she got her own way. She usually did. Her father, who countenanced, without approving, her choice of an assumed name for the voyage, was a little bewildered but not apprehensive. He wasn't afraid for her. Certainly she could take care of herself.

THE first day out, Ben Wharton, who was traveling first, saw her. He thought: who is the baby Tanagra with the delicious figure? First class may condescend to tourist third, although reverse conduct is impossible. So, before long, he met her. Miss Holm. She called herself that for tourist third. She borrowed for her identity that of the girl whose father had charge of her kennels at Short Hills. Louise Holm, who had gone through high school and wished she might have a year at college; whose ambition was to teach kindergarten.

Ben Wharton came from Colorado. Maybe that fact, first of all, was what made him seem particularly he-mannish to the princess incognito. She liked the sound of Ben Wharton from Colorado, and his looks, too. There was a red brown lacquer look to him, not, she thought, got only from polo. He was tall, and she liked them tall, being Tanagra-wise herself. He had a voice deep and gentle, and in the stuffiness of her tourist third cabin she said to herself that his gray eyes were "lovely."

Meeting him was part of the charm of her masquerade. Because, without ever knowing who she was, Ben Wharton made love to her.

Lucretia Torrance (Miss Holm for the moment) was familiar with the young-man-registering-hopeless-passion. She had been out two years. She knew it was absolutely stone age to prattle about wanting to be loved for herself alone, but back of her poor working girl obsession was that very idea.

Ben was ingenuously proud of his family's position, and Lucretia found this touching. He boasted—his mother was this and that in the D. A. R.—his father was Congressman. Lucretia, used casually to dukes and honorables of assorted species, found this naïve pride delightful. As Miss Holm, she had to be impressed.

She'd always heard the poor working girl had to stand for indiscriminate mauling. She had gone to movies often enough to have absorbed the notion that maidens in the lower and middle classes were usually just two jumps ahead of their honor. So she was pleasantly surprised when Ben seemed disposed to treat her with great respect.

She couldn't help finding out, from things he said, that his mother was a fearful snob—that she was desperately absorbed in meeting and cultivating "the best people." That sounded tiresome, thought Lucretia, who had got to the point where she thought that Ben Wharton's mother would figure in her future. Lucretia was in love.

Aboard ship their relationship had been a pleasantly friendly one merely. In Nice, where

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

Lucretia went to an inexpensive pension, Ben Wharton found her again. He told her she was divine in her one piece white wool bathing suit, on the shore of a lyrical sea. At Cannes he overcame an obvious fear of parental opposition and asked her to marry him.

Of course, it would have been a fine dramatic climax for Lucretia Torrance to disclose her identity at this moment, rewarding her lover for his courage. But somehow she didn't want to spoil the masquerade. It would be time enough when she went back home and broke the news to her people.

BEN was to meet his mother at Genoa. She had been in Italy all winter and he was to accompany her home. Lucretia's heart pounded a little uncomfortably when she thought of meeting the lady. As Miss Holm she was a little unsure of herself. It was absurd, but that was the way she felt about it.

"Don't tell her at once," she begged Ben, as he said good-by to her at Cannes. "Break it—rather gently."

Lucretia knew about mothers of only sons. Or, rather, she knew about mothers.

Mrs. Wharton's suite at the Splendide was even more rococo than such apartments usually are, due to that lady's penchant for cushions with gilt galloon, French dolls, and other *bijouterie*. She was the sort of woman who took her own effects to a hospital room when she contemplated a minor operation, just to create what she called "a cozy atmosphere." Lucretia thought the effect was pretty dreadful, but Ben's hastily snatched kiss somehow blotted out this impression.

"Mother's got one of her wretched headaches," he told Lucretia, in a depressed voice. "But she'll be along in a few minutes."

He held her off; he had to look at her, drink all her sunbrowned loveliness in. But, somehow, Lucretia had the breathless feeling that this moment was the merest interlude: that mother's headache was a disagreeable portent of troubles to come.

It was difficult, later, to put her finger on the basic wrongness of that interview. Lucretia would have been scornful about it if she hadn't been so desperately involved. "The third degree had nothing on it!" she sighed to herself that night, alone in her room at the pension. She could have screamed to hear herself demurely answering all the barbed questions.

Oh, she hadn't been to college? What a pity! *(Ben, that pretty Elling girl from Kansas City was presented at court last week. You remember her—she gave you such a beautiful time last Christmas vacation?)* And Ben, stumbling and miserable, trying to bring Lucretia into the conversation, aware that somehow, with fiendish dexterity, his mother was succeeding in making the girl he loved small and unnoticeable and unwanted.

Then it had been:

"Ben, the Principessa wants us for dinner on Thursday. I wrote you about her, didn't I? She's too marvelous looking—you'll rave about her." And Mrs. Wharton, thin lipped and intimidating in her furred negligee, had listened aloofly as Ben clumsily steered the talk into channels he considered more suitable for Miss Holm of tourist third.

"She doesn't intend to let him go—to *anyone*," thought Lucretia shrewdly, next day, as Mrs. Wharton, with her Principessa in tow, bore down on them as they sat on the terrace. Ben's mother did not deceive her, for all her royal bait. "She thinks it will be wise to distract him from me with this girl, and if she succeeded, she'd immediately start a new weaning process."

Not that Lucretia, in her pride, ever remotely suspected that Ben could be lured away on so flimsy a pretext. She had got so used to thinking of herself as charming and important that it never occurred to her that Miss Holm's identity was a drab cloak for her delicious self. "He's mad about me," she exulted, remembering Ben's rough embrace the night before, when he returned her safely to her pension. "Let her try her best."

But less and less Ben and she were alone together. Mrs. Wharton had a poignant way of saying, "Of course, I know, I'm only your *mother* . . ." which had driven her harried son to breaking many treasured engagements. She knew all his chivalrous softnesses and played upon them.

If her emotions hadn't been so deeply involved at this point, there is not the least doubt that Lucretia Torrance, who owned a great sum of arrogance in her exquisite small person, would have stood revealed for the dollar princess she actually was. She rather toyed with the "And so the princess threw aside her rags and stood revealed" situation. But her sporting instinct forbade this climax to the drama. No, that was too easy. And if her red lacquer giant were worth having at all, he must choose her for herself alone, because only she mattered, without glamour or iridescence.

She had expected Ben to tell his mother they were engaged, to proclaim her with pride and fanfare as his love. She was disappointed.

"There goes the only man I ever really loved."

Ben temporized. He spoke nervously of mother's weak heart, her dependence on him, her need of him. *Darling, only wait a little,* was his cry. "Mother'll be mad about you in no time," he explained. "And you—when you know her better, you'll appreciate her for what she really is."

He rehearsed the illnesses she had nursed him through, the courage which had carried her through one awful winter in his early youth.

"You'd never think it, to see mother," he told Lucretia conscientiously. "But she's worked with her hands, she's cooked and sewed for me, been everything a mother could be."

And Lucretia, remembering the glittering head of artificial gilt, the cerise tinted nails, would wonder about this. She hadn't any illusions about her position in the older woman's scheme of things. To Mrs. Wharton Lucretia represented Menace in the shape of a young woman, not too well educated, personable, but without family or what she so irritatingly persisted in calling background.

"So this is what poor girls are in for, when they have to battle the young man's family," Lucretia pondered. She felt sorrier than ever for the Cinderellas of the world.

"I can't stand this any longer," she wrote to Ben one morning, after he had failed to keep an engagement with her. "Of course, I release you. I see it is a losing struggle." But she gave him a forwarding address before she left for Paris, and in the strength of her own ardor for him she was certain he would follow by the next train. Of course he couldn't let her go like that. . . .

But at Paris a note, grieved and stricken, overtook her. Ben was frightfully sorry, but she saw how it was. His mother set such store by position, family. . . . Lucretia must remember he had told her mother was a D. A. R. out in Denver. . . . He would just have to remember her as a dear and treasured comrade. Theirs had been a delightful idyl.

The following month Lucretia saw, in one of the illustrated papers, Ben's photograph on the sands at Dinard. Beside him crouched a nut brown maid in tennis dress, the Principessa of his mother's saga. The pair, said the caption, were reported engaged.

Lucretia wondered. She wondered if the Mrs. Whartons of the world give up their sons so easily, even to ladies with yard long titles.

The following August she was sailing from New York on the Aquitania with her married sister and some friends. A young man with a name noble in the annals of the country, a young man who had been to Yale and after that Oxford, and who wooed her occasionally with a flattering note of passion, leaned on the rail at her side.

Suddenly and visibly Lucretia started. A tanned youth bending solicitously over a gilt haired matron who carried a precious dog came up the gangplank. Lucretia stared at the two a long moment and looked away.

"Anyone *we* know?" inquired the young man of the moment, looking as though he were quite sure *he* didn't.

Lucretia smiled a little grimly. Even dollar princesses have hearts, and this one had wept a million odd tears before she had got that smile to come right again. She was a little bitter about it. But—

"There," she cried, brandishing a small hand in mock drama, "goes the only man I ever really loved,"

"Quaint child!" murmured her young man. "Tell me another."

. . . . .

THEY were three days out before the tormented Mrs. Wharton found out who Lucretia really was. She came fawningly up to the girl in the salon. Lucretia only shrugged one insolent shoulder and murmured, "But there must be some mistake . . ."

She accepted the stiff young man with the Oxford accent that night. She knew he was thinking of her father's millions, and his town and country houses, and the famous jewels she would bring to her fabulous wedding day. She yawned and said faintly: "Do you know, Hubert, I used to think it would be marvelous to be loved for one's self alone?"

"That's a hot one," the young man told her, registering amusement. "Good, quaint old line, what?"

"Isn't it?" cried Lucretia. "Let's dance."

She didn't have a chance to stare Ben Wharton down again. He was in a hot cabin on B deck, bathing his mother's brow with eau de Cologne, and wondering what on earth it was all about.

THE END

When Sonny or Sister stands upon the bathroom scales . . .

does the trembling red of the needle register a gain or a loss—or just—"NO CHANGE"?

SCIENCE has established very definite standards of weight for different ages. And whether children are *up to* or *down below* a certain figure indicates almost infallibly whether they are growing at the weight and speed that old Mother Nature has decreed as normal.

With many under-weight children, it is a case of "Nothing organically wrong. Perhaps a wrong diet. Perhaps a lack of fresh air and sunshine." Diet particularly is important. Children must have not merely good food, well-prepared, but certain kinds of food. And then only in the right combinations. Proteins. Carbohydrates. Mineral salts. Fats. Indispensable vitamines. And note that in almost every diet, milk plays a principal part. And, in a majority of cases, not *skim* milk is prescribed, but *full-cream*, rich and pure, country milk. Because *full-cream* milk contains practically all of the essential body-building elements that a growing child requires. Especially does it contain that precious butterfat which doctors agree most children must have in abundant measure throughout their period of bone-and-muscle growth.

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Here indeed is an ideal food for children. Its principal ingredient is, of course, pure, full-cream country milk, rich in indispensable vitamines and actually containing more of essential butterfat than many other chocolate malted milks. But there are other valuable food elements in Borden's.

In addition to the milk, there is the best of selected wheat flour. This provides adequate roughage. There's the choicest of barley malt. This for flavor and to help in the digestion of other foods. Then is added an exact measure of the best cocoa on the market.

Alone, in its original powdered form, Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk represents an almost perfect food-and-drink. When added to whole fresh milk it not only provides extra nourishment, but in addition it overcomes that dislike which many children feel toward fresh milk alone.

So it can be truthfully said that Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk, *when used in conjunction with whole fresh milk, provides, in an abundant and convenient form, extra-nourishment in an extra-delicious way.*

Keep in mind again, that it's the full-cream content of this remarkable food which makes it so desirable for the children's diet and so frequently prescribed by physicians. And it's precisely this unique full-cream quality that distinguishes it from many other powdered milk foods now on the market. It is *not* made from skim milk. It is *not* heavily "loaded" with sugar.

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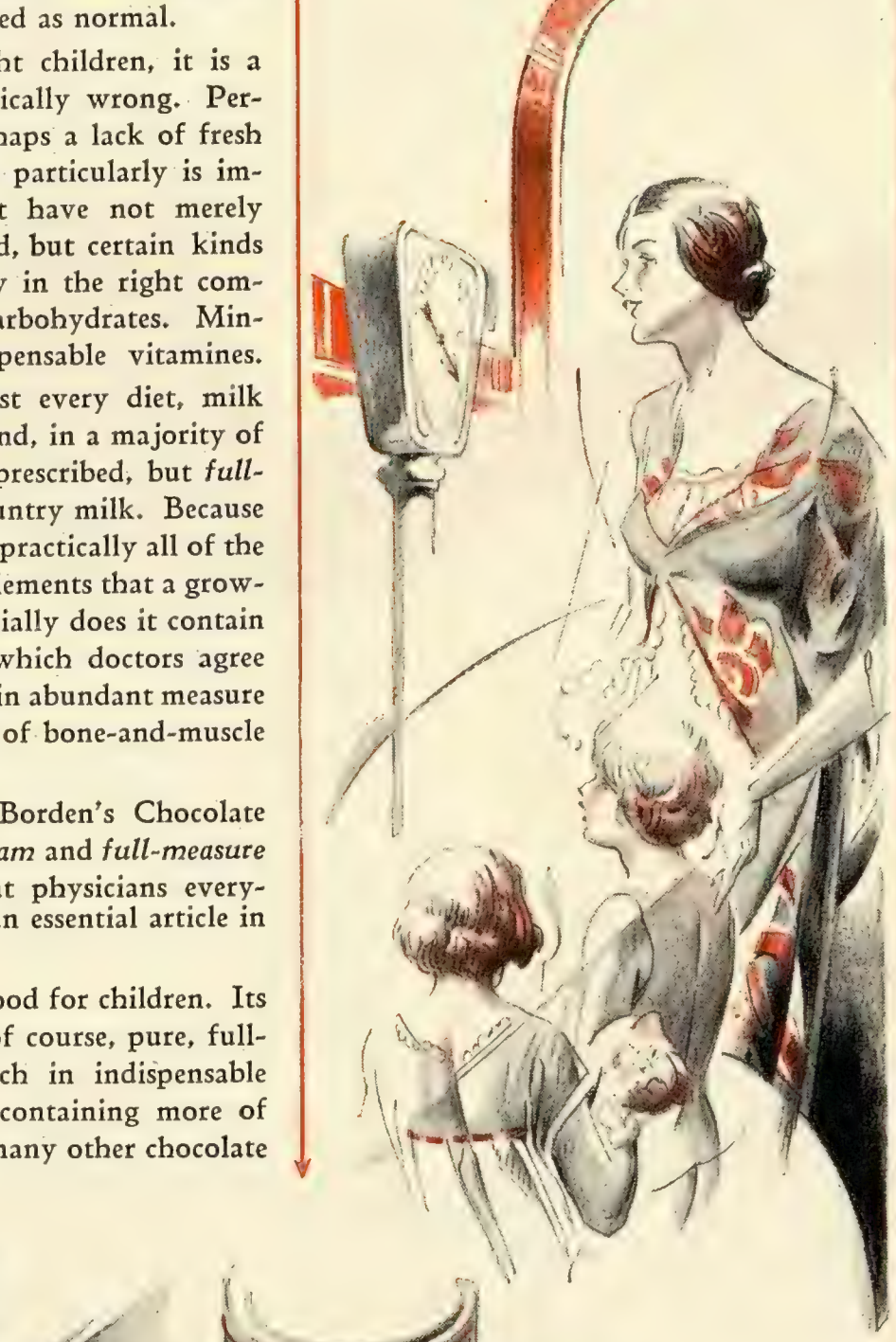

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The GAME that Never Ended

What Happened in Baseball's Bitterest Fight

By

HUGH FULLERTON

(Reading time: 5 minutes 26 seconds.)

THERE was one game of baseball that is not over yet. Anson is dead. Of all his great team—Williamson, Burns, Dalrymple, Gore, Mike Kelly, Flint, Clarkson, and McCormick—all are gone or forgotten save Fred Pfeffer and Billy Sunday. Comiskey's champions — Robinson, Latham, Gleason, Curt Welch, Hugh Nicol, O'Neill, Doc Bushong, Bobby Carruthers, and Sizzors Foutz —have a majority still in the land of the living, but the echoes of that game have never died.

Every survivor of that desperate game that was played in St. Louis on October 15, 1885, will vow that his side won—regardless of which team he was with.

In the records you will find that Chicago is credited with a victory by a forfeit. In some newspapers printed the next day you will find that when the score was four to two, play was stopped. The old New York *Herald* gave a score by innings—but only five innings. The New York *Times* declared the game ended in a riot in the seventh inning. The St. Louis papers claimed a tie. The Chicago papers declared the White Stockings won.

To this day Comiskey will vow that St. Louis was entitled to the game and to the series. But if you ask Pfeffer about it or even Billy Sunday the argument will be renewed—and no one dared afterward to approach Sullivan, the umpire, regarding that game.

Thirty years after that game was played Anson, Comiskey, and I met one night and almost came to blows arguing over it. Had Sullivan been present both of the old leaders probably would have tried to mob him right there. For it was around Sullivan and his weird decisions that the whole argument raged.

In those days umpiring was akin to leaping over Niagara with a pair of water wings. The ump bade his wife and children a tearful farewell, the life insurance companies canceled his policies, if any, and he went out to do, die, or climb a fence. If you read back into the history of those days of baseball you will find more details of how the umpires acted than you will details of play.

Brown Bros. photo

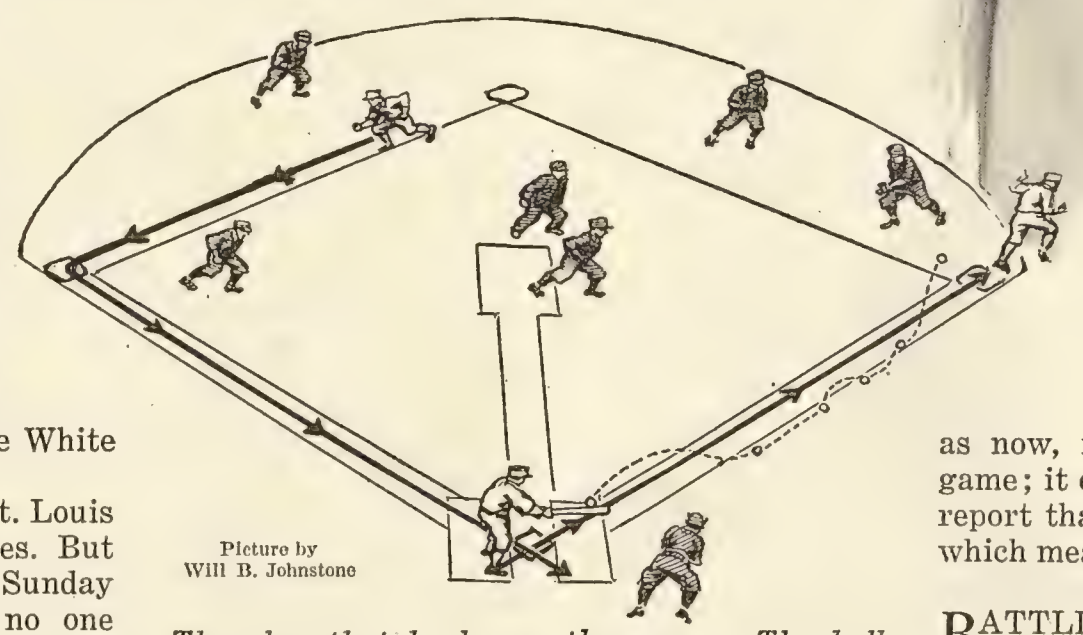
The Chicago White Stockings of 1885. Top row (from left to right): Gore, cf; Flint, c; Anson, 1b; McCormick, p; Kelly, rf; Pfeffer, 2b. Front row: Williamson, ss; Dalrymple, lf; Burns, 3b; Clarkson, p; Billy Sunday, substitute.

In one edition of the New York *Herald* of October 14, 1885, there are accounts of seven games—and six of them devote most of the space to telling how rotten the umpiring was.

Under those conditions Sullivan must have been a brave man to tackle the job of umpiring the first series between Anson's great Chicago White Stockings and the fighting, hustling St. Louis Browns, led by Comiskey to the first of his four championships in the association.

P. & A. photo

Charles A. Comiskey, who sent his team to the clubhouse and was declared to have forfeited the game.



Picture by Will B. Johnstone

The play that broke up the game. The ball struck outside of the diamond. The St. Louis players did not field it. The ball finally rolled fair and the runner scored.

The teams met in the first contest in Chicago and played without a casualty. Before that game the players engaged in a field day in which Fred Pfeffer, the king of second basemen, won the sprint around the bases, setting the record of fifteen and three-quarters seconds, and Ned Williamson threw a baseball 133 yards one foot and five inches. Then the teams played a five to five tie game and departed for St. Louis to engage in the second battle.

St. Louis was a warm town then, as now, in baseball. Its team never lost a game; it either won or was robbed. The papers report that a "tremendous crowd" was out—which meant 4,000 paid, and every one a rooter.

BATTLING started in the first inning, when the White Sox, hitting hard, lighted upon Foutz for three runs. There was a close decision at first base which was given to Chicago; and although the Browns fought back, scoring one in the first and one in the second, they could not overcome the lead of the Chicagoans.

The score was four to two including record of eight near riots up to the end the fifth inning. But nothing really seri had happened save one of Curt Welch's fa running catches, which robbed Anson sure home run and which the Whit

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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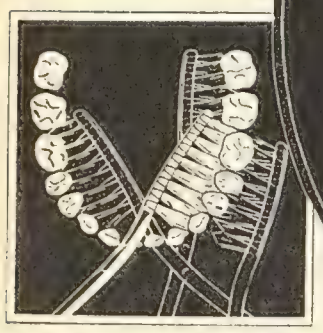
4th) Whiter, cleaner teeth for you—by these *combined* improvements.

All druggists have new DR. WEST'S: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; soft, medium, or hard. Each brush sterilized, sealed, and guaranteed. Today get one for each member of your family. Then see how quickly teeth brighten, whiten.



THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS: How the new DR. WEST'S makes it easy to reach and clean all teeth — inside as well as outside, far back as well as in front. See how bristles remain erect —penetrating crevices, sweeping them clean.

THE RIGHT WAY *to brush your teeth*

This is the way dentists advise: Use your new DR. WEST'S two minutes each morning and evening. Brush always away from gums, toward cutting edges of teeth. Employ any good dentifrice; bristle tips cleanse and polish. Each 60 or 90 days get a new brush—making sure of full benefits.

© 1928 W. B. M. Co.

Dr. West's *New* Tooth Brush

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

claimed was scooped on the first bounce.

Both teams were fighting hard. The Browns had threatened in their half of the fifth inning, but their rally had been checked by a decision of Sullivan's in calling Yank Robinson out at first, and the Browns had roared to the accompanying howls of the crowd.

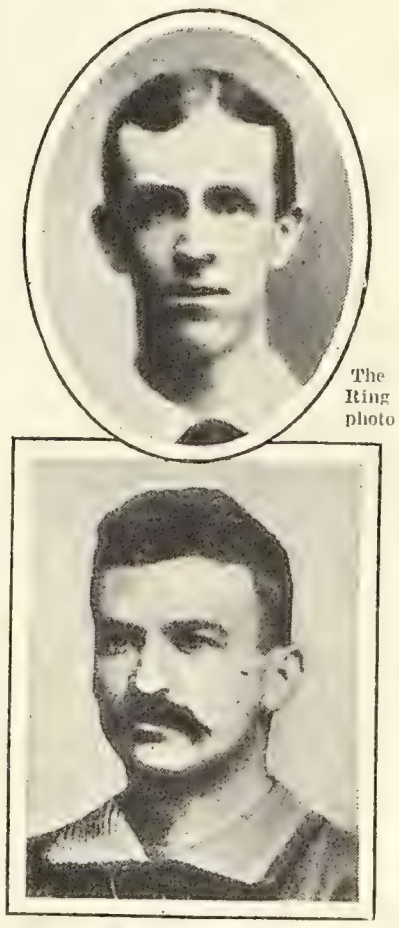
THE situation grew more tense in the sixth inning. Mike Kelly, the king of them all, was on first base and tried to advance on a short passed ball. The ball beat him to the base seemingly by ten feet and he made one of those wild, twisting, fall away slides for which he was famous. Whether he was touched by the ball or not never will be known; but Sullivan, brave man, waved him safe, and in an instant was surrounded by a swarm of Browns who howled and protested, threatened and raved.

The game was delayed several minutes, but finally Sullivan got order partly restored and play was resumed, with the crowd in a mood for rioting and the Browns fighting fiercely.

There appears to be no doubt that Sullivan was umpiring bad ball. Every newspaper admitted this fact. And in addition to that the players were not making it any easier for him. There was a kick on every decision.

But Sullivan lived up to his reputation for courage, and he escaped unharmed until the first of the eighth.

In that inning the White Stockings got a runner on second base with one out. The batter (the newspapers neglected to say who he was, but Pfeffer thinks he was the man) hit a ball on the end of his bat. The ball, striking foul ground, was rolling and twisting when a shout of "Foul!" sounded through the grounds. The St. Louis fielders who were running to field the ball stopped. The ball, twisting and squirming along, took English on the grass, curved, and rolled into the diamond before it reached first base. The batter had crossed first base, the runner from second had raced on across the plate.



The Ring photo

Mike Kelly, whose slide into second base caused an uproar. Above, Dave Foutz, the Browns' pitcher.

Sullivan, bewildered, hesitated. Whether he made a decision or not never has been clear. He stated afterward that it was a fair ball and that the run scored. The Browns rushed upon him, and Sullivan declared he had not called it a foul ball, that it was Anson who lifted his voice and yelled "Foul" while the ball still was rolling.

The angry Browns swarmed around the umpire, even Billy Sunday joining the rush. The crowd commenced to pour on to the field. Sullivan escaped from the park. Comiskey took his men to the clubhouse. The White Stockings were left in possession of the field—and were tactically situated to claim the victory.

There was no higher authority to which the teams could appeal—and Sullivan, having reached his hotel, decided at 9 o'clock that night that the Browns lost the game nine to nothing by a forfeit.

THE contest was resumed next day with the teams fighting as fiercely as ever, and the Browns slaughtered the White Sox, piling up five runs in the first inning. The series went on until St. Louis had won three games, Chicago two, which meant three including the forfeit.

Then the argument was renewed. The Browns claimed the championship, the White Sox claimed a tie —and the series ended that way, with food for fifty years of argument.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page seventy-three.)

1—What is meant by probating a will?

2—What engagement of the Civil War is known as the Battle Above the Clouds?

3—What is known as the Bonanza State?

4—What is an oviparous animal?

5—Where is the Dead Sea?

6—What is a tourniquet?

7—What and where is Faneuil Hall?

8—What is the salary of a United States Cabinet officer?

9—Where did the sandwich get its name?

10—In what religion are Brahma and Vishnu worshiped?

11—What famous author is buried on the island of Samoa?

12—With what household articles do you identify the names Daghestan, Kermanshah, Mosul, Bokhara?

13—Did Captain John Smith marry Pocahontas?

14—In baseball, how does a base on balls affect a batter's average?

15—What government has Siam?

16—What is a septuagenarian?

17—Where was the World's Columbian Exposition held in 1893?

18—In the United States army, what rank has the commander of a division? Of a regiment?

19—What is a *tour de force?*

20—What is a borzoi?

Beauty in Business

By Eileen Bourne

IT'S a question whether exceptional beauty is a help to the business woman. According to an impressive confession from an anonymous beauty published recently, business success is made difficult by dazzling loveliness. It isn't traditionally associated with brains. It is subject to suspicion and jealousy.

Not so the crisp, wholesome smartness which any woman may acquire. A clear skin, a well arranged coiffure, taste in dress, and a general air of careful grooming—here are four essentials now demanded of the wage earning woman.

The employment head of one of the world's two largest life insurance companies says that in engaging new applicants she rates good looks as just described at 60 per cent and mental ability as proved by various tests at only 40 per cent.

"No matter how brilliant an examination a girl passes," she declares, "if she is sloppy, if she has a bad case of acne, if she is dressed or rouged flamboyantly, we don't want her."

As for the relation between said assets and promotion, here is a case in point. The position of head of the woman's department in a large metropolitan bank was vacated suddenly. The logical candidate for the place was a handsome and able woman who had been employed there for many years. Yet an outsider was appointed. The secretary, in commenting on this, said regretfully:

"We should like to have appointed Mrs. M., and technically she was well qualified. But she's too tacky and dowdy in appearance. To meet our customers we have to have a woman who is up to date in every respect."

If this woman had invested more money in externals, she would have reaped a better economic fortune. Yet don't think that you have to expend large sums on your clothes. I know one woman in a big public service corporation who has the reputation of being exceptionally smart—yet to my certain knowledge she had last winter only two frocks for business. Her reputation was based on the tasteful modishness of these costumes, their immaculate condition, and the wonderful air with which she wore them.

Because of the necessity of retaining all day that well groomed look, every woman who works in an office should keep a beauty kit in her desk. No urging is needed nowadays concerning an equipment of powder, rouge, and lip stick.

But let me say right here and now that the average compact pad needs attention — no, annihilation. Usually it looks like a diminutive and overworked iron holder. The daintiest of creatures is apt to be careless about this; yet you can get a good pad for five cents. Stop rubbing germs into your pores. Vanity should be freshly puffed up every week.

For the face and neck, a small bottle of your pet astringent is excellent for removing dust and that film of oil and perspiration which is apt to blur the freshness you desire. It is more practical for daytime use than cleansing cream.

To maintain present exacting standards for the hands, you should have in your kit an orange stick, a nail brush, a bit of pumice, and polish. If you are one of those pitiable victims of nail biting habits, keep a bottle of tincture of aloes near you and put the liquid on all the areas you chew. The bitter taste will bring your crime to the surface of consciousness and gradually you may reform.

There are further details which need only to be suggested to the wise. There are those who need reminding about that extra clean handkerchief for emergencies. Others have to be jacked up concerning the condition of their shoes. If they are shabby, you are shabby. Never let them run down at the heels. Keep a dust cloth for them in your bottom drawer or a small steel brush to rouse suède from its dusty nap. It is the perfection of detail that makes the difference between superior grooming and tackiness.

EVERY year marks a gain in the general appearance of the American business woman. Short hair and the permanent wave have standardized the tidy coiffure. We are a nation scrupulously tubbed and have been trained to fastidiousness regarding every phase of personal hygiene.

Just because the criterion of good looks is so high, the individual is daily put on her mettle not only to meet it but to surpass it by means of personal touches all her own.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State.....108

40th Anniversary Sale

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THIS FALL we celebrate our 40th Birthday with our great 40th Anniversary Sale. We have specially prepared a bigger Catalogue, filled with outstanding values. We promise to save our customers *more* on their apparel and household needs than they have saved in the last few years. Beautiful dresses, stunning coats, smart millinery and dressy footwear, all in the latest New York style. Underwear, hosiery, yard goods, jewelry and also clothing for men, boys, girls and children. Everything we sell is of guaranteed quality and you are protected by our liberal policy—you must be completely satisfied or we will return your money.

Send for this big 40th Anniversary Fall and Winter Sale Catalogue. You will find on every page, sale values that will enable you to make your money go much farther.

Here Are a Few Examples Of Our Exceptional Money-Saving SALE Prices

Women's Silk Dresses	*from*	$6.98 to $25.00
Women's Coats	*from*	$4.98 to $59.95
Women's Wash and Sport Dresses	*from*	$1.00 to $10.98
Millinery	*from*	.89 to $7.50
Women's Shoes	*from*	$1.98 to $7.98
Girls' Dresses	*from*	.98 to $6.98
Boys' Wash and Woolen Suits	*from*	.44 to $15.98
Men's Suits	*from*	$13.50 to $29.50
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Hosiery..... *from* 6 pairs for 59c to $1.95 a pair.

Clip and Mail THIS COUPON which brings you FREE our huge 2-pound Book of Sale Bargains

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS CO., Inc.
266 West 24th Street, New York City
637 Hardesty Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

(If you live east of the Mississippi River mail this coupon to our New York headquarters—if you live west of the Mississippi River mail to our Kansas City Store.) Kindly send me my free copy of your Huge Two Pound, Fall and Winter Style Book of Anniversary Sale Bargains.

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Address.....

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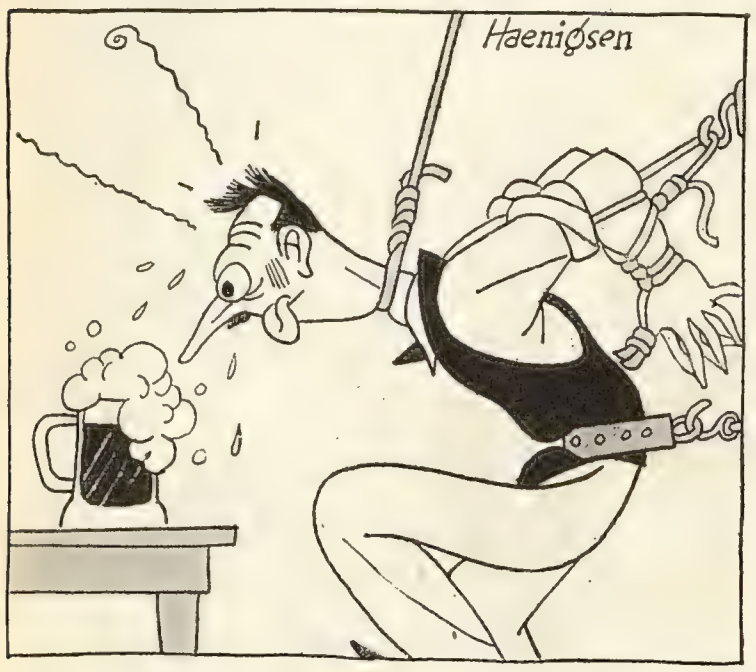
Vox

The Meyric-Fogel Incident

YONKERS, N. Y.—I see two birds named Meyric M. and G. G. Fogel were shooting off their mouths, in Vox Pop, against Al Smith.

Here's what ought to be done to them. On one of the hottest of these



hot days, tie their hands behind them, and lead 'em to one of those speakeasies where the good beer still flows.

Put two big scuttles of suds under their noses, but tie 'em up so they can't drink a single drop.

Punishment enough, I'd say.—*Tom M.*

COVINGTON, KY.—That letter written by G. G. Fogel was good. He knows what he is talking about and I agree with everything he said.

I think that Herbert Hoover would be just the man to keep America White, Protestant, and Dry.

Germany may as well try to rule the world again as for Al Smith to rule these United States.—*J. W. S.*

KANSAS CITY, MO. — Regarding Fogel's comments on Al Smith, I see he ends his letter as follows:

"There is a lot more that could and will be said before some of us bow to the Roman Pontiff, you bet!"

I'd like to say to Fogel that the Roman Pontiff is mighty particular who bows to him.—*A Liberty Reader.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—That Vox Popper from Kansas City, Mr. G. G. Fogel, is suffering from a malady especially prevalent in rural districts. It is known as Al-Smithophobia.

It may shake Fogel to his very midriff to hear about it, but I believe he's a well meaning fellow, so let's tell him about Lord Baltimore, a Catholic, having founded the first colony in America where religious freedom was permitted.

Yes, that's right, Fogel. In fact, were it not for a certain young Catholic of Genoa, Italy, who was some pumpkins as a navigator, America might never have been discovered.

I like you, Fogel, I like the Pope, like Tom Heflin. But, Fogel—let's lower our voices—didn't you join the Klan a couple of years ago? See there! I knew it, I absolutely knew it! And you heard some daisy speeches, too, didn't you?

We now come to another Vox Popper from Kansas City, Meyric M. Meyric, you take a whack at Tammany, which in spirit differs little from any other big town political organization. While Smith is supported by Tammany, Hoover is supported by the most corrupt political band of modern times.

It means nothing to you, Meyric, that, as a Democrat, Al Smith has been the choice of a normally Republican commonwealth for four terms, and has functioned as a Democrat, with a Republican legislature, year after year, to the benefit of his people, and that this same legislature of different political faith has never passed a bill over his veto!

When questioned on prohibition, Mr. Hoover replied that he believes in the enforcement of all laws, in the sanctity of the home—he sees it as a great social and economical experiment, and so on with his characteristic flubdub until he has completely straddled the issue.

Smith's position in this matter is understandable to a child. The moral courage of the man appears to have gone for naught, with you!—*Larry D. Brooks.*

Now We Know Just What—

WASHINGTON, D. C.—"Mercy and the Moron" is the worst story I've read in years. If I ever get a chance to choke Roland Krebs I'll do it!—*E. A. A.*

—to Do About Mr. Krebs

BEREA, OHIO—"Mercy and the

Moron," by Roland Krebs, was a corker. I have read his stories in other magazines, but this is the first one in LIBERTY.

Let's have more of them!—*Bob.*

Isn't This Argument—

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—I noticed where Waller French of Zanesville, Ohio, an ardent champion of more rights for Negroes, wanted to know when the South reached the human stage.

Well—we reached that stage about the time his ancestors were adopting the tree-to-tree method of transportation.—*W. A. Chambers.*

—Getting a Trifle—

HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK, ARK.—In a recent issue of your magazine there was some nigger loving Yankee that wanted to know when the Southern people became human.

In Arkansas we do not have a Cicero or Herrin, Illinois. Neither did we have Loeb or Leopold to contend with. If those things are what it takes to constitute humanity, then you civilized Northerners leave us alone in peace and contentment, for we prefer being inhuman.

Thank God, my sisters and brothers are all white and we have no fear of a black baby cropping out unexpectedly.—*A Southern Woman.*

—Acrimonious?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—They call this town "nigger heaven" and not without reason. In no place is the Negro better treated. Yet he shows his appreciation by invading white communities and depreciating home values to the extent that many white owners are practically ruined.—*Omer S. Whiteman.*

Mr. Springs' Fan Mail

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Have just finished reading "The Fastest Lap in Lapland," by Elliott White Springs. Rotten! Why don't you crawl out of the gutter?—*John F. Harrison, Jr.*

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Will you kindly have Elliott White Springs advise me what brand he was drinking when he wrote "The Fastest Lap in Lapland"? I live just a few miles from Fort Mill, S. C. (Mr. Springs' home), and I thought I had tried all known brands in this section, but Mr. Springs must have a secret bootlegger who manufactures a secret brand. —*Cam.*

You'll Know in Two Weeks

LAWRENCE, MASS.—I would like very much to know the name of the baby in "For the Love o' Lil." I think it is about time they named him, seeing as how he is almost two months of age.

The pictures, and also the story that goes with the cover, are very interesting, but I think it would add to the interest if we knew the name of Sandy's offspring.—*H. M. Noyes.*

A Column for Mr. MacArthur

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I thought I was beginning to be fed up on the World War, but your "War Bugs," by Charles MacArthur, bids fair to be a wow.

Taken all in all, the late unpleasantness on the other side was approximately the world's greatest tragedy, and it's refreshing to see a writer get so many grins from it.

The thing that pulled the biggest laugh out of me was the account of the artillerymen's adventures with those wild horses. I think second prize ought to go to Brick Bristol, who got the worst of it, because "every time he began chasing his steed, the horse turned around and

chased him." I could just see the long teeth of that mustang stretched out, all ready to nip Brick's postscript.

First prize goes to Jake Anshel, who "found himself sitting on a saddle in the middle of the road with no horse under the saddle."—*J. Lockwood.*

FLINT, MICH.—Charles MacArthur deserves the heartfelt gratitude of LIBERTY'S publishers. "War Bugs" is real. It has genuine humor. At last LIBERTY has an excuse for being.

How you hooked MacArthur is beyond my understanding. After the "Are Women People?" type of article—the Elliott White Springs tragedies—the idiotic editorials—the asinine policy of publishing the reading time—oh, find me words vitriolic enough!

I know a girl who admires LIBERTY because its stories are so easy to understand. Once she met the word "nostalgia" while glancing through the *Atlantic* and she has worn a puzzled expression ever since.

Eulogizing Viña Delmar is just about LIBERTY'S speed. "Bad Girl" is exactly the type of work one would expect from a *Snappy Stories* writer. Even an organization that attempts to be as sincerely appreciative of literature as the Literary Guild may sometimes err.

Pop

To be a best seller—even The Best Seller—is decidedly no recommendation. When Viña compares herself to Dreiser it's the signal for a hearty hi-grade howl. When she compares herself to O. Henry she's just a pain in the neck.

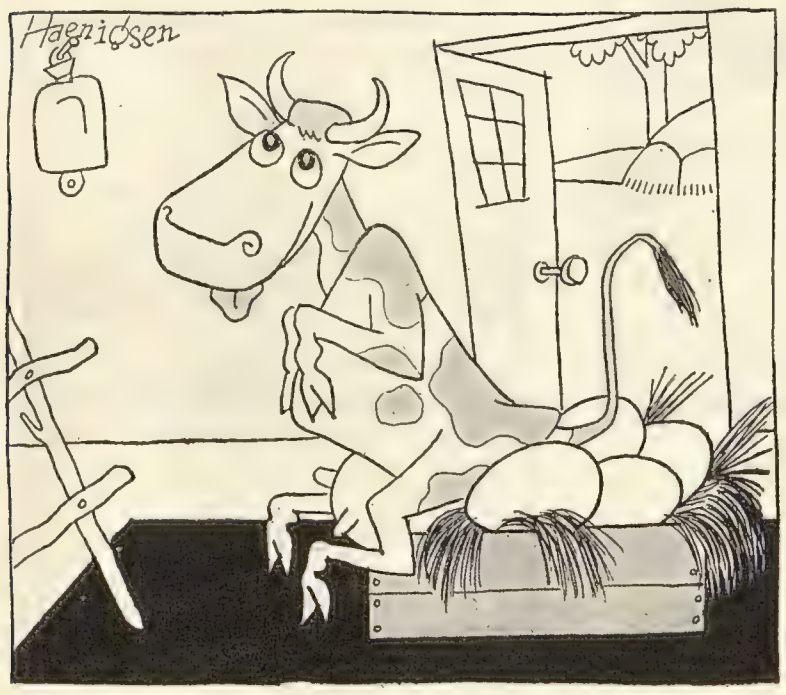
I buy LIBERTY every Saturday.—*A Sister of One of the "Bugs."*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—As Patrick Henry said when he read "War Bugs," "Give me LIBERTY, or give me death."—*L. J. F.*

Gangway! Here's Pegasus

ST. LOUIS, MO.—

When the jackass learns to sing tenor
And the rattlesnake walks on legs,



And the razorback hog grows feathers
And the milch cow sets on eggs;
When the bluebird mates with the woodpecker
And the hoot owl mates with the hens;
When the bullfrog sails on snowy wings
And the sapsucker chums with the wrens;
When the Pope is the head of the Ku Klux Klan
In the free land of Uncle Sam,
Then Al Smith will be President,
And the country
Not worth
A damn.

—*Cowboy Jack.*

This Tolerant Campaign

DES MOINES, IOWA—"Religious tolerance" is a favorite broadminded sounding expression, and "vote for the man" is a good follow up, and used by the 19,000,000 Catholics.

How much they really mean may be judged by a recent bet I heard offered, with no takers.

A offered to give B three dollars for every Catholic that declared himself for Hoover if B would give A one dollar for every Protestant who was for Smith.

This proves that the Protestants are more broadminded, as a larger percentage will vote with the Catholics for Smith than the percentage of Catholics that will vote for Hoover. I believe the odds could be made five to one, and a clean-up made, if a taker could be found.—*D. B. S.*

DAYTON, OHIO—In a city not more than 500 miles away is located a Roman Catholic propaganda bureau, openly, which is perfectly proper. A prominent citizen of this State, a friend of mine, was asked by the manager of this bureau to write an article on Catholicism such as a Protestant could consistently write. He went to the office, and looked over a pile of data a foot high.

In the middle of this pile, inadvertently, had been left a letter from a Catholic priest to the manager of the bureau, which was signed as follows: "Yours for Catholic supremacy in the United States." My friend concluded he did not care to contribute to such a movement, and so did not write the article.

Personally, I have often voted for Catholics whom I knew for State, county, and civic offices, including the judiciary, when their ability was adequate. There are some Catholics for whom I would vote for President. But not Governor Smith, because he is lamentably unfit, judged by ability.—*C. S. W.*

FITCHBURG, MASS.—The Pope in Washington. Tom Heflin in the electric chair. All Protestants in hiding. All Catholics on easy street. Booze like water at every corner. Al Smith chained to two papal advisers who are taking him out to church before he reviews the Irish navy and the Roman army, which now have control of our nation.

Baa!—Bedtime stories of 1928.

What is the matter with people who believe this rot?—*J. D. Lynn.*

And How!

LAWRENCE, KAN. — Wodehouse? Yes! Whenever I see the name Wodehouse on LIBERTY'S cover I buy LIBERTY.

Wodehouse forever! Whether it be of crooks or bishops, he knows how to write.—*Kate B. Sears.*

We Give Up. Why Not Sixty-five?

TORONTO, CAN.—I belong to the public library. I love ancient history: Roman, Grecian, Egyptian—any kind. I like to read the writings of the ancient philosophers: Socrates, Diogenes, and others. But never in my life have I ever heard such philosophy as Toni, Jr., expresses.

She gives her age as three and a half.

Why not sixty-five?—*A. G. T.*

The Venerable Jenny

DALLAS, TEX.—Just finished your article, "Blazing New Wing Trails," by Florabel Muir. Feel that you are to be congratulated on the article in general, but one statement rubs me the wrong way: the one regarding the short life of airplanes and motors, and the frequency of overhauls to the latter. How come?

Personally, most of my time is put in on the Curtiss Military Training JN4D Tractor Biplane — aw, heck, the "Jenny"! These ships are *all* over ten years old—as are the motors—and many of them are going strong. Not so bad, eh?

And as for the motor overhauls—about every 150 to 350 hours seems to be the average. Not so good? But figure it out in miles—then compare it to your auto.—"*Pile-it*" *E. J. Greding.*

Fortunate Indeed

VENTURA, CALIF.—You are indeed fortunate in having a writer of the Dixie Willson type who can turn out such stories as "Meet the Duchess." Clever climax!

I believe LIBERTY is the only magazine published today that can be read from cover to cover.—*J. Pinckney Lynch.*

So We'll Have Trunk Lines?

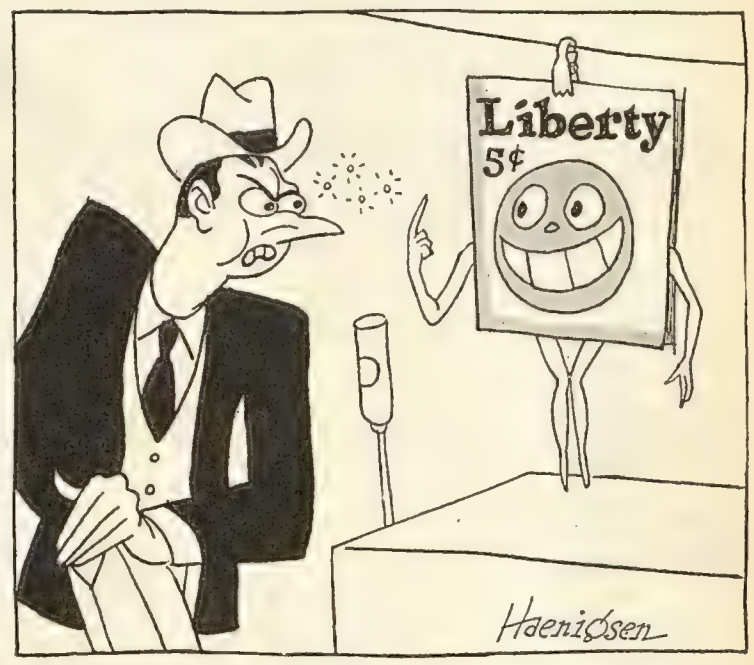
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. — After reading Florabel Muir's article, "Blazing New Wing Trails," a couple of us decided to buy an airplane. But Hubbard Nye's "Is the Elephant Smartest?" convinced us that the

thing to do is to wait until elephants are trained to pilot flying machines. —"*Minzie.*"

Here's a Sad Case

CHICAGO, ILL.—If I were making a list of all the rotten magazines in the country, LIBERTY would head the list. It is, without question, as mushy as apple sauce.

I have spent $14.55 to date for the darn thing. Still you persist in dressing it up in those fancy covers just to tempt me to contribute another nickel to your pile o' shekels.



Will you kindly discontinue your Chicago circulation before I go mad? Although I live in Chicago, I'm not a gunman nor quite crazy, but, boy, if I don't quit reading LIBERTY—!—*James E. Knowles.*

Attention Mr. Collins

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—I have just finished reading "Flying the Night Mail" by Paul F. Collins, and I am here to say that it's a wow.—*Henry.*

Emmy Was Refined, Bud

NEW YORK, N. Y.—That story by William Slavens McNutt, called "The Whining Kid Blooms," had the best race track talk in it that I've ever read. Rare, rich, and savory!

If I had written that tale, I would have made *Emmy*, the wise-cracking waitress, smack that Greek restaurant keeper, *Delapopolous*, till he bounced for a week. Yes, it would have done my heart good to describe the gory details.

But the way she talked to him—in the actual story—after winning eighteen grand on a dark horse, and told him she was leaving him to open a *good* restaurant, was a pretty satisfactory solution.—*Bud.*

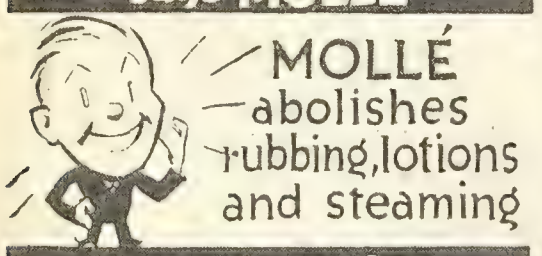
Hear, Hear!

FORT DODGE, IOWA—There is something just a little finer and better in LIBERTY'S cross word puzzles than in any I have been able to locate.—*Miss G. A. Fox.*

Sorry. We Can't Give Out the Name or Address

ARKANSAS CITY, KAN.—I do not know whether or not it is possible to obtain the names of parties who write in to your Vox Pop.

If it is possible, I would like to obtain the name and address of W. L. U. who contributed to Vox Po for July 28, 1928.—*D. Arthur Wall*



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Everywhere you go you hear men talking about MOLLÉ. How it speeds up the shave. How easy and absolutely painless it makes shaving. Above all, how it gives the face a "million dollar" feel like a head-barber's facial massage. Get acquainted with MOLLÉ. See for yourself why a million men have switched permanently to MOLLÉ. Just mail the coupon and a dime, and start on the road to a new shaving pleasure.

A Whale of a Tube, 50c—at your Druggist

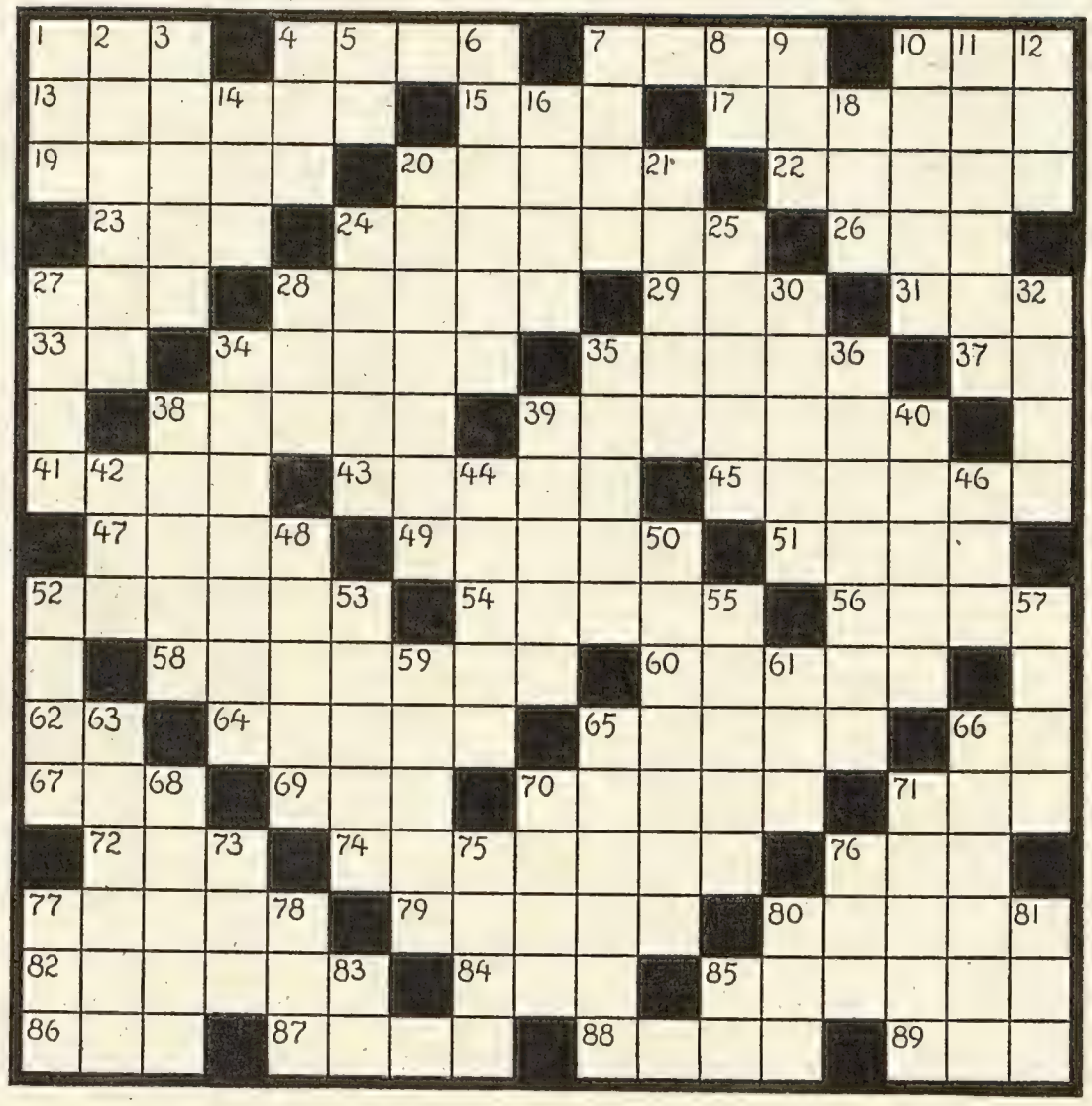
The MOLLÉ Company Cleveland, Ohio

7 MOLLÉ SHAVES—FOR A DIME!
The MOLLÉ Company
Dept. 62A, Cleveland, Ohio
Enclosed 10c (stamps or coin). Send big 7-shave tube of MOLLÉ to

Name.....
Address.....
.....State.....

Offset Center PUZZLE

Here is reasonably easy going for the average solver, but Verticals 2 and 3 might prove a bar to an overrapid solution.

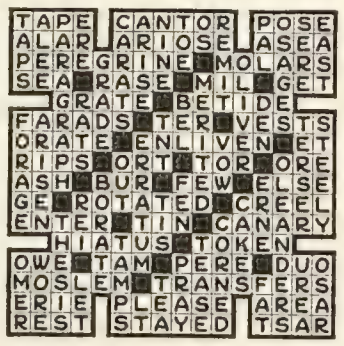


HORIZONTAL

1 Malt liquor
4 Pronoun
7 Kind of cheese
10 The woman referred to
13 Progenitor
15 Exclamation
17 Sea demigod (Greek mythology)
19 Accustom to
20 Territorial division of the Mormon Church
22 Images
23 Playing card
24 Instrument resembling a harpsichord (plural)
26 Entire
27 Coin of Siam
28 Ordinal number
29 Possesses
31 Greek goddess of dawn
33 Pronoun
34 Wading bird
35 River in France
37 Us
38 Landholder
39 Fillings
41 Give attention to
43 Entreat
45 Descendant of Shem
47 Performs
49 British noblemen
51 Go horseback
52 Saturates
54 Percolates
56 Adjacent
58 Feared greatly
60 Seamed
62 Either
64 Auctions
65 Ceremonies
66 One indefinitely
67 By
69 Murine animal
70 Face of a cut gem
71 Emmet
72 Observed
74 Wants
76 Augment
77 Satisfied to repletion
79 Ranted
80 Force air through the nose noisily
82 Leveled
84 The matter or thing (Law)
85 Evening party
86 Coin of Japan
87 To phrase
88 Short rapid blast
89 Sheep

VERTICAL

1 Primate
2 Woolly
3 Belch
4 Individual
5 Note of Guido's scale
6 Sarcasm
7 Cook
8 Pronoun
9 Silkworm
10 Went furtively
11 Cavity
12 Printer's measures
14 Sooner than
16 Style of penmanship
18 Mountain near scene of ancient Troy
20 Part of a spinning wheel
21 Woman's name
24 Keen
25 Floats smoothly through the air
27 Oriental nurse
28 Prefix meaning thrice
30 Scoff
32 Withered
34 Draymen
35 Move sidewise
36 Animals of the weasel kind
38 Intertwined
39 Happened well or ill
40 Took the part of
42 Corrode
44 Relieves of strain
46 Beverage
48 Long pointed instrument
50 Joined by interweaving
52 Discontinue
53 Preparation of cold food
55 Local position (plural)
57 Undersized animal
59 Hinder
61 Free of charges or deductions
63 Sale at second hand
65 Scarcest
66 Masculine proper name
68 Portion of a palm stem (variant)
70 Cardinal number
71 Love deeply
73 Cyst
75 Sardonyx
76 Species of blackbird
77 Inspect secretly
78 Atmospheric moisture
80 Inebriate
81 Mound
83 Accomplish
85 Thus



Answer to last week's puzzle

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Pictures by
HARVEY T. FISK

SHE raised one and clouted him on the side of the head. He slumped down on the sidewalk.

INCORRIGIBLE

The Story of a Hard Guy with Too Much Sex Appeal

By

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

(Reading time: 22 minutes 38 seconds.)

YOU kids think you're hard. Say-y, you ain't hard. I know who put that stuff into your conks. It was that old fuzzy nibs, Judge Syco. I know his line. I been up before him twicet. I guess he give you the up and down and says real sorrerful, "Young man, you have proved yourself an incorr'gible, and much as this Court regrets having to send a boy to the reformatory the Court does so because the Court has your welfare at heart.

"Young man, you must change your ways at the reformatory or you will become a criminal."

And he says, "Five years," and everybody edges away because you've been called an incorr'gible, and they figure you might start slugging. That gets you to feeling real tough, don't it?

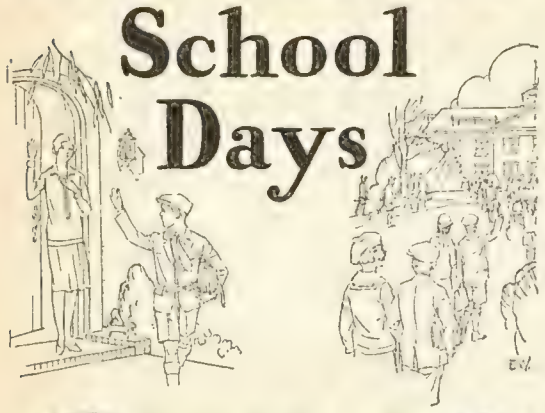
Well, let me tell you kids something. You ain't even begun to learn how to be tough. You're just in the first grade of this reform school. I'm supposed to warn you not to start nothing. I'm monitor of this dormitory, see? The supe tells me to talk to every new bunch and put 'em wise. That's to save the screws the trouble of beating your pants just for bein' ignerant.

Screws? See? You kids don't know *nothing*. Screws is what we call the guards. That's what they call 'em at the big house.

Don't try to talk to some of the real hard guys here. You wouldn't tumble to their lingo. Just do a lot of listenin' at first, see? If you've got any guts you can get pretty wise by the time you graduate. But some of you'll try to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now Come School Days



Ingersoll

WATCHES

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WRIST
$3.50
Proud and happy—that's the boy or girl who has just been given an Ingersoll Wrist Watch. A *real* wrist watch—sturdy and strong, with chromium finish back that won t corrode and mark the wrist. Mat finish metal dial with double sunk effect. Wrist Radiolite, $4.00.

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Engraved Design...Chromium Finish...Jeweled Movement—a dress watch in the new durable, platinum-like chromium finish. Smart 12-size. The best watch $5.00 can buy. With radium dial, $6.00.

And to get them off in the morning

An Ingersoll alarm clock, of course. The TYPE-T at $1.50, shown above, is the Yankee of the alarm clock line. Has the Yankee qualities of sturdiness, dependability and good looks—and is fast gaining Yankee popularity. Now in colors, too. Others up to $4.50.
If not at your dealer's, sent postpaid.
INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco

[INCORRIGIBLE
Continued from page forty-seven]

be hard and *never* get so you could travel with a real hot mob.

I've seen kids graduate from this reform school without learnin' more'n how to sniff coke. Some kids think they've learned the stick-up racket just from hearin' the older guys talk about the jobs they pulled. The first time they try it theirselves they get scared and start shootin', or don't have a second car for the get-away, or h'ist a joint that cashed all its pay roll checks the day before. It takes a *man* to be hard.

Listen. Let me tell you about a kid named Ralph Jones that just left here.

Him and me was buddies. I'll admit that at first he had me fooled, too. I thought he had the makin's of a swell pal to go out on the racket with. Him and me was goin' to join the Green Onion Mob in the big town after we graduated. That's how hard I thought Ralph was.

Him and me first got acquainted when we was in the house of detention, bein' held for the Juvenile Court.

Jones wasn't his real last name. It was just his blotter phony. Huh? Blotter phony? That's the name you give the desk sarge at headquarters. Ralph never would tell those dicks or anyone else his real name.

He was a pretty kid, see? He had yellow hair, all silky like you see on girls and dolls, and a white face. He was always tryin' to make his face real hard. I used to kid him about the dimple in his chin.

The first time I seen Ralph he was sittin' on a bunk in the house of detention. It was wintertime and he didn't have any overcoat. His suit was a nifty, but all covered with grease spots. I can remember how he looked plain as anything. The dicks had been workin' on him. His hair was all mussed, but it wasn't quite bleeding.

THOSE dicks are slick blankety blanks. They pull your hair just hard enough to hurt bad without pulling it out. You can tell when a guy's been through the third degree by the red rims on his eyes and little bruises on his finger nails where they've rapped him with a rubber hose. Sometimes your nose bleeds from the shaking they give you, but Ralph's nose wasn't bleeding. He didn't have no marks a lawyer could take pictures of and give to the newspapers. Dicks are slick blankety blanks.

Well, I ast him, "What's the rap for you, buddy?" He just shrugged his shoulders. But he was out of cigarettes and I had a fresh pack and he had to get sociable enough to bum one off'n me. So he told me how he'd got framed.

It seems he was workin' as a grease ball and car washer at a garage down on Fourth Street. He'd only worked there a week when two guys named Harris and Wilson that was customers of the garage pretended like they was takin' an interest in him.

They ast him would he like to drive their cars around to their office for them. He said he would. They had an office in a saloon near the river. He thought there was something phony about that, but they'd said maybe they'd give him a good job. So he didn't want to queer it by astin' questions.

One day the dicks pinched him while he was drivin' a car belonging to these guys, Harris and Wilson. It was a hot car that was swiped off'n some guy in Indiana. They ast him where did he get it, and he told them.

SO they took him to the saloon, but Harris and Wilson wasn't there. The guy that run the saloon told the dicks he never heard of them. Course he was just frontin' for his pals. The saloon guy said he never saw Ralph before. So the dicks took Ralph back to the garage, but the guys there couldn't say much to square it for Ralph. They didn't know nothing about him, except that he was a grease ball.

They took Ralph to headquarters and give him the third degree. The dumb dicks thought Ralph trailed with a mob that dealt in hot cars and they wanted him to snitch.

It turned out Ralph might of convinced the dicks he wasn't in on the hot car racket if he would of told them his real name and who his folks was and where they lived. But he said he wouldn't.

"You're a darn fool," I told him. "Why didn't you? Haven't you got any folks?"

My astin' him that started his lower lip to quiverin', but he didn't bawl. He just said, "I ran away from home. I've got too much pride to go asking them for anything."

"Hell," I told him, "this ain't any time to be stuck up, buddy. Have your folks got any dough?"

He said he guessed they had. I bet they did, too. Ralph's suit must of cost sixty bucks, anyway.

"Looky here, Ralph," I told him, cold turkey, "if you can get hold of some dough you can beat this rap. You can beat any rap in this town if you have dough. If your folks have two grand to put in the right places at the City Hall you can get a parole from the bench."

Was I right? Say-y, you kids *are* green. Old fuzzy nibs Syco don't take graft direct, but there's a certain party on the city committee that gets Syco elected judge, and he collects plenty. Ast any guy in this reform school. There ain't any rich kids here.

But Ralph wouldn't listen to reason. He made his face look real frowned up and hard and said:

"I'll never ask my father for a cent."

It seems Ralph and his old man had a fallin' out. Ralph's stepmother sent him off to military school. Ralph told me that some goofy old guy at the military school insulted him. He told the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Puts New Life Into Your Feet

If you can't indulge in long walks, stand for hours, or enjoy an afternoon of golf or an evening of dancing without being punished by your feet, you are suffering a needless handicap.

To rid yourself quickly of all distress, massage your feet with Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. It will re-invigorate them and give you real foot comfort instantly.

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm is soothing, cooling, healing. It stimulates the skin, opens the pores, removes impurities, tones up the muscles. Stops burning sensations, quickly relieves all aches and pains, quiets corns, callouses and bunions—and dispels foot odors. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—35c and 75c jars.

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By Ronald Millar

A gripping story of the underworld, a crook, a cheater, and the perfect revenge.

Also—

Bert Green

has crammed another bundle of laughs into the thirty-first spasm of

LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR

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AIR SICKNESS

—nausea, dizziness and faintness caused by all forms of Travel Motion. Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air Travel Sickness yields promptly to Mothersill's. 36

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The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
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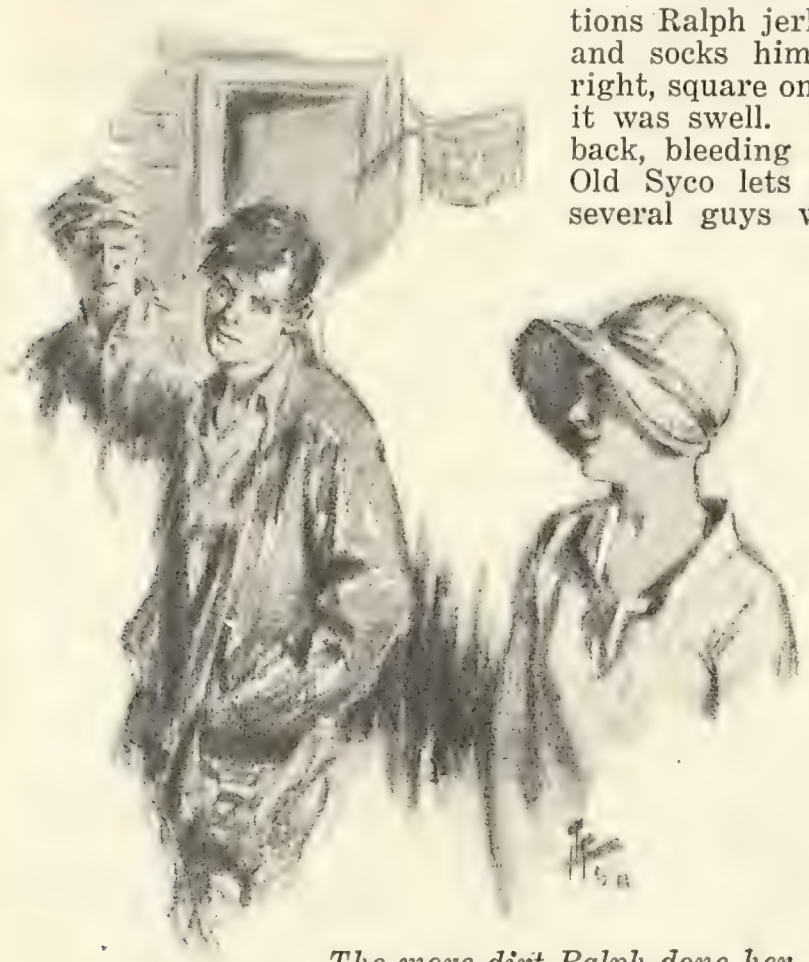
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
25 Years In Use

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

goofy old guy where to get off, figuring that his old man would stick by him. But his old man sided with the guys at the school.

Ralph said he didn't want to go to school anyway. He wanted to be an inventor. Ralph's old man told him he would have to stay at military school and then go to college and then work in his old man's office. So Ralph told the whole push to go to hell and beat it. He went broke right after he hit the big town, and had to go to work.



The more dirt Ralph done her the sweeter she got on him.

"Buddy," I advised him, cold turkey, "all that stuck-up stuff is neither here nor there. Your honor you brag on don't mean a thing. Get some sense, kid, and wire your old man. Tell him you been framed by the dicks. Likely as not he'll be glad to hear you ain't dead."

"I got myself into this," Ralph says, "and I'm not going to play baby. To hell with that. Let them frame me if they want to. I'll get even."

That's all he'd say. I guess then he *was* pretty hard.

Old fuzzy nibs Syco sentenced me and Ralph at the same time.

"YOU look like a nice boy," he tells Ralph, "yet the report here describes you as one of the worst incorr'gibles that ever came into this courtroom. It is charged that you have refused to assist the law in apprehending your confederates. What have you to say for yourself?"

Ralph just looked at an American flag hangin' behind the judge and swallered several times and said nothing. Whenever Ralph wanted to look real hard-boiled he would grit his teeth tight. That made the bones stick out along his jaw and stretched the skin so it smoothed out his dimple.

"Take that sneer off your face, young man," says old fuzzy nibs, getting hard hisself. "The law is being lenient with you on account of your age. Mr. Probst, the probation officer, has informed this Court that you have refused to tell anything about yourself or to express penitence. Is that correct?"

"Yes," says Ralph.

At that, one of the dicks that had third degreed Ralph, a fat guy named Grogan, grabs his arm and says, "Say 'sir' to His Honor."

Without making no false motions Ralph jerks away from him and socks him with a straight right, square on the button. Jese, it was swell. The dick staggers back, bleeding out of his mouth. Old Syco lets out a yelp while several guys was catching holt of Ralph. He bawls Ralph out for fair and ends up by saying, "Five years for you, young man."

After we left the courtroom and was waitin' in the cage, a well dressed guy come in to talk to us. I didn't let on like I knew him, but it was Mort Larkin, big boss of the Green Onion Mob. He shook hands with Ralph and said:

"Kid, I liked the way you socked that dick. I guess you got plenty to settle with them guys. Hey?"

Ralph looked hard and said:

"Plenty. I'm going to start as soon as I get out of that place."

MORT LARKIN laughed. I bet he had 200 bucks' worth of gold in his teeth alone, and his dimints would knock your eyes out. He took both our names and said he would write to us. When he left he give each of us ten bucks.

"Spending money, kids," he says, "and there'll be more later. I like to see kids hate dicks."

I said to Ralph, when Mort was gone, "Jese, you've made a hit with the boss of the hottest mob in town. That was Mort Larkin. He's some sport, ain't he?"

Ralph loked at the ten bucks in his hand. Fin'lly he says, "This is the first good break I've had since I came to this city."

It didn't take Ralph a week to get the rep for bein' the hardest guy in the reformatory. The first thing he done was to have a run-in with Jake Tross, the meanest screw here. You kids had better steer clear of him.

What did Jake do to Ralph? Not a thing. The afternoon of the first day Ralph seen Jake cuff one of the orphan kids these hick counties send here because they're too tight to build an orphan asylum.

At supper formation, when we was marching past Jake into the dining hall, Ralph stops and looks at Jake real hard.

"I don't like you," says Ralph.

"Ain't that just too bad?" says Jake. "Get along into line before I clout you one."

With that Ralph hauls off—bingo!—square on Jake's nose. He

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Here's That DRUGLESS Way to *Instant Sleep!*

Doctors the World Over Are Advising

New Youth, New Energy, Fewer "Nerves" Tomorrow

20,000 doctors endorse this unique and drugless way to healthful sleep—because Ovaltine creates ALL-DAY ENERGY *by replenishing wasted tissues while one sleeps.*

Please Accept 3-Day Test of This Unique Discovery From Switzerland

Here, at last, is Sleep induced in a way any doctor will endorse. Sleep *instantly*, without tossing or fretting, when you go to bed—yet, *entirely without drugs!*

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Next morning you wake up feeling like a new person: For the peculiar dietetic property of Ovaltine re-supplies your system *during the night* with the energy lost the previous, active day. *Builds you up and rejuvenates you.*

Over 20,000 doctors are advising it. Its use has spread over some 50 different nations. New to America, it has been used over 30 years in Europe.

Acts This Way

Ovaltine acts on entirely different principles from sleep producing drugs. Remember, it's not a medicine. *It contains no drugs. It's a food.*

Thus, you can take it night after night and not only avoid a habit, as with drugs, but *build up your health* as well.

Instead of drugging your nerves to sleep, it acts to soothe you to sleep. For it corrects the digestive unrest to which most sleeplessness now is traced.

Ovaltine marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time. And must not be confused with "Malt" or "Chocolate" preparations which may claim the same effects. It is widely different in formula and result.

Doctors advise it not only for sleeplessness, but for nerve-strain, malnutrition, general run down conditions, for nervous children, for nursing mothers, and the aged. Thousands take it to relieve fatigue during the day.

Accept 3-Day Test

Please accept the 3-day test below. Note how quickly sleep comes. Mark how great your next day's energy. Mark the difference in your whole appearance. Mail the coupon. Or obtain in regular size package at drug or grocery store. Also served at soda fountains.

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day package of Ovaltine.

(*Print name and address clearly.*)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

(One package to a person)

[INCORRIGIBLE Continued from page forty-nine]

like to busted it. There wasn't no reason for it at all. Ralph just done it to be hard, I guess.

Three screws took him down to the boiler room after supper and beat his pants good. Miske, one of the screws, told me afterwards that Ralph stopped them halfway through and said:

"Double that strap again. I'm getting so I can't feel it, you ——."

At the start, I wanted Ralph to work with my gang in the broom factory. There's forty guys in there for fifteen work places, so you don't have to make many brooms if you don't feel like it. But Ralph picked the print shop.

We ast him why, and he said, "The graft there'll be better."

That got him credit for bein' a hard baby. But I never saw any graft Ralph took. He hadn't been working there three weeks before they made him foreman. He was a whiz at patching up their old broken-down machinery, and began to turn out swell job work that brought in new business from town.

He sure needed a good stand-in with all the hard stuff he pulled. The worst thing he done was to razz that little Miller girl that teaches a Bible class in the Sunday school. Her and her mother and a lot of folks from town come out here every Sunday morning to put on a Sunday school. The supe makes us go.

THIS Miller girl is a nice little kid, about eighteen, I guess. Take her to the big town, doll her up in some nifties, and make her bob her hair, and she'd be a knockout.

Well, Ralph and some of us older guys was in this little Miller girl's Bible class. The gang ain't much on the Bible, but we're strong for the little Miller girl. She's tryin' to be a good sport, see? She treats us like anybody else, instead of high hatting us on the street like some of these high school kids do in town. I could tell the first thing she was goin' to get sweet on Ralph. He had the looks, see?

The first Sunday she says to Ralph, "I'm glad we have a new member in this class."

Ralph gets awful hard.

"I wouldn't be here if I didn't have to," he says, "and what do you know about the Bible, anyway?"

That made the little Miller girl get red, and she looked fussed, and we could tell her feelings was hurt bad.

"She knows more'n you know," I says to Ralph.

"Is that so?" says Ralph. "We'll see if she does."

So the little Miller girl started tellin' us about some chapter in the Bible and what it all meant. I don't tumble to that stuff myself, but it sounded all right. Ralph couldn't see it, though. He kept breakin' in and givin' the little Miller girl the horse laugh.

She got mad after a while and says, "Perhaps you'd like to run this class—you know so much." She handed him the Bible.

"Give that Bible back and pipe down," I says to Ralph, "or we'll throw you out."

"Start any time," says Ralph.

"Oh, boys, don't," says the little Miller girl, commencing to cry. Ralph put the Bible on her lap and walked out. If I had been that girl I wouldn't never have come back to teach us no more. But she was on hand the next Sunday, and Ralph razzed her again. Girls are sort of goofy. The more dirt Ralph done her the sweeter she got on him. The way he treated the little Miller girl give him a big rep for bein' tough. Most of us guys would of liked to have that kid for our girl.

"She's stuck on you, Ralph," I says to him one day when we was down in town. "Why don't you treat her decent?"

"She's not stuck on me," Ralph comes back. "We're all just dogs she's patting because her mother taught her to be kind to animals. Tie a can to that stuff. Listen—I'll tell you something."

I ast him what it was and he told me to wait until we was back at the reformatory. We went down in the boiler room and Ralph says, all excited:

"I've heard from Mort Larkin."

"Jese," I said, "what's up?"

Ralph tried to stare me down. I didn't bat an eyelash before he did.

"You're my buddy, aren't you?" he says.

"I'm your buddy," I says, "and I don't snitch."

Then he showed me a letter. It wasn't from Mort Larkin. It was from Fanny Mulloy.

What? Mean to tell me you kids never heard of Fanny Mulloy? Jese, you're ignerant.

Fanny's the queen of the Green Onion Mob. She's Mort Larkin's woman. She's the gun moll for Green Onion killers and sometimes she drives their car for them in stick-ups. Cotton Remmersheimer told me she drove Mort's machine after the Massingale job seventy-five miles an hour through a rain and made a swell alibi for the mob, because nobody would believe they could have got so far from Massingale so quick.

Huh. I didn't blame Ralph for getting worse excited than he was when I told him about Fanny.

"She says there's a chance for me to join their mob," Ralph said, pointing to a part of the letter.

"Jese, if you can get in with them, Ralph," I told him, "you're jake."

It seems Fanny had wrote Ralph because Mort ast her to, and she said her and Mort was coming to town on business in four days. She said for Ralph to meet them at Brown's Hotel. He could do that easy because he was a trusty and was down in town a lot, drumming trade for the print shop.

The day before Ralph was to have his talk with Fanny and Mort, the little Miller girl invited him to a party over to her mother's house. I was standin' on the front steps of the print shop with Ralph when she ast him.

"Is the whole school invited, and does the supe say we have to go?" Ralph ast her.

She sort of looked at her shoes and blushed real red.

"No," she said. "We couldn't entertain the whole school. The other boys know that."

I tried to help her out.

"Sure, Blanche," I says, "we know that. We don't feel hurt none. If Ralph's any kind of a sport he'll go to your party."

Ralph just said, short, "I'm no better than the others here," and turned and walked into the print shop. The little Miller girl looked at me and tried to grin, and then went off through the grounds, snuffling.

"That's a mighty cute little kid, Ralph," I said, kind of sore. "You ought to give her a whirl."

"Fanny Mulloy is my kind of woman," says Ralph, bragging. "I'm not robbing cradles."

I WAITED for him the next day, about a block up the street from Brown's Hotel. He was in the hotel more'n an hour. When he come toward me he was walkin' straight and tough, with his teeth gritted like he always did when he was thinking about squarin' things with the dicks.

"Did you see Fanny and Mort?" I ast him.

"Yes," says Ralph, out of the corner of his mouth, "and it's all arranged. I'm going to join the mob."

"When?" I wanted to know.

"You'll find out soon enough," says he.

I outsmarted him. "Are they goin' to pull a job here?" I shoots at him, cold turkey.

He looked funny and started to ast me how did I know, then figured I was just guessin'. So he said, "None of your business," and I knew I had the finger on him.

"See here, Ralph, I'm your buddy, ain't I?" I said.

He said yes. So I put it up to him, cold turkey. I told him to come clean. I ast him, how about me? Wasn't I goin' to join the Green Onions, too?

So he said fin'lly that I'd been a good buddy to him and he guessed I had a right to the low-down.

When we was in the print shop where nobody could hear, he told me that the Green Onions were going to stick up the Outlee Trust & Savings Bank down in town. And he was going to be in on it and go back to the big town with the mob.

"Jese, Ralph," I said, "that's big league stuff. You're sunk for ten to life in the big house if you're caught. Besides, there might be gun play. You might croak a guy."

"What difference does it make?" he says, real hard. "Mort and Fanny are the only people in the world besides you who are my friends."

"All right, buddy," I says. "What am I goin' to do in the stick-up? And when do we pull it?"

Without making no false motions Ralph jerks away from him and socks him with a straight right, square on the button.

Ralph grips me on the shoulder and shakes his head.

"You're not in on this," he says. "I tried to get you in, but Mort said no. But when I'm with the mob regular I'll get you in. I promise."

So we shook hands, and I ast him about Fanny Mulloy. At that his eyes got soft and babyish.

"She's a peach, buddy," he said. "She wasn't at all like I thought she would be. She looked sort of sad. She's young, not more'n twenty-two. Mort did all the talking. She just sat there looking at me. She has lovely brown eyes. When I get with the mob I'm going to marry her."

"That would be a fool play," I told him. "She's Mort's woman."

Ralph shook his head and looked stubborn.

"She's too good for Mort," he said. "Mort's just a bum. After I get square with the dicks, Fanny and I will go off some place."

That was pretty cold turkey talk. It surprised me. I thought Ralph was hard, but I didn't think he'd break into the big league so soon. I ast him a lot of questions and he told me the lay. Mort's mob had already got the dope on the bank. They figured on ten grand in the cash drawers every Saturday morning with so many farmers in town. The job was to be pulled the next Saturday.

He was always tryin' to make his face real hard.

MORT told Ralph he could be the ceiling red-hot. That's the guy who goes in first and gets everybody's hands up in the air. Fanny was to be Ralph's gun moll and hand him the pistols on the street just before the thing was ready to go. Ralph would make the front door. Two boys from the mob was to go in the side door as soon as Ralph h'isted the bank and clean up. They'd get away in a hot roadster to a culvert south of town and change to the secont getaway car and take the hard road south. Mort would wait for the four of 'em in the secont car.

Huh? Why didn't Mort do the stickin' up? Say-y, what a dumb question. Mort is boss of the mob. He don't risk getting hisself identified as a stick-up.

Well, I made Ralph promise I could watch the job from Smith's drug store across the street from the front door of the bank. It looked all set, but during the rest of the week I got to thinking about the lay and I didn't like it. The whole scheme smelled bad to me. Thursday afternoon, before the job was to be pulled, I talked cold turkey to Ralph.

"Mort's playing you for a sucker, Ralph," I told him.

You see, I'd doped it out that the robbery would cause a lot of excitement in town and during the roar several guys would be bound to beat it from the reformatory. I guessed Mort must of been figurin' on that and bulled Ralph into the stick-up to throw the rap on Ralph and whatever reform school kids ran off.

But Ralph acted stubborn. He went right ahead and met Mort and Fanny again Friday night. And he didn't sleep hardly an hour that night.

A guy worries about funny things just before he's goin' to pull a job. Ralph worried about whether the guns Fanny was to give him would be loaded and if they'd go off in case there was shooting. He said he begged Fanny to let him carry the guns down to town, but she wouldn't give them to him.

He said he was afraid he'd be so worried whether the guns would shoot that he might fire a couple of shots before he went into the bank. One gun was an automatic and he was afraid it might jam. I told him to carry that in his left hand and do the shooting with the six-gun.

Just before I went to sleep he says, "Buddy, promise me something." I said I'd promise, so he said, "You know that little Miller girl? Tell her I said she was a good kid, will you?"

I told him I would, and then I ast him wouldn't he tell me his dad's name and address in case he got croaked or anything. He said his dad wouldn't be int-er-ested.

The next morning I sneaked away from the broom factory and went down to Smith's drug store. The job was to be pulled at 10 o'clock. There was lots of people in town and farmers' cars parked in the middle of the street in front of the bank.

I ordered an ice cream soda and sat on a stool at the fountain next to the front window so's I could see across-t to the bank. I hadn't more'n taken two swigs at the straw when a nifty roadster came along the street, stopped in front of the bank, and let a woman out.

It was Fanny Mulloy. She was

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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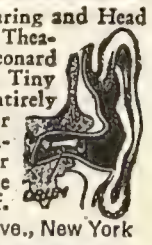

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[INCORRIGIBLE Continued from page fifty-one]

dressed in black and had a hat with a sort of veil hanging from the front. She carried a lap robe with two hands in front of her. I figured the guns was under the robe. Jese, it was excitin'.

In a secont I saw Ralph walkin' down the sidewalk. He passed some people—but they didn't look at him. Him and Fanny met at the front door of the bank.

Now! I says to myself. Bingo!

Ralph reached towards Fanny. All of a sudden she let the lap robe fall. I saw the guns. But she didn't give 'em to Ralph. Instead, she raised one and clouted him on the side of the head. He slumped down on the sidewalk. He was out cold.

Then Fanny run into the bank. I saw some guys' hands go up above the black painted strip on the front window of the bank. It didn't last two minutes. There was three big booms in the bank and some smoke curled against the window. Fanny and two guys come bustin' out the front door. One of the guys was carryin' a bag. They made for the roadster. But one guy stumbled over Ralph on the sidewalk. Fanny ducked into the car. The second guy cussed and waited for the first one to pick hisself up.

Then they piled into the car and went screaming off.

I just sat on that stool. I still had two straws in my mouth. Jese, it was funny. Before I come to, a crowd had gathered around Ralph on the sidewalk. They carried out a guy from the bank that was shot. Everybody on my side of the street started running over.

When I got to where Ralph was, I saw the little Miller girl on her knees with a handkerchief, patting Ralph's head.

"I saw it all," she said. "I was right there. Ralph tried to stop them and they hit him."

SHE put her face down to Ralph's and busted out bawling. Somebody pulled her off'n him. They picked him up and carried him across-t to the drug store. He moved a little goin' over. He wasn't croaked. Everybody started talkin' about what a hero Ralph was. Can you beat it?

They took Ralph to the hospital in town and sure made fools of theirselves over him. The little Miller girl visited him every day with flowers and such truck, and her mother cooked stuff for him.

What did I do? Huh. Why, nothin'. Ralph was my buddy, see? He'd got a good break and it wasn't up to me to do any talkin' out of turn. I'm tellin' you kids the lowdown now, because I want to show you Ralph wasn't hard like some of these guys here brag. That kid had all the makin's of a secont Gerald Chapman, but he couldn't stand the gaff. He wasn't real hard, see?

He had a fractured conk and was unconscious more than a week. When he woke up there was a letter for him to read. Fanny Mulloy, see?

She said Ralph was too nice a kid to trail with the Green Onions. She said she got all soft hearted when the time come to hand Ralph the guns and couldn't do it. She said she was awful sorry and hoped she didn't hit him too hard. The mob made a nice haul, she said, and got out of town without croakin' anybody. A teller in the bank got bored in his left leg. She said she hoped Ralph would remember her and please go straight. Can you tie a can to that? Women sure are goofy.

THAT letter from Fanny took all the guts out of Ralph. He even bawled a little. Hard? Hell, he wasn't hard. His picture got put in the papers on account of his bein' a hero, and a detective agency identified him. It seems Ralph's old man—a rich broker guy in Philly named Thomas Averill—had spent about fifty grand lookin' for Ralph all over the country. The papers said he had a nervous breakdown worryin' about Ralph. The day Ralph left here I told him:

"Your old man must like you after all, buddy. Fifty grand is a lot of dough. If I got lost my old man wouldn't even put an ad in the lost and found colyums."

Ralph looked awful sheepish and said, "I guess I didn't understand dad."

The governor give Ralph a parole and his old man wired him a hunk of cash to come home on.

I still thought maybe Ralph would stick to our agreement about goin' out on the racket. I sure give Fanny Mulloy a cussin' for ruining a guy that might of put Gerald Chapman in the shade with me as his side kick. On the station platform, waitin' for the train, I said:

"Don't take nothin' off'n your old man, buddy. If he gets rough with you again let me know. I'll join you any place you say if I have to jump a bond to do it."

Ralph shook my hand a long time. "I'll write you, buddy," he says, over and over.

Then he sees this little Miller girl waiting to tell him good-by. She was all niftied up in the dress she taught Bible class with.

Ralph goes over to her just as the train pulled in. He says something and then tried to look real hard. But he couldn't make it. He grabbed her all of a sudden and give her a kiss on the mouth and beat it for the train.

The little Miller girl and me stood waving at Ralph. I bet he'd promised her to come back and marry her some day. She looked sort of goofy. I give Ralph the old handshake in the air and I felt like hell. That kid had the best prospects of any that ever come to this reformatory, but we just couldn't make nothin' out of him. He wasn't hard enough. See?

THE END

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY

WAR BUGS

Being a Worm's-Eye View of the War to End War

OH, oh, oh, and oh, what a morning! We tried to stand up while Captain Stone laid into us.

By CHARLES MAC ARTHUR

Formerly Private, Second Class, Battery F, 149th Field Artillery, 42d (Rainbow) Division, A. E. F. Afterward Co-Author of Lulu Belle.

(Reading time: 22 minutes 52 seconds.)

THIS is the fifth installment of a Rainbow Division artilleryman's story of the war. Written as an intimate history of his battery's experiences, the four previous installments portrayed the evolution of a rookie—from training camp frivolities to pumping shells over in the defense of Champagne. In this installment, his battery is rushed to Château-Thierry—and some more real war.

THE CONQUEST OF THE OURCQ

THE Germans were still running when we got to Château-Thierry. From the looks of things, it might have been Hallowe'en. Both sides had made a bum out of the town. Nothing was left but latitude, longitude, and broken brick.

We trotted through the rubbish in the general direction of the front. Up hill and down, cannoneers to the wheels, and how do you like the war by now?

By sunset we reached a marked down forest near Montreuil aux Lions. A few hours before, it had sheltered the Twenty-sixth Division, now burning in the wake of the war. It was littered with dead horses and men, broken wagons, dirty blankets, shelter halves; mess kits, rifles, and miscellaneous junk to the value of three Liberty Loans.

The day was hot, the air clammy with death. Yet it's an ill wind that gathers no moss. For once, we were able to salvage all the food and equipment we wanted, including some curious luxuries. Somebody found a phonograph and one record. For the following twelve hours the deep tangled wildwood rang with the Gamblin' Man Blues over and over and *over* again:

Dis niggah wuz a gamblah
An' a dice man frum-hum his heart.
Ev'ry time he'd hit a game
He'd bust it from th' staht.
He'd say: "Kiss yo' money good-by, coon,
It's mine befo' you staht."
Wid a "Honey—money—fare—thee—we-ll!"

The officers had a foolish notion that the woods ought to be tidied up before we went out to play. A few burials were ordered. Hunting for picks and shovels, the boys discovered a beer saloon, and there was an immediate and highly insubordinate stampede. The officers ran after and ordered madame not to sell a drop. Madame took them seriously, waved her arms at the thirsty, and screamed, "Feeneesh, feeneesh, feeneesh!" like the silly goose that she was.

It looked like a dry night until McLaughlin discovered a shell hole six feet in diameter in the rear wall of the saloon. Because the café was built on a slope, the hole, although on the first floor, was thirty feet above the ground. Mac ascended like a Human Fly, using finger nails, teeth, and toes.

Rush Dyer was sent to the front door of the café to divert madame. This was difficult, as madame was in a temper, and he had to resort to amorous ways and means. "Non, non, *non!*" said madame. "*Oui,*" said Rush firmly.

Amid the exchange of protestations, McLaughlin ascended and stealthily lowered a case of Three Star Hennessey. That was more than enough. McLaughlin was too thorough to quit while there was anything left. A case of Calvados descended, some beverage called Marc, several cases of wine, Triple Sec, Benedictine, Scotch, and cordials, until all of madame's storeroom stock was in her back yard. Incidentally, her "nons" were getting fainter; so it served her good and right, probably.

WE found wheelbarrows and pushed the booty back to camp. Several officers were about, but we disguised the loads with gunnysacks and swore loudly at the injustice of doing day labor after such a long and bitter hike.

By dinnertime we had cached nearly 600 bottles of various intoxicants halfway up the hill across the road from the camp. Wild Bill was elected bartender, and the word went out —very cautiously—that the panic was on. Looting rhymed too well with shooting to advertise the party.

There would have been no trouble at all if Rush Dyer hadn't sampled the Calvados and pronounced it ordinary American corn whisky. This point was debated by Bill, who owned two stills in Tennessee. Dyer's opinion was simply that of an amateur, said Bill, and proceeded to prove it.

The argument became bitter. Dyer offered to drink an entire bottle, intending to identify

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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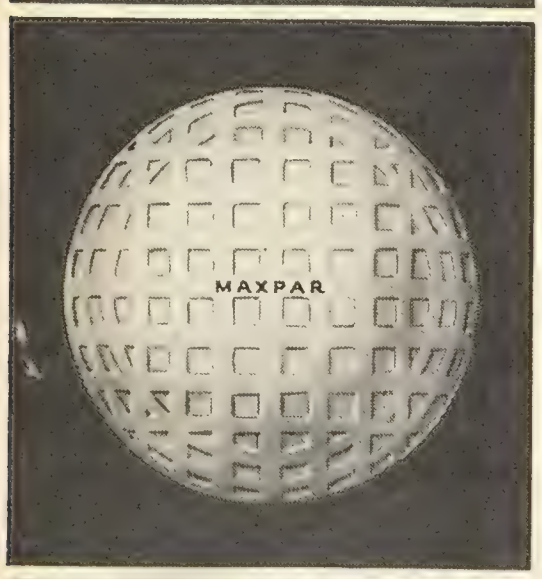

MAXPAR

[WAR BUGS
Continued from page fifty-three]

the stuff by the effect it produced. This reasonable plan was misunderstood by Wild Bill, who considered that a race was on—and offered to spot Dyer a bottle and drink the entire case.

Now, Calvados is peculiar stuff. Veteran French boozers limit themselves to a tablespoonful, and, at that, end up licking policemen and setting fire to the Arc de Triomphe. So in fifteen minutes curious things were happening. Bill had killed a bottle and a half —Dyer a bottle. The rest of the boys were smoothing individual bottles more temperately.

Dyer, whom we knew to be a Southerner from Mississippi, began talking in hard Northern style and spoke long and circumstantially of his life among the Eskimos. For no reason, he recited the list of his loves and made all of them out to be daughters of Senators and Governors.

WILD BILL cocked his automatic and offered to bore places for earrings in anybody present; he was not angry, he explained, merely expert. Herb Toomey was discovered taking off his shoes. He said that it was very late and that he didn't want to wake his wife. When last seen, he was tiptoeing down the hillside carrying what looked like a couple of violin cases —if violin cases had heels. Bill had his ear to the ground by that time, and thought he could discern the approach of revenooers. We had to disarm him. In time we slept where we fell.

Oh, oh, oh, and oh, what a morning! We picked ourselves out of trees, shell holes, mud puddles, and from under the gun carriages, and tried to stand up while Captain Stone laid into us. The captain passed to the subject of identification tags—his favorite topic—and spoke of their use in the awful event of death. All of us felt that he was completely nuts. Death would have been a luxury at the moment.

A sick and sorry battery got the horses hitched somehow, and moved out with the morning sun, bulging with bottles. All day long we marched through the heat and dust. The sun came through, a gigantic burning glass. There was no water. When Kipling mentions heat "that makes your bloomin' eyebrows crawl," he's a fool. There wasn't a man in the battery who didn't envy the sprawling dead that festered along the road.

A rugged few sought relief with more Calvados, and promptly snapped the cookies. Rush Dyer, only the whites of his eyes showing, toppled in a heap of dead at the side of the road—and we didn't see him for weeks. A few fell off their horses. We passed wayside wells in the ruck of destruction. The sign POISONED was propped against their cool stone sides. We thought of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, and wept.

The sun was never bigger, more blinding, more merciless. Through Lucy and Bouresches and Belleau Wood, every span of wrecked white road revealing another village pounded into dirty dust. Black and splintered sticks that had once been green forests. Rifles, rifles, rifles, upended in shallow graves. Over the butts, helmets jauntily tipped to one side. So the gravediggers had been along. Yeah. Wait till they saw us!

We slogged ahead, telling God that if He would do something about our beating temples and bulging eyeballs we would never in our lives take another drink—of Calvados.

On till midnight, our seventy-five pound packs weighing first ninety, then 100, then 1,000,000 pounds. Early in the morning we flopped in a wood near Epieds, inhabited by a number of lucky stiffs —German, American, and French —and slept without removing our packs.

We woke and dug graves for our roommates. It was more comfortable with them out of the way. Jack Walsh and Kratchovil made crosses. We laid them with their faces to the east. Every forest and field was littered with bodies, and details poked among them for the sake of regimental records. The Germans had built a flock of dugouts and flop trenches in the field, a lucky break for us. We moved in, feeling comparatively safe, and mounted a dozen abandoned machine guns to feel safer.

Word came back that Ohio and New York were ready to attack. We pulled out of the woods at dusk and marched all night in a stinging rain—God knows why or where. Three times we were 1,000 meters from the German lines, with guns and carriages tobogganing off the greasy roads like bobsleds. At every halt we flopped in the mud, sticking our shins in the spokes of the carriages. When the column moved ahead the wheel yanked the sleeper's leg. He arose, swore, and slogged onward.

Seven hours of this, and we paused in a narrow ravine a short city block from the German lines. The machine guns were desperately near. Dawn began to lighten over the black trees, through the gray rain. There was a halt. The officers gumshoed back, whispering orders to hold the clanking harness joints in our hands for the sake of silence and the girls at home. We waited one hour, cursing so loud and sincerely that the officers were frantic.

AT last a courier paddled up. He had been playing hide and go seek with us all night long. Naturally, it turned out that if he hadn't counted 500 by fives the night before we would never have started, as the attack had been called off five minutes after we left camp. Rain checks were in the mail.

We turned back, frothing at the mouth. It was daylight now—a soupy daylight, and the doughboys were shedding water like Airedales. Over their protests and those of our officers the men began making remarks that could be heard in Berlin. They weren't exactly detrimental to the Kaiser either.

In desperate whispers the officers begged us to shut our yaps, but with no luck. We kicked the horses back to our old position without getting killed or even shot at, and fell in the flops. Shelter halves were oozing with mud, another result of bonehead play; so we spread our blankets in the slime, with black words that turned to sweetness and light when somebody sang:

"Kind words will never die,
Never die, never die.
God knows how deep they lie,
Deep in the breast."

THAT château was packed with more junk than a box from home.

Soothed by this thought, we started out again, slogging through two feet of mud, breaking our backs at the wheels. Up a long, long hill to a flat field full of dead people. French *cuirassiers* had been quarreling with some *uhlans* the day before, and it looked like it. There they lay with their pretty lances—100 of them.

God's blessed sunshine came out and fell on the dead with such violence that we had to wear our gas masks in order to breathe. Burial details were doing their best; but, with shells bouncing all over the field, there was no use adding to the roll Up Yonder. So they let them lie.

We ran a bad gantlet and got the guns in place, opening up at once and firing all day and night. The Germans were hammering hell out of the entire field. A dozen big shells whanged into a hospital a few hundred feet from the position. It went upsy daisy. Unfortunately for atrocity statistics, it was being used as a barracks at the moment.

Rushing coffee to the guns was like crossing the Delaware. The poor boobs who drew the job had to flop every three feet. They were called The Acrobats and were applauded heartlessly by the battery after every burst. German planes swarmed over in a huff and raked every foot of road and field. It looked like plain bad temper.

We kept on firing the next day. From our ranges, German resistance was tightening. Their planes became more numerous and nervy. French batteries at our right and left were smashed to bloody bits. We rapped everything that looked like wood. Innumerable gentlemen were gathered unto their fathers; great trees were uprooted by the black bursts; horses and men came running from the surrounding woods to scream and die in the field.

STRANGE rumors: The German machine gunners were shackled to their posts. (We saw none.) The doughboys were taking no prisoners. For a day or two, when the lines of communication were forty long kilometers apart, there was apparently some truth in this. Our infantry had executed several women masquerading as German soldiers. We did see the body of one woman, muddy and blue and too horrible; but she certainly hadn't been executed. The report probably derived from the curious, evangelical resentment the men directed at her corpse. They certainly felt she *should* have been executed.

Endless stories of crucifixion, probably untrue. One German soldier leaned forward from an apple tree with a bayonet through his wishbone, but it looked to us as if some doughboy had been unable to dislodge his steel. Reports of officers shot in the back. Plain hooey, engendered by orders to the army to shoot any officer or man caught starting a panic. (Which orders were quickly rescinded.)

Directly in back of us a six inch rifle blew up, and parts of the gun crew clumped past our ears. Seven men went by-by with that one, just when our own guns were hottest.

A German plane dived so low it nearly hit the camouflage. Jack Hamilton was shot through the foot—a *bon blessé* if he could get to the hospital without another wallop. Frank Gaddis had the fingers of his right hand torn off by a bomb. They were laying bombs

A sergeant called, "Stick wid us, Hunert an' Forty-nine!"

like linoleum. It wasn't even funny.

Four days of this nonsense, firing all the time, sleeping in relays under the roaring guns, sweating swearing, and singing the oldest songs we knew—Blue Bell, Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight, Meet Me in Dreamland, and Kiss Me—and suddenly eight German planes discovered our little hideaway. They circled over us at 200 feet, machine gun bullets falling like hail. It looked like Good-by, Joe, and See You Later.

At this point in the war Vic Stangel and a hero who shall be nameless (except that he is the writer of this fascinating narrative) laid the forward machine gun on one of them and brought him down to teach the rest a lesson. The pilot was pretty badly bored by tracer bullets, and left apologies to the observer, who had been a bank clerk in Philadelphia —proving that Philadelphia bank clerks can't be trusted.

He tried to fraternize at once with a species of stale slang.

"Oh, you keed!" he said, and expected to get away with it.

The boys had difficulty in restraining the French, who wanted to work on him with their funny bayonets. His plane was split up into souvenirs, and the men returned to the guns, which had been operated by the cooler heads at the same cadence of fire. The aviator's seven pals were no fools. They beat it.

Up forward New York was crossing the Ourcq, which they insisted on calling the O'Rourke, the better to fit Irish orientations. They had been having a desperate time, getting knocked off like flies. Joyce Kilmer, the poet, died here —gloriously.

At last they broke through. We hitched and followed, through the ghastliest scenes of the war. The roads were strewn with our doughboys, gray faces in the mud, blue hands frozen to their guns. Near the Ourcq a sixteen inch shell had blown a German from his grave for the third time. His face bore such real resentment that some doughboy wrote a sign and hung it on his chest:

"For the love of God, leave me alone. I got appendicitis."

More bundles of what had once held life sprawled on the river's edge. German, American, and French—all gone, and nobody gave a damn. In the poppy fields the living lay with the dead; it was hard to tell which was which.

We paused at the Ourcq to eat, and some of the men, contemptuous of the shells that still snarled at its banks, tried to spit across the little river. Vic Stangel finally succeeded—although there was talk of cheating. In view of the dreadful loss of life, it seemed important to put the river in its place.

Waist deep through the little stream, straining at the wheels, screaming at the nags and socking them with helmets and rammer staffs. They had learned that any laziness on their part was rewarded by incalculable hard work on ours. You can't fool a horse. Result: They stood still and cracked jokes with each other while we pushed the guns and carriages up hills and down dales by hand.

Over the river. We rolled along, turning out for shells and shell holes, until we reached a nasty crossroads reeking with enemy fire. A dozen machine gunners, hot from the slaughter, tended their wounds and rolled cigarettes behind a broken wall. They watched us paddle past and wearily indicated the front.

"Go get 'em. Good luck!"

TIME and again we reached the front lines of doughboys, who also were feeling their way along. There was nothing spectacular about it. The Germans were running like hell in order to stand in the best possible place. Our principal danger was from machine gun fire and planes skimming low over the roads.

One of these babies rustled through the trees and ran his kiddy car directly above our heads—not more than sixty feet off the ground. To rub it in, he leaned over the cockpit and made faces at us. Two hundred automatics rang out and not one bullet hit. A plane with American markings dived at the column and rattled away, wounding several of our horses and giving the boys a real thrill. Our machine guns were mounted on the caissons. We put a ton of lead in the fathead's rudder.

Toward night we reached the Château de la Fère, which sounded like something from The Three Musketeers. It was a beautiful building of the ninth century, old and lovely and rather sad. The Krauts had wired it in anticipation of our coming, and the first man to pick up a Lueger automatic pistol, placed carelessly in the doorway, was supposed to send the château, battery, and several adjacent units smack to the Great Beyond. Very neat; but one indefatigable soul crept up to the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Soft Gums *need more than* nice flavor

This sterilized powder puts *results* ahead of taste . . . .

DESPITE faithful brushing with flavored pastes, gum troubles are steadily on the increase. Soft, easily-irritated gums need a dentifrice that concentrates on *results* instead of taste. Pyrozide Powder has been doing this for twenty-two years. Today, largely on dentists' prescriptions, more people than ever before are turning to it for gum protection.

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PYROZIDE
POWDER
HAS BEEN PRESCRIBED BY DENTISTS FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS

[WAR BUGS
Continued from page fifty-five]

tempting Lueger, clipped the communicating wires, and was taking target practice ten minutes later in the back yard of the château. Art Barker retrieved a lovely helmet in the same way. You can't fool a former electrician, either. Furthermore, all that high explosive which was supposed to have gone off was carefully removed and used to cook corn willie.

The French genii crept through the goof trap and nipped the remaining wires, after which we gave it a thorough prowling. That château was packed with more junk than a box from home. Some of the boys acquired slightly battered plug hats. Some delicate Louis XVI gilt chairs, upholstered in pale blue brocatel, were tied to the caissons by a couple of æsthetes who wanted to sit pretty during the long, hard days ahead. Some elaborate antique mirrors were nailed to the supply wagon for shaving purposes.

There were hundreds of patent leather helmets, ladies' corsets, fancy pillows, oil paintings, and a case or two of brandy. The officers tried to confiscate the latter on the grounds that it was deadly poison, a transparent and childish ruse if ever there was one. We tried a little of it on the replacements. There wasn't a headache in a barrel of it.

EARLY the following night it was Onward, Christian Soldiers, all over again. The battery pulled out looking like Santy and all his reindeer. Every carriage was hung with souvenirs. Doc Bristow was put under arrest for wearing a high silk hat in place of his tin helmet. Ken Hoy and a few others were pinched for smoking—although God knows what good arresting people did. Ten years in Sing Sing would have been a lark in comparison to the hoopla *we* were having.

That night's march topped them all for willful, premeditated discomfort. We weren't on the road five minutes before the Germans persuaded God to make it rain—a cold downpour that lashed up and down the mud roads all night long. Three times we lost our way. The trees dripped like great black sponges. The mud was so much cold mucilage. Everywhere pitch black and puddles of ink.

The Germans took to shelling the main roads with big cannon. Slop shot up in geysers. We took a detour along a little road slicker than lard. Every ten minutes a caisson shimmied over the side. Tender hands unloaded it, put it back, reloaded it, and honest soldiers asked God if there ever *was* such a war. Horses fell at every step. So did the men. In the long waits, caused by another gun carriage going kerplunk into the soup, we crawled under caissons, rolled forbidden cigarettes, and fell asleep before we could light up.

Morning came—rather, a depressing light tinged the mud and rain with gray. A string of New York doughboys appeared beside us in the road. They had flung all unnecessary equipment aside, preserving rifles, rations, and a single blanket apiece. They looked like washerwomen, each with a blanket over his head, shawl style, with sodden poppies in their hats. Ordinarily, we mixed with New York on sight and swapped experiences like monkeys. But it was no time for jabber now. The backs of our eyeballs were coated.

New York got forward march, and waded on. As they left, a sergeant called, "Stick *wid* us, Hunert an' Forty-nine!"—comforting confidence. New York felt invincible with our fire.

We had been waiting for Lieutenant Skinner, who had been making a reconnaissance a kilometer or two ahead. He returned with his customary Gloomy Gus prediction that it was suicide to go ahead. Shells were bouncing like Indian clubs all over the prospective positions.

We crept forward—slop, slop, slop—and found a home abreast of the infantry in a field near Chéry Chartreuse. Before the rain ceased and the German observation planes got busy, we had stretched our camouflage and were digging deep.

Three days of shooting and bailing water from the pits. Our doughboys were relieved by infantry of the Fourth Division, who thought the war was played something like Post Office. Every day we gave them a swell rolling barrage with a vague idea that they were going over to clean up—an optimistic notion that vanished when we had to throw a defensive barrage ten minutes later.

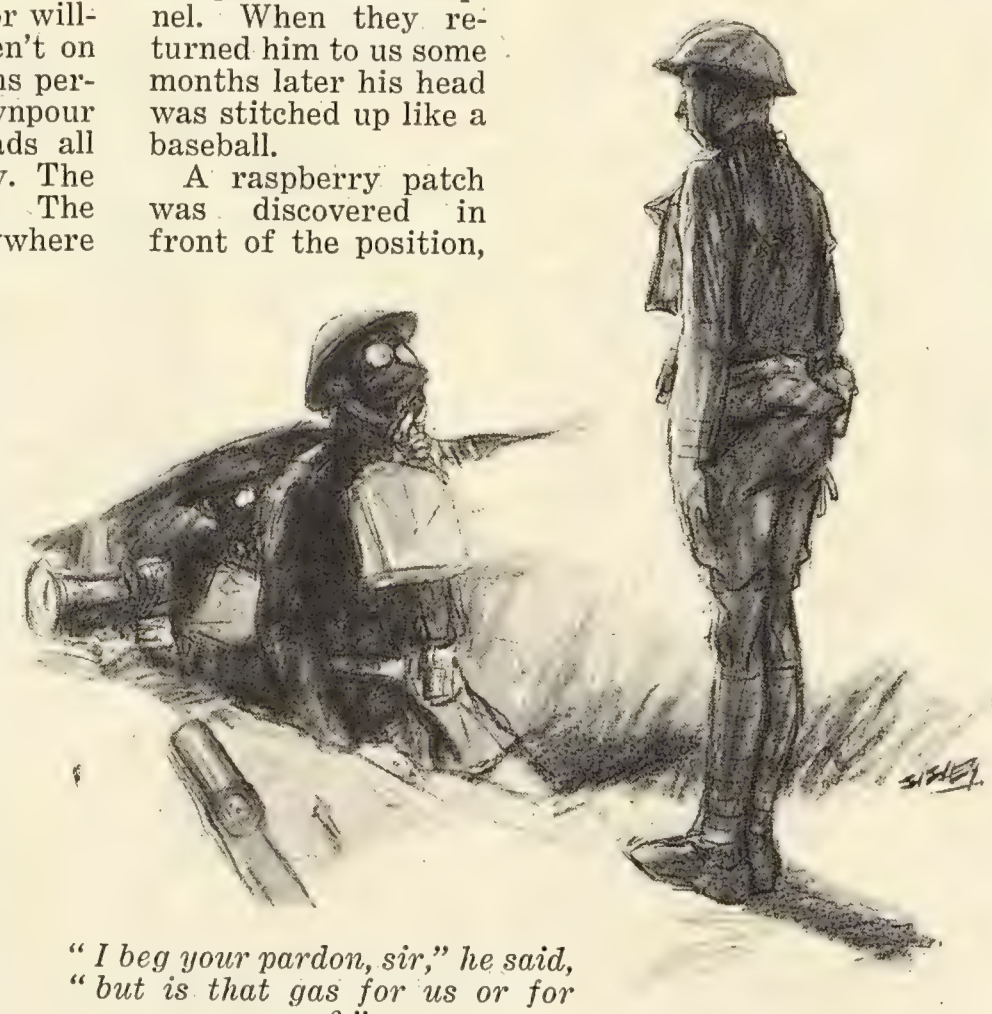
FINALLY Colonel Reilly investigated and discovered that General Somebody-or-Other couldn't advance because he didn't even know where his men were. The bawling out that followed was adequate compensation for all our troubles. Reilly's vocabulary was hell on privates, but elegant on generals.

Somebody got a bright hunch, and we were moved to a position within spitting distance of the Vesle, then no man's land. Because of the defilade we were too close to fire into the enemy first lines, and it was worth your life to poke a nose over the sky line.

For a few days we sat tight and waited for the Fourth Division infantry to do their stuff, hoping that they would push the Germans back to something like our range. Horse lines were established near by; and the cannoneers amused themselves by crawling on their bellies to the top of the crest for abandoned blankets and doughboy toilet articles. The dead were plentiful and well equipped. Again we slept on twelve blankets apiece.

The new horse lines were shelled silly. Some E Battery men were killed. Paul Stewart stopped some shrapnel. When they returned him to us some months later his head was stitched up like a baseball.

A raspberry patch was discovered in front of the position, within full view of the German lines—and the war was off until we had collected a helmetful apiece. The Germans pestered the pickers with machine guns, but without much damage. Reserve rations were tapped for sugar, the Greek miraculously produced steak and potatoes, and for a few hours it was a good war.



"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but is that gas for us or for you?"

It got around that we were having it soft, and teacher sent us back to the positions we had just abandoned. Our getaway was attended by a spectacular air battle not sixty feet over the guns. A beautiful German plane, painted like a swallow, had fastened on to a Frog and was burning him up. We finally rescued the Frenchman with some machine gun stuff of our own.

The old positions looked like hell on our return. The Fourth Division had been using them for picnics and card parties. We ran them bowlegged and moved in, full of apprehension. A position is good only as long as its location is a secret, and not so damned good then; whereas Hindenburg had a picture of *this* one in his watch.

This Fourth Division lived in a woods a few feet from the guns, and fought the war with their gas horns. Every fifteen minutes, day and night, *honk* would go the klaxons, and we had to scratch and scramble for our gas masks. Where *we* came from, boys as noisy as the Fourth Division were sent to bed without their supper. The first few times it happened we spoke to them like gentlemen, but as the days wore on and horns wore out, we began socking a few noses. At last the Fourth Division agreed to use their horns only for gas.

ONE night the Germans actually did gas us, and we honked our own horns a bit. The Fourth Division, thoroughly impressed by our threat, didn't know whether to join in the alarm or not. So they sent over a top sergeant who must have been a Harvard boy, from his manners.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said to Lieutenant Kimball, "but is that gas for us or for you?"

He was advised to go back and see if his meter was working. If it was, the gas was for him. The meter joke was a favorite among the New York doughboys. They maintained that if we gave the Germans no quarter there would be no gas.

Once cured of their gas trouble, the Fourth went in for grazing their horses in back of our guns. Now, if there is anything the Germans like to do, it is horse shooting, and a hail of shells began landing short, right in our laps. We lost our temper completely and defied death to tell the Fourth Division where to head in.

We pegged shells for two days, and were finally relieved by the Seventy-seventh Division. Once more our horseshoe worked, as the gun positions were hammered to hell five minutes after the guns were safely out. Every battery in the field was getting it hot and heavy as we pulled away.

We raced to the rear, singing loudly. In six hours we tore off thirty kilometers, camping that night in the Forest of Châtelet. Mail and hot coffee were waiting; food, liquor, and a river. We peeled and washed our underwear. We hadn't had our clothes off in a month and they were pretty lousy.

Three days' rest. A steel and concrete foundation near by was identified as the base of Big Bertha, the Germans' 100-mile gun. Our initials and home addresses were immediately chipped into the stone.

Off again. According to universal rumor, we were starting for Paris, there to have the *fourragère* bestowed upon us by the grateful French and to be kissed by all kinds of women.

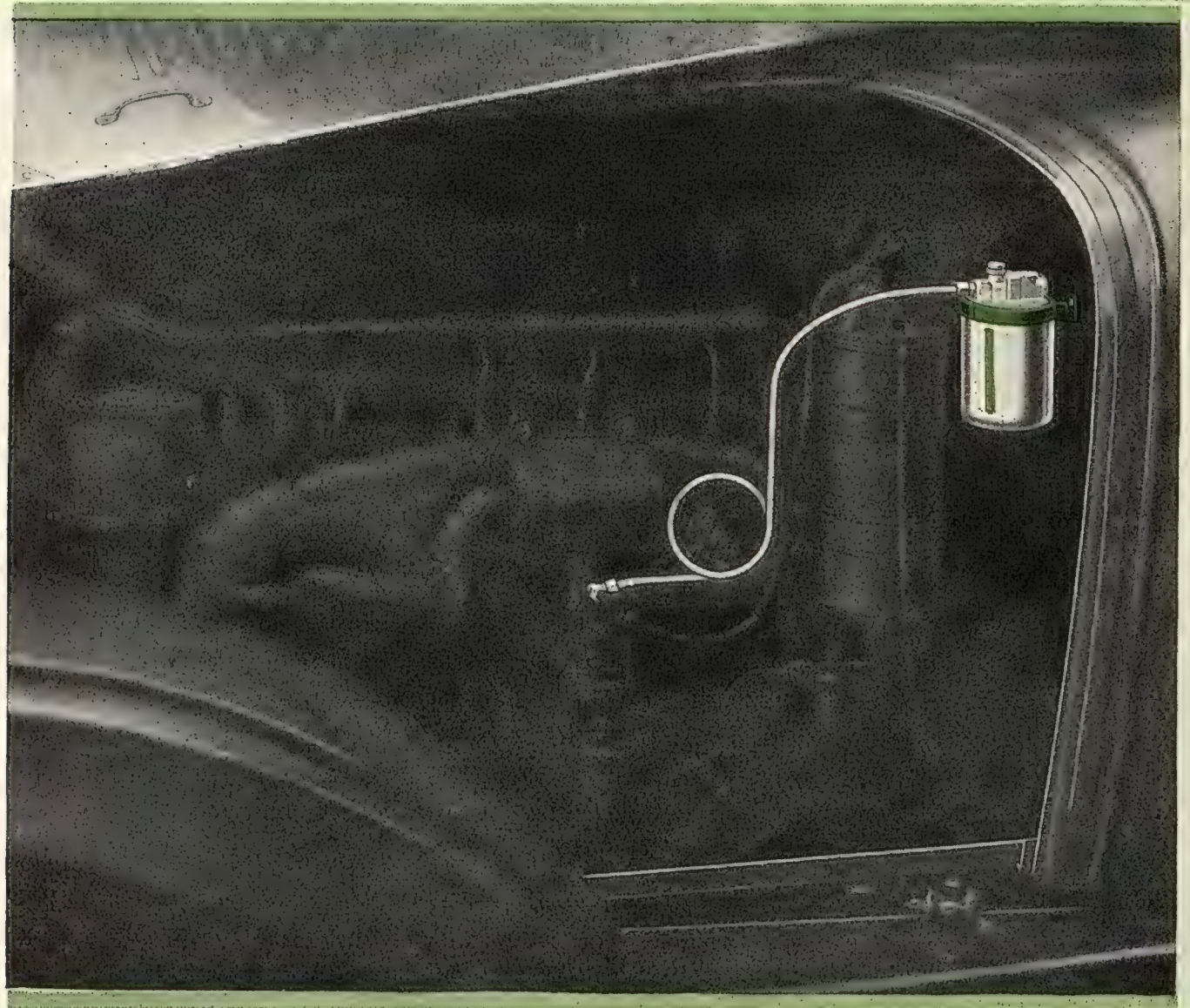
We hit Château-Thierry in a cloud of dust.

Through the white dust to Vaux and Lucy Bocages. What a hike! No water again. Porch Climber won four cases of canned peaches from the officers' mess. We ate them at the first halt, tossing the empty cans back into the officers' supply wagon for luck. Some Y. M. C. A. men appeared and sold candy—another proof of its existence overseas.

At sundown we reached the Marne and pitched pup tents in a peaceful meadow on the river's edge. Immediately there was an epidemic of A. W. O. L.—and Paris.

On the Marne, where a panorama of panic and some amorous days await, this Rainbow battery faces new adventures in next week's installment of War Bugs.

Takes Lubrication where Lubrication is needed most



YOU don't need to stretch your imagination to notice a big difference in motor efficiency immediately you install a Decro-oiler on your car. That is because the Decro-oiler takes lubrication right where lubrication is needed most—the upper cylinder walls, upper piston rings and valves—and right where you have never had adequate lubrication before.

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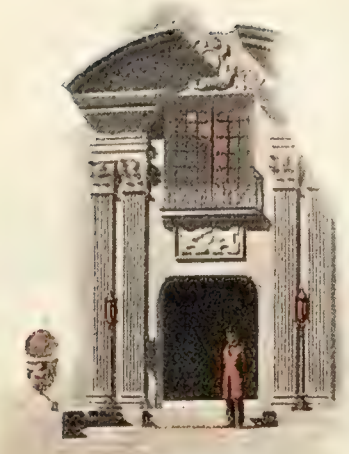

Lloyd loom furniture in notable American homes

(NUMBER ONE OF A DISTINGUISHED COLLECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS)

"1400 Lake Shore Drive"★

A show place among Chicago's new Gold Coast Apartment buildings

LOOMING high above Lake Michigan, the windows of "1400 Lake Shore Drive" look out upon an interesting and ever-changing panorama. But when winter roars across the waters the scene might become bleak and dispiriting were it not for the cheerful, spirit-warming effects that have been created in rooms such as the one pictured here. Lloyd loom furniture, radiant and colorful, has been artfully arranged near the windows to give the interior of the room the illusion of a formal garden. Summer will stay captive in this smart apartment the whole cold season through.

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One might assume that any furniture considered correct for so exclusive a residential environment would be unduly costly. Yet the fact is, that for all its beauty of design and becoming harmony with other nice pieces, Lloyd furniture is extremely low priced. Most furniture stores and departments can offer you an extensive range of choice both in color effects and upholsteries. You are certain to find one suite that will blend with your home as though specially designed.

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Autumn Tints Now Color the Mode

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

ONE feels inclined to begin the present fashion letter with a series of questions. Shall we prefer the fullness drawn forward in the silhouette, or will it perhaps be found more effective when assembled along the sides? Will sports clothes be worn only when indulging in the activities of sports? Will street and day colors be fashionable in the evening? Your answer to these and other questions will in large measure determine the fall mode.

Weeks ago the *haute couture* set the seal of its approval on all these measures, including the two silhouettes. But French designers alone cannot make a fashion. They can only launch it, and without your approval it cannot become a style. The longer in the back than in the front outline will of course be popular, but will it have to divide attention with the skirt that is flat, front and back, with panels longer than the hem proper flanking one of the sides or both?

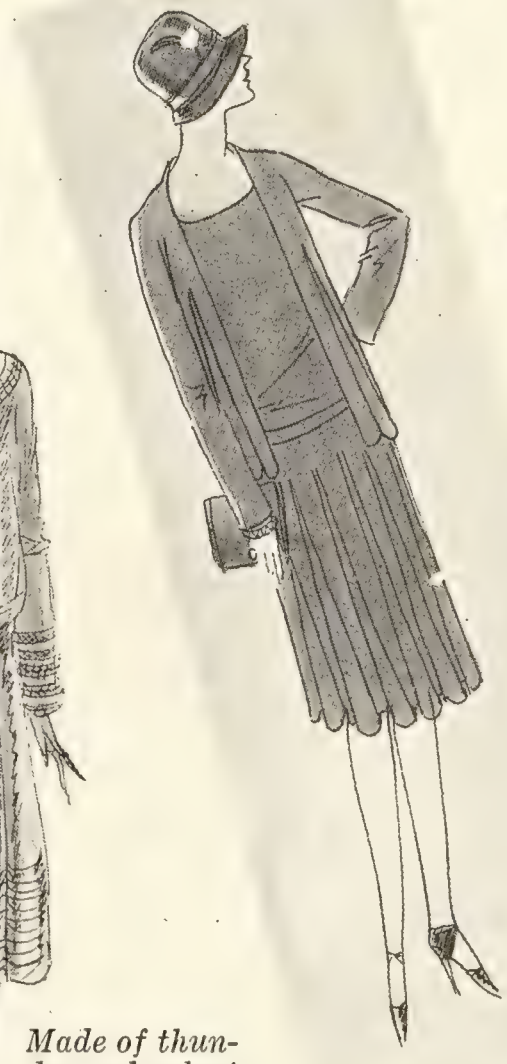
A certain thing we can almost surely count on, and this is that the look of being blown in the winds of autumn will be accepted as the look to affect. Both the side movement and the front admit nicely of this breezy appearance, which shows admirably in the accompanying illustration of the girl in afternoon costume leading her dog.

Indeed, if we actually do decide presently to become very demure and ladylike, then the so-called afternoon things will come in for attention at the end of a long period of neglect, and we shall need more than one such costume, for which a better model could scarcely be found than that in the large sketch.

One could scarcely put a time limit on the silhouette of her costume, and in deciding on it, our only concern need be to choose a material appropriate to dress and season as well.

The lovely taffetas that are coming in make an excellent substitute for the chiffon we have accepted so enthusiastically until now. These and other winter silks are even appearing in flowered and figured patterns, while chiffons, incidentally, when presented to us this late in the season, are in plain colors, swept clear of any design or leaf. Today, taffetas are made almost as pliable as jersey, and yet are allowed to retain a certain body that lends itself especially well to this windblown look that we shall wish to carry with us into fall.

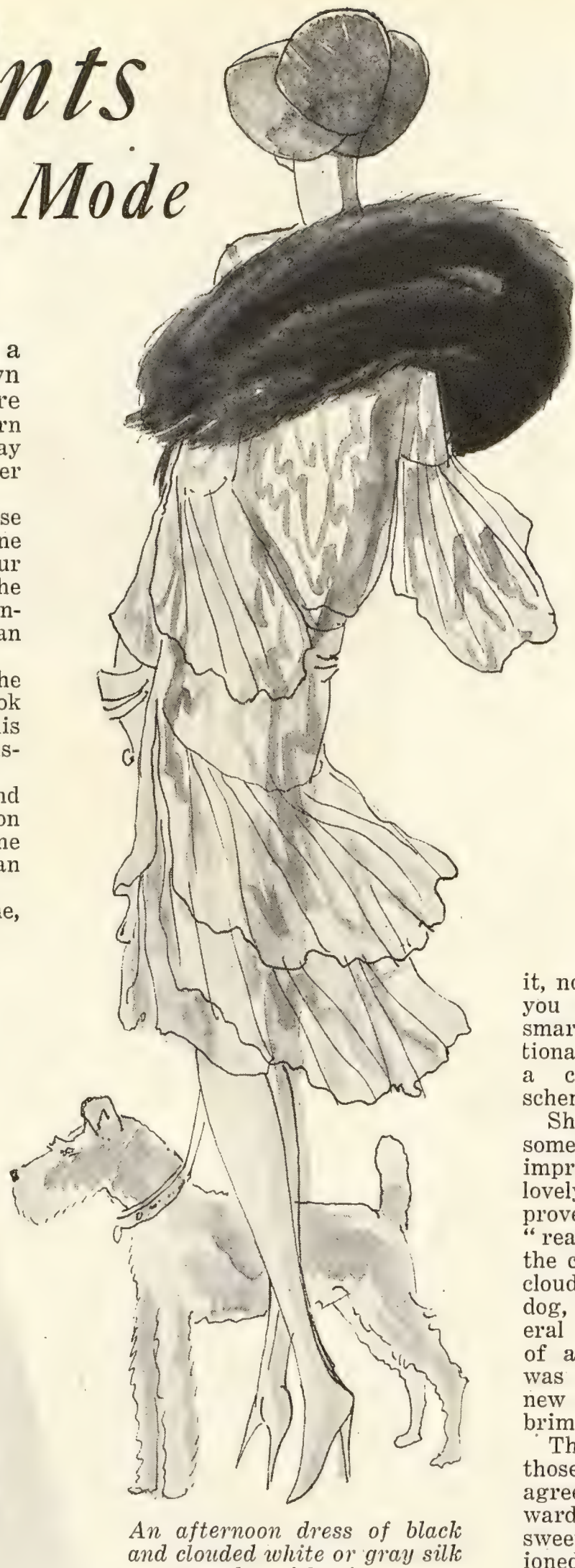
Made of thunder red velvet or satin, this old fashioned girl silhouette dress has fagoting for trimming.



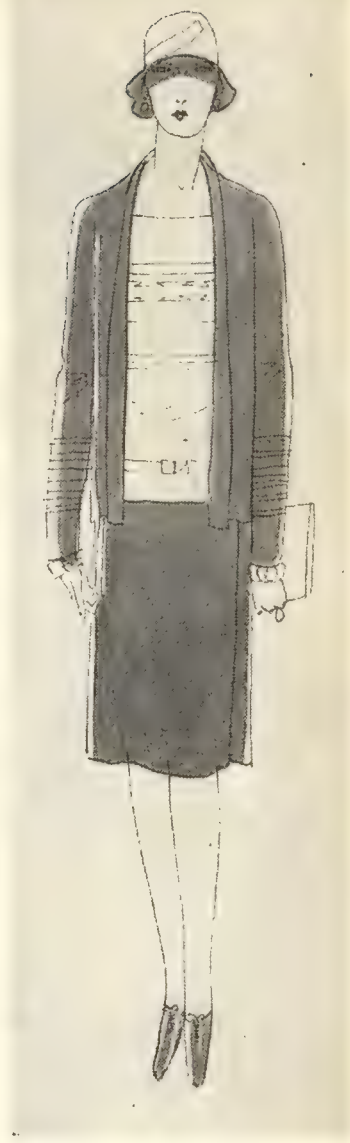
Of navy blue satin with sunburst plaits in skirt and jacket.

In addition to this rippling billowy movement, our third design incorporates another of the season's fancies — the rage for tiers. It has them on the skirt in the form of ruffles (that appear beneath the semi-molded hipline which somebody has called the mold of fashion), and it duplicates the movement in the sleeves with deep ruffles above the elbows that slyly contribute toward a simulation of the cape silhouette.

Before the artist went back to Paris, he and I were talking about how quickly one can place a lady by her choice of colors, and this is never more true than in her choice of printed and figured gowns. As he put it, no woman would ever give you the feeling of being a smart cosmopolitan or international social figure who chooses a crude, screaming color scheme for her toilette.



An afternoon dress of black and clouded white or gray silk made with tiers.



Brown angora, opening over a gilet of beige crêpe de Chine.

She would select, he said, something which at first glance impresses you as being quietly lovely, and at closer range proves to have something "really amusing" in it—as in the case of our lady with the clouded dress pattern and the dog, himself in the same general color scheme, at the end of a green leash. Her hat was in black velvet with the new upward movement of the brim.

The first design is one of those little extra dresses, so agreeable to have in one's wardrobe. It is one of those sweet looking little old fashioned dresses with the demure, natural (almost) waistline, tied around with a ribbon—the "tied in waistline," you might say—and it has the old fashioned full skirt. To get our fun out of it, therefore, we can have it in the newest of all colors and the most sophisticated of materials, the same being soft velvet in thunder red. That is what we mean by our present day conception of simplicity—simplicity with a kick in it.

We don't have to mention, surely, that thunder red is bright in color, an evolution of the hunter's shade of it, which M. Jean Patou made popular a year ago. Old fashioned fagoting is the inspired trimming for this demure costume, and it appears around neckline, sleeves, and skirt.

The second offering is composed of a series of little sunburst plaits in the skirt, which are also dramatic in their contrast to the perfectly plain bodice and separate coat that top them. The costume is really a three piece suit, and the plaits are nothing less than tiny godets, which being so many in number give the much prized fluttering and wafting movement when one walks. They are repeated on either side of the short jacket.

The fourth frock is in brown angora, and is really a one piece dress though masquerading as a coat and skirt. You will observe that the front discloses a handworked gilet in beige crêpe de Chine.

In the Jane Regny sports dress at the left we find the sports handkerchief an integral part of the dress. The sports frock beside it has the new Jeanne Lanvin neckline.

Paris Straightens the Sports Line

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, August 13.

IT looks as if that obstreperous infant, the American born sports mode, has finally been put in its proper place in the Paris fashion family. Everybody knows the history of this wonder child of fashion. How, in a short seven years, sports clothes came to have such importance that the elders of style —afternoon clothes, evening clothes, and daytime clothes—copied its infantile mannerisms, and stepped out along its youthful lines. Fashion was scarcely more than just one sweater after another, linked up with a plaited skirt.

But in the beginning of this year A. D. 1928, as I explained long ago in LIBERTY, Paris couturiers and smart women who are the mothers of modes looked upon this youngster sports clothes and decided that it was altogether too forward, not to say bold and overbearing. Sports clothes have been too much seen and heard of for the good of the ladies who bore them.

And more than that. Sports clothes, all very well in their place, when worn from morning to 12 P. M. in the inky night, did far more to reduce the true beauty of femininity to a sexless standard (at least of appearance) than votes for women, commerce, or any other of the forces accused of responsibility for this evil.

And so sports clothes were put back in their place by Paris, and during the past summer they have been kept where they belong in character and usage. This fall, sports clothes are all straightened out, and the sports line follows its original straight and narrow course, which has nothing to do with the activities of other members of the great fashion family.

Smart sports clothes this fall are true to type. They are stabilized, while the rest of fashions fluctuate. Flares, irregular hemlines, rising and falling waistlines, sleeve exaggerations, are for other types of garments. Sports costumes are classic as far as silhouette lines and character are concerned. They are youthful one, two, and three piece costumes, easily recognizable by anyone who ever saw a sports outfit. This does not mean that there is no difference between the sports clothes of last season and this, but it does mean that sports fashion changes are a matter of details, materials, and color. The newest sports costumes are not made of tweed, for instance. They are made rather of flat woolen fabrics with diagonal, basket, or linen weaves, and this change of material gives to them an aspect of novelty, in spite of their classic straight lines.

And as to color. Now that sports clothes are restricted to sporting occasions they may be much brighter and gayer than when they were worn from morning till night.

Sparkling fabrics will be used for sweaters—fancy jerseys patterned with diagonal lines, zigzag stripes, and dots. Bright handkerchiefs, scarfs, cravats, and flowers will flourish as sports accessories, and many of these details will be rooted in the dress itself.

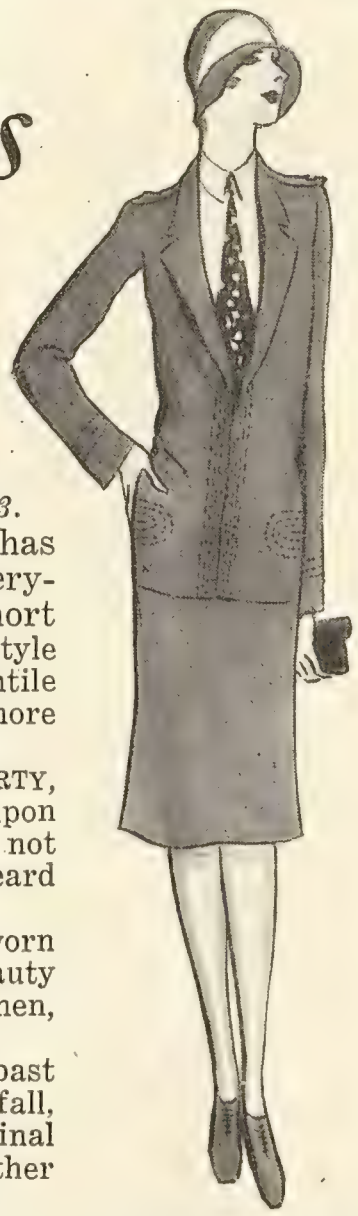
THE first model in the upper picture illustrates the manner in which Paris makes the sports handkerchief a basic part of the sports sweater. This Jane Regny sports dress is made of bronze green linen weave woolen, cut in the familiar jumper blouse and skirt. The jumper has a novel air because of the two toned green yoke, which is draped around the neck and over the left shoulder in the manner of a handkerchief, and a motif of the same printed material is set into the right side of the waist under the arm. The regulation sports belt is replaced by a sash of self material that is draped twice around the waist and tied in a knot on the left hip. The skirt has a series of small gores across the front which replace the usual plaits.

The sports frock sketched to the right of the green dress comes from Jeanne Lanvin and is made of bright ruby red basket weave woolen. The straight blouse has a novel square décolletage, crossed by tabs that are folded over and buttoned on the lower edge. The plaited skirt is stitched down around the hips and the narrow self material belt has buttoned tabs on both sides.

Our third model is a fall sports suit from Marcel Rochas. This suit is made of rust colored diagonal woolen. A suggestion of the military is given to the jacket of this suit by the tabs of self material that are placed at the shoulder lines.

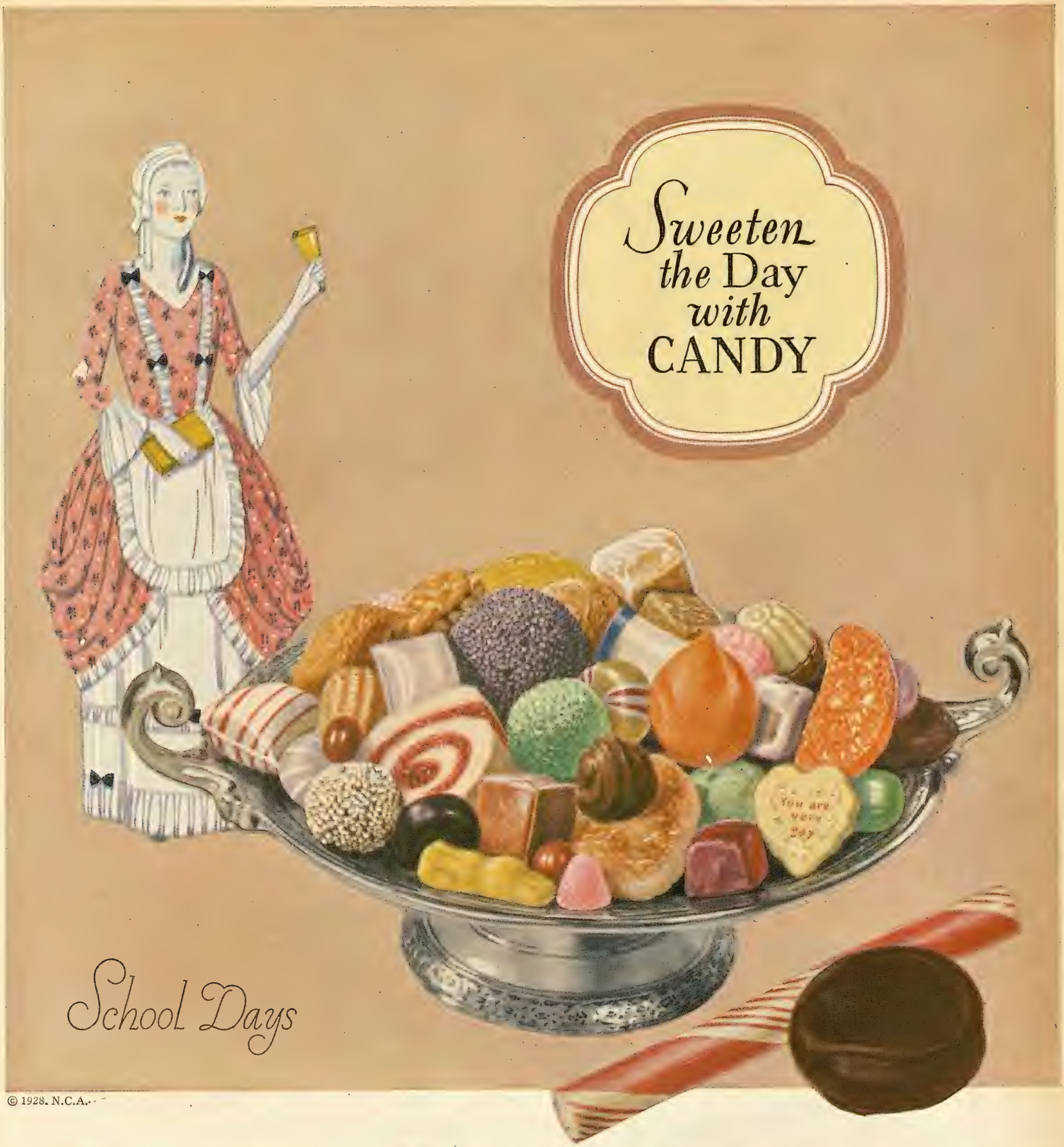
The absence of buttons at the stitched closing is another of the small details that mark this suit as distinctly new. The closing is achieved by means of invisible loops and small buttons placed on the inside. The set-in pockets and sleeves are trimmed with stitching. The skirt is a straight wrap-around.

Next to it is a sports suit from London Trades, a new type of Norfolk suit made of fancy ribbed jersey in bright sapphire blue. Plaited panels are set in both jacket and skirt, leaving the hipline of both neatly fitted. The usual sweater is replaced in this model by a surpliced blouse of extremely supple bright red suède. A red suède flower is worn at the lapel.



Marcel Rochas gives a military air to this rust colored wool suit.

Plaited panels and fitted hipline feature this suit from London Trades.



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Candy is a joy that is measured
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Sweeten the day
with Candy

THAT'S one gorgeous thing about candy—you can *always* enjoy it, whether shared with friends or consumed alone. You can't be lonesome when you can reach out your hand and help yourself to a piece of candy. In that respect candy is like a rare pal of whom you never tire. Furthermore, it's made of the very things that are very *good* for you—in their most enticing form.

now try these

Better Bran Flakes

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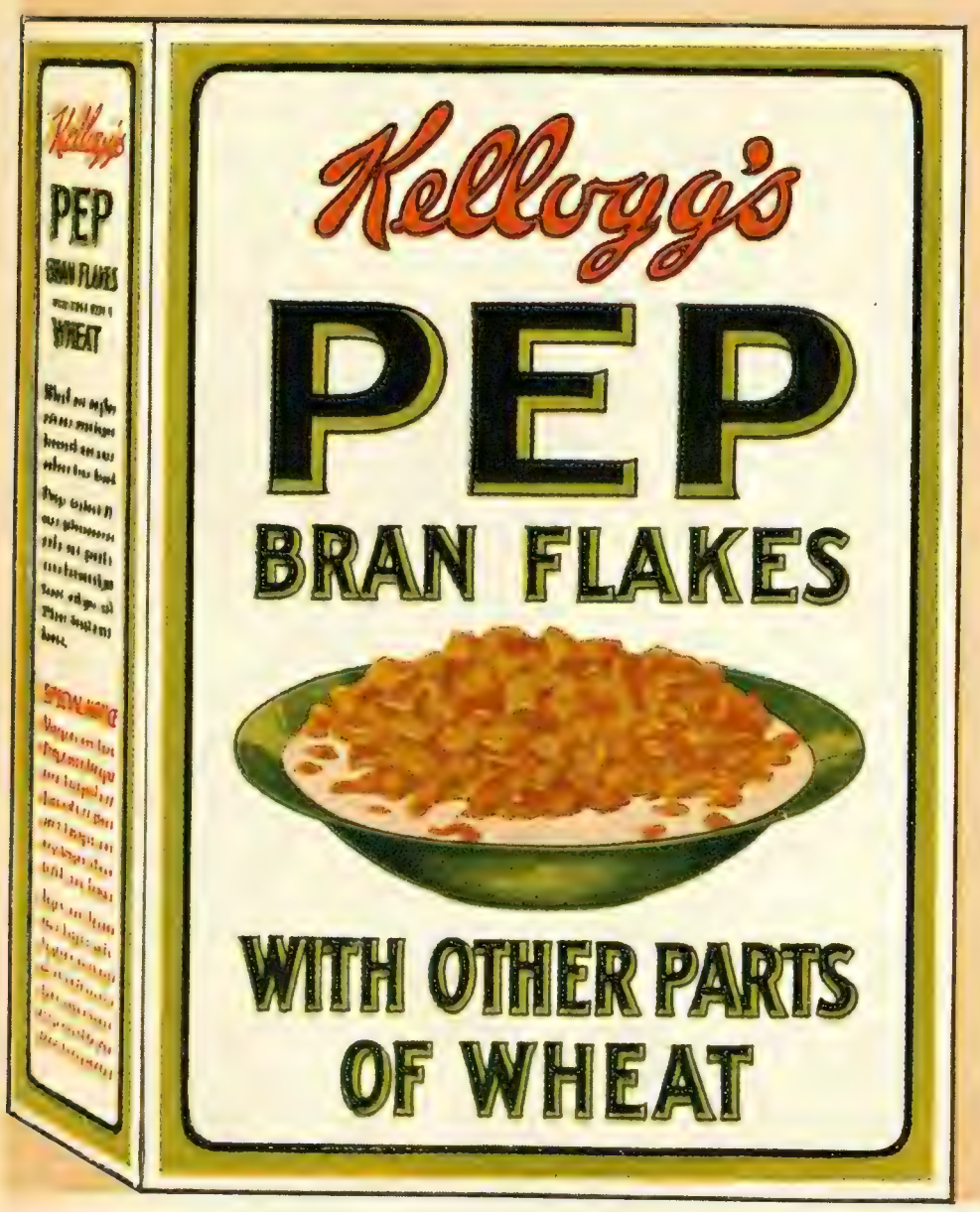

Kellogg's PEP BRAN FLAKES

Corrective EATING

By ETHEL SOMERS

THIS is the season when health inventories quite commonly reveal important summer gains in physical well being. Naturally the summer's exercise in the fresh air and sunshine deserves and receives much credit.

In no small measure these benefits, however, are derived from the pleasant and generous eating of the season's abundant fresh fruits and vegetables. For it is quite common in summer to eat some fresh raw fruits daily, and crisp leafy vegetables are palatable and much sought after. Fresh garden vegetables, being among the summer's prime treats, are generously eaten, while cream, salad oils, and bacon add to the benefits.

In short, during the summer corrective eating has become almost automatically a well established health habit. It now behooves us to make it a conscious study and practice, to the end that we may continue these benefits throughout the year.

As we become older, poor muscle tone, lessened activity, irregular habits, and an inclination toward overeating tend to make corrective eating more and more essential. Excessive tea and coffee drinking, with their inevitable increments of tannin, are especially detrimental to a free and easy digestion and evacuation.

Although in our active younger years we may not be conscious of the need for corrective eating, still, it pays everyone to establish proper health and food habits as insurance against the too rapid approach of old age.

An improper diet is one of the primary causes of constipation. Even very serious cases can be largely alleviated by rigorous food habits. In severe cases it is quite common for physicians to order no other food than fruit and vegetables for several days.

Beginning now with the summer's benefits in the way of good food habits still operative, attention and forethought in the selection of one's food during the ensuing months will in all probability be all that is necessary to carry one through a healthful winter.

Laxative foods may be classified in five groupings:

1. Foods that leave in the digestive tract a stimulating cellulose or an indigestible residue. The coarse breads, whole cereals, fruit, and vegetable skins are such foods.

2. Foods supplying generous quantities of organic acids, such as the fruits and vegetables, especially when served raw as in a salad or fruit bowl.

3. The gas-forming foodstuffs, such as onions, molasses, honey, beans, cabbage, and cauliflower.

4. Foods with a generous yield of water, aside from tea and coffee. Such foods are soups, buttermilk compounds, and fruit juices, especially honey sweetened lemonade and orangeade.

5. Lastly are the fats serving as body lubricants. Herein is the value of oil, salad dressing, bacon, butter, and cream.

Eating generously from the list of good laxative foods will prolong that feeling of pep built up by healthful summer living. Herewith are some pleasant, easy to take recipes for corrective eating.

Whole Cereal Fig Pudding

2 cups cooked cracked wheat or whole wheat middlings (see package directions for cooking)
½ cup chopped figs
½ cup chopped nuts
¾ cup brown sugar
2 cups milk
1 beaten egg

ADD the sugar, chopped fruit, and nuts to the cooked cereal, which should be cooled before making it into the pudding. Add the milk and beaten egg. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 30 minutes. Serve lukewarm, hot, or cold, with plain or whipped cream.

A group of good laxative foods (selected by the Home Economics Department of the University of Chicago). These are valuable for their bulky residue, gas-forming properties, lubricating effect, and water content.

Parisian Sweets

Equal quantities of figs, dates, prunes, and nuts chopped together
Orange juice to moisten
Confectioner's sugar

CHOP equal parts of dried pitted fruit, add the fruit juice, and knead on a board slightly sprinkled with confectioner's sugar. When well blended, roll to ½ inch thickness. Cut into cubes and roll each piece in confectioner's sugar until coated. Store in metal boxes.

Stuffed Prunes

Large select prunes
Granulated sugar
Chopped dates, figs, and candied cherries

SOAK select perfect prunes in cold water for several hours. Steam until tender and remove the pits. Fill the cavities with equal parts of dates, figs, and cherries chopped together. Press into symmetrical shape and roll in granulated sugar. Let stand several days before serving.

Molasses Cookies

½ cup shortening
½ c. brown su. } *or*
½ c. molasses } 1 c. molasses
¼ cup boiling water
3 cups pastry flour, *or*
2⅔ cups bread flour
¼ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon each allspice, cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg
½ to 1 cup raisins or currants

CREAM the shortening and sugar, if used. Add the molasses mixed with the boiling water. Sift in the dry ingredients. If drop cookies are preferred, use ⅓ cup less flour. Knead until well mixed. Roll or drop in the pan and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 15 minutes.

Whole Cereal Cookies

1¾ cups whole cereal flour, *or* ⅞ cup whole cereal middlings or bran flour plus ⅞ cup white flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¾ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon soda
1 cup brown sugar, *or* 1 cup molasses, omitting ½ cup milk
1 cup dried fruit (raisins, dates, figs, or prunes)
1 cup nutmeats, if desired
⅓ cup melted shortening (if unsalted fat is used, add ½ teaspoon additional salt to the recipe)
¾ cup milk

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Combine the melted shortening and milk. Add the fruit and chopped nuts to the flour mixture. Slowly stir in the liquids. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls on a buttered baking sheet 1½ inches apart. Bake in a hot oven (385° F. to 390° F.) for 15 to 20 minutes, or until the cookies are lightly browned and baked. Cool on a rack and keep in a metal airtight container.

Gingerbread

Eggless
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1½ teaspoons soda
2 teaspoons ginger
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup molasses
½ cup sour milk
4 tablespoons melted butter or oil

One egg
2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup brown sugar
¾ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
¾ teaspoon ginger
¾ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup sour milk
½ cup molasses
1 egg
3 tablespoons butter or substitute

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Combine the sour milk and molasses (also beaten egg if used). Add these liquids to the dry ingredients. Beat in the slightly cooled melted fat until the mixture is thoroughly blended. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 minutes.

ONLY a few recipes for good laxative foods are given by Ethel Somers on this page. In the three cookbooks Miss Somers has prepared for LIBERTY readers you will find recipes for many other laxative foods, including directions for making Boston brown bread, whole cereal puddings, molasses candy, coarse breakfast cereals, ginger cookies, whole cereal mush, rolled oats, raw fruit and vegetable health salads. These suggestions for corrective eating can be followed by every housewife anxious to serve the family with foods that are health giving as well as nutritive. Each cookbook is 10¢, but you may have all three for only 25¢. Send for them today and use the coupon, please.

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Money for Nothing

(Reading time: 25 minutes 15 seconds.)

DOLLY MOLLOY, "Soapy" Molloy's young and dashing wife, decided to pose as his daughter. Soapy gloomily consented.

The Molloys were a pair of slick American crooks who had just transferred their field of effort to England. Talking in millions, they got an invitation to visit at Rudge Hall, an easy drive from London.

The family at the Hall consisted of its bachelor squire, Lester Carmody; his nephew, Hugo Carmody, heir to the estate; and another nephew, John Carroll, who was deeply in love with Pat Wyvern, the charming daughter of a peppery retired colonel. To John's disgust, the Squire and the Colonel, once pals, were persisting in an old man's quarrel.

The Hall itself was full of priceless antiques, and Dolly promptly grasped two facts: first, that the antiques, being heirlooms, could not be sold, and, second, that the Squire's only god was money. So she suggested a fake burglary. Let the treasures disappear, and Soapy would buy them. Besides, there was the insurance money.

Mr. Carmody fell.

The actual theft Soapy persuaded his friend, Dr. "Chimp" Twist, to commit. Twist ran a health establishment not far away. He entered the Hall at night and, as agreed, gathered the small though priceless treasures into a hand bag and left this in the stair closet.

The next morning—consternation! But the butler had caught a glimpse of Twist. He confided this to John, and John—in spite of a 1 o'clock date with Pat—determined to speed over to Twist's place and investigate. Dolly insisted on driving with him.

Once there, she had a word with Flannery, Twist's assistant, and told him that John was her alcoholic brother, whom she had brought for treatment. After Twist had doped John, Flannery locked him up. Then Dolly doped Twist, phoned Soapy to get the bag and be off, and herself appropriated John's car—and sped away.

When Twist was recovering from Dolly's knockout drops he had a call from Soapy Molloy. It developed that the Squire, aware of the Americans' crookedness, had, early that morning, sent Bolt, the chauffeur, to put the treasure bag in the left luggage room at the station.

By chance Bolt had given the ticket to John —who still had it!

PART THIRTEEN

CHIMP stared at Mr. Molloy.

"Bolt, the chauffeur, gave the ticket to Carroll?" he said. "You mean the bird upstairs?"

"Is he upstairs?"

"Sure he's upstairs. Locked in a room with bars on the window. You're certain he has the ticket?"

"I know he has. So all we've got to do now is get it off him."

"That's all?"

"That's all."

"And how," inquired Chimp, "do you propose to do it?"

Mr. Molloy made no immediate reply. The question was one which, in the intervals of dodging the pedals of his bicycle, he had been asking himself ever since he had left Rudge Hall. He had hoped that, in the enthusiasm of the moment, some spontaneous solution would leap from his old friend's lips; but it was plain that this was not to be.

"I thought maybe you would think of a way, Chimpie," he was compelled to confess.

"Oh? Me, eh?"

"You're smart," said Mr. Molloy deferentially. "You've got a head. Whatever anyone's said about you, no one's ever denied that. You'll think of a way."

"I will, will I? And while I'm doing it you'll just sit back, I suppose, and have a nice rest? And all you're suggesting that I'm to get out of it—"

"Now, Chimpie," quavered Mr. Molloy. He had feared this development.

"— is a measly one-third. Say, let me tell you—"

"Now, Chimpie," urged Mr. Molloy, with unshed tears in his voice, "let's not start all that over again. We settled the terms. Gentleman's agreement. It's all fixed."

"Is it? Come down out of the clouds—you're scaring the birds. What I want now, if I'm going to do all the work and help you out of a tough spot, is seventy thirty."

"Seventy thirty!" echoed Mr. Molloy, appalled.

"And if you don't like it let's hear you suggest a way of getting that ticket off of that guy upstairs. Maybe you'd like to go up and have a talk with him? If he's feeling anything like the way I felt when I came to after those kayo drops of yours, he'll be glad to see you. What does it matter to you if he pulls your head off and drops it out of the window? You can only live once, so what the hell!"

"She had eyes"—he paused for a telling simile—"eyes,"

Mr. Molloy gazed dismally before him. Never a very inventive man, his bicycle ride had left him even less capable of inspiration than usual. He had to admit himself totally lacking in anything resembling a constructive plan of campaign. He yearned for his dear wife's gentle presence. Dolly was the bright one of the family. In a crisis like this she would have been full of ideas, each one a crackajack.

"We can't keep him locked up in that room forever," he said unhappily.

"We don't have to—not if you agree to my seventy thirty."

"Have you thought of a way, then?"

"Sure I've thought of a way."

Mr. Molloy's depression became more marked than ever. He knew what this meant. The moment he gave up the riddle, that miserable little Chimp would come out with some scheme which had been staring him in the face all along, if only he had had the intelligence to see it.

"Well?" said Chimp. "Think quick. And remember thirty's better than nothing. And don't say, when I've told you, that it's just the idea you've had yourself from the start."

Mr. Molloy urged his weary brain to one last spurt of activity, but without result. He was a specialist. He could sell shares in phantom oil wells better than anybody on either side of the Atlantic, but there he stopped. Outside his specialty he was almost a total loss.

"All right, Chimpie," he sighed, facing the inevitable.

"Seventy thirty?"

"Seventy thirty. Though how I'm to break it to the madam I don't know. She won't like it, Chimpie. It'll be a nasty blow for the madam."

"I hope it chokes her," said Chimp unchivalrously. "Her and her lilies! Well, then—here's what we do. When Flannery takes the guy his coffee and eggs tomorrow, there'll be something in the pot besides coffee. There'll be some of those kayo drops of yours. And then all we have to do is just simply walk upstairs and dig the ticket out of his clothes, and there we are."

Mr. Molloy uttered an agonized cry. His presentiment had been correct.

"I'd have thought of that myself—" he wailed.

"Sure you would," replied Chimp comfortably, "if you'd of had something that wasn't a Hubbard squash or something where your head ought to be. Those just as good imitation heads never pay in the long run. What you ought to do is sell yours for what it'll fetch and get a new one. And next time," said Chimp, "make it a prettier one."

II

THE dawn of what promised to be an eventful day broke grayly over Healthward Ho. By 7 o'clock, however, the sun had forced its way through the mists, and at 8 precisely one of its rays, stealing in at an upper window, fell upon Sergeant Major Flannery, lovely in sleep.

He grunted, opened his eyes, and, realizing that another morning had arrived with all its manifold tasks and responsibilities, heaved himself out of bed, and after a few soldierly setting up exercises began his simple toilet.

In Which Love Bides Its Time, While Villainy Takes a Tumble

A Serial by **P. G. WODEHOUSE**

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

he resumed devoutly, "like twin stars."

This completed, he made his way to the kitchen, where a fragrant smell of bacon and coffee announced that breakfast awaited him.

His companions in the feast—Rosa the maid, and Mrs. Evans the cook—greeted him with the respectful warmth due to a man of his position and gifts. However unpopular Mr. Flannery might be with the resident patients of Healthward Ho—and Admiral Sir James Rigby-Rudd, for one, had on several occasions expressed a wistful desire to skin him—he was always sure of a hearty welcome below stairs. Rosa worshiped his mustache, and Mrs. Evans found his conversation entertaining.

TODAY, however, though the mustache was present in all its pristine glory, the conversation was lacking. Usually it was his custom, before so much as spearing an egg, to set things going brightly with some entertaining remark on the state of the weather or possibly the absorbing description of a dream which he had had in the night. But this morning he sat silent—or as nearly silent as he could ever be when eating.

"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Flannery," said Mrs. Evans, piqued.

The Sergeant Major started. It came to him that he had been remiss.

"I was thinking, ma'am," he said, poising a forkful of bacon, "of what I may call the sadness of life."

"Life is sad," agreed Mrs. Evans.

"Ah!" said Rosa, the maid, who, being a mere slip of a girl and only permitted to join in these symposia as a favor, should not have spoken at all.

"That verlent case upstairs," proceeded Mr. Flannery, swallowing the bacon and forking up another load. "Now, there's something that makes your heart bleed, if I may use the expression at the breakfast table. That young fellow no doubt started out in life with everything pointing to a happy and prosperous career. Good home, good education, everything. And just because he's allowed himself to fall into bad 'abits, there he is under lock and key, so to speak."

"Can he get out?" asked Rosa.

It was a subject which she and the cook had discussed in alarmed whispers far into the night.

Mr. Flannery raised his eyebrows.

"No, he cannot get out. And, if he did, you wouldn't have nothing to fear, not with me around."

"I'm sure it's a comfort feeling that you are around, Mr. Flannery," said Mrs. Evans.

"Almost the very words the young fellow's sister said to me when she left him here," rumbled Mr. Flannery complacently. "She said to me, 'Sergeant Major,' she said, 'it's sure a relief to feel that there's someone like you 'ere, Sergeant Major,' she said. 'I'm sure you're wonderful in any kind of an emergency, Sergeant Major,' she said." He sighed. "It's thinking of 'er that brings home the sadness of it all to a man, if you understand me. What I mean, here's that beautiful young creature racked with anxiety, as the saying is, on account of this worthless brother of hers—"

"I didn't think she was so beautiful," said Rosa.

An awful silence followed these words, the sort of silence that would fall upon a housekeeper's room if, supposing such a thing possible, some young underfootman were to contradict the butler. Sergeant Major Flannery's eyes bulged and he drank coffee in a marked manner.

"Don't you talk nonsense, my girl," he said shortly.

"A girl can speak, can't she? A girl can make a remark, can't she?"

"Certainly she can speak," replied Mr. Flannery. "Undoubtedly she can make a remark. But," he added with quiet severity, "let it be sense. That young lady was the most beautiful young lady I've ever seen. She had eyes"—he paused for a telling simile—"eyes," he resumed devoutly, "like twin stars."

He turned to Mrs. Evans.

"When you've got that case's breakfast ready, ma'am, perhaps you would instruct someone to bring it out to me in the garden and I'll take it up to him. I shall be smoking my pipe in the shrubbery."

"You're not going already, Mr. Flannery?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"But you haven't finished your breakfast."

"I have quite finished my breakfast, ma'am," said Sergeant Major Flannery. "I would not wish to eat any more."

HE withdrew. To the pleading in the eyes of Rosa he pointedly paid no attention. He was not unaware of the destructive effect which the mustache nestling between his thumb and forefinger had wrought on the girl's heart, but he considered rightly that if you didn't keep women in their place occasionally, where were you? Rosa was a nice little thing, but nice little things must not be allowed to speak lightly of goddesses.

In the kitchen which he had left, conversation had now resolved itself into a monologue by Mrs. Evans on the Modern Girl. It need not be reported in detail, for Mrs. Evans on the Modern Girl was very like all the other members of the older generation who from time to time have given their views on the subject in the pulpit and the press.

Briefly, Mrs. Evans did not know what girls were coming to nowadays. They spoke irreverently in the presence of their elders. They lacked respect. They thrust themselves forward. They annoyed good men to the extent of only half finishing their breakfasts. What Mrs. Evans' mother would have said if Mrs. Evans in her girlhood had behaved as Rosa had just behaved was a problem which Mrs. Evans frankly admitted herself unable to solve.

And at the end of it all the only remark which Rosa vouchsafed was a repetition of the one which had caused Sergeant Major Flannery to leave the table short one egg and a slice of bacon of his normal allowance.

"I didn't think she was so beautiful," said Rosa, tossing a bobbed auburn head.

Whether this deplorable attitude would have reduced Mrs. Evans to a despairing silence, or

[CONT. ON NEXT PAGE]

He was immediately behind the girl, and in a tender whisper uttered the single word, "Boo!"

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page sixty-five]

caused her to repeat her observations with renewed energy, will never be known, for at this moment one of the bells above the dresser jangled noisily.

"That's Him," said Mrs. Evans. "Go and see what He wants." She usually referred to the proprietor of Healthward Ho by means of a pronoun with a capital letter, disapproving, though she recognized its aptness, of her assistant's preference for the sobriquet of Old Monkey Brand. "If it's his breakfast, tell him it'll be ready in a minute."

Rosa departed.

"It's not his breakfast," she announced, returning. "It's the case upstairs' breakfast. Old Monkey Brand wants to have a look at it before it's took him."

"Don't call him Old Monkey Brand."

"Well it's what he looks like, isn't it?"

"Never mind," replied Mrs. Evans, and resumed her speculations as to what her mother would have said.

"He's to have some bacon and eggs and toast and a potter coffee," said Rosa, showing rather a lack of interest in Mrs. Evans' mother. "And old Lord Twist wants to have a look at it before it's took him. It all depends what you call beautiful," said Rosa. "If you're going to call anyone beautiful that's got touched up hair and eyes like one of those vamps in the pictures—well, all I can say is—"

"That's enough," said Mrs. Evans.

Silence reigned in the kitchen, broken only by the sizzling of bacon and the sniffs of a modern girl who did not see eye to eye with her elders on the subject of feminine beauty.

Briefly, Mrs. Evans did not know what girls were coming to nowadays.

"Here you are," said Mrs. Evans at length. "Get me one of them trays and the pepper and salt and mustard, and be careful you don't drop it."

"Drop it? Why should I drop it?"

"Well, don't."

"There was a woman in Hearts and Satins that had eyes just like hers," said Rosa, balancing the tray and speaking with the cold scorn which good women feel for their erring sisters. "And what she didn't do! Apart from stealing all them important papers relating to the invention—"

"You're spilling that coffee."

"No, I'm not."

"Well, don't," said Mrs. Evans.

III

OUT in the garden, hidden from the gaze of any who might espy him and set him to work, Sergeant Major Flannery lolled in the shrubbery, savoring that best smoke of the day, the after breakfast pipe. He was still ruffled, for Dolly had made a deep impression on him, and any statement to the effect that she was not a thing of loveliness ranked, to his thinking, under the head of blasphemy.

Of course, he mused, there was this to be said for the girl Rosa, this rather important point to be put forward in extenuation of her loose speech—she worshiped the ground he walked on and had obviously spoken as she did under the sudden smart of an uncontrollable jealousy. Contemplated in this light, her remarks became almost excusable. And, growing benevolent under the influence of tobacco, Mr. Flannery began to feel his resentment changing gradually into something approaching tenderness.

Rosa, when you came to look at it squarely, was, he reflected, rather to be pitied than censured. Young girls, of course, needed suppressing at times, and had to be ticked off for their own good when they got above themselves; but there was no doubt that the situation must have been trying to one in her frame of mind. To hear the man she worshiped speaking with unrestrained praise of the looks of another of her sex was enough to upset any girl. Properly looked at, in short, Rosa's outburst had been a compliment; and Sergeant Major Flannery, now definitely mollified, decided to forgive her.

At this moment he heard footsteps on the gravel path that skirted the shrubbery, and became alert and vigilant. He was not supposed to smoke in the grounds of Healthward Ho, because of the maddening effect the spectacle could not fail to have upon the patients if they saw him.

He knocked out his pipe and peered cautiously through the branches. Then he perceived that he need have had no alarm. It was only Rosa. She was standing with her back to him, holding a laden tray. He remembered now that he had left instructions that the case's breakfast should be brought out to him, preliminary to being carried up the ladder.

"Mr. Flanner-ee!" called Rosa, and scanned the horizon.

It was not often that Sergeant Major Flannery permitted himself any action that might be called arch or roguish; but his meditations in the shrubbery, added to the mellowing influence of tobacco, had left him in an unusually light hearted mood. The sun was shining, the little birds were singing, and Mr. Flannery felt young and gay.

Putting his pipe in his pocket, accordingly, he crept through the shrubbery until he was immediately behind the girl, and then in a tender whisper uttered the single word, "Boo!"

All great men have their limitations. We recognize the inevitability of this and do not hold it against them. One states, therefore—not in any spirit of reproach, but simply as a fact of historical interest—that tender whispering was one of the things that Sergeant Major Flannery did not do well. Between intention and performance there was, when Mr. Flannery set out to whisper tenderly, a great gulf fixed.

THE actual sound he now uttered was not unlike that which might proceed from the foghorn of an Atlantic liner or a toastmaster having a fit in a boiler shop, and, bursting forth as it did within a few inches of her ear without any warning whatsoever, it had on Rosa an effect identical with that produced on Colonel Wyvern at an earlier point in this chronicle by John Carroll's sudden bellow outside the shop of Chas. Bywater, Chemist.

From trivial causes great events may spring. Rosa sprang about three feet. A sharp squeal escaped her and she dropped the tray. After which, she stood with a hand on her heart, panting.

Sergeant Major Flannery recognized at once that he had done the wrong thing. His generous spirit had led him astray. If he had wished to inform Rosa that all was forgotten and forgiven, he should have stepped out of the shrubbery and said so in a few simple words, face to face. By acting, as it were, obliquely and allowing himself to be for the moment a disembodied voice, he had made a mess of things.

Among the things he had made a mess of were a pot of coffee, a pitcher of milk, a bowl of sugar, a dish of butter, vessels containing salt, mustard, and pepper, a rack of toast, and a plateful of eggs and bacon. All these objects now littered the turf before him, and emerging from the shrubbery, he surveyed them ruefully.

"Oo—er!" he said.

Oddly enough, relief rather than annoyance seemed to be the emotion dominating his companion. If ever there was an occasion when a girl might excusably have said some of the things girls are so good at saying nowadays, this was surely it. But Rosa merely panted at the Sergeant Major thankfully.

"I thought you was the case upstairs!" she gasped. "When I heard that gashly sound right in my ear, I thought it was him got out."

"You're all right, my girl," said Mr. Flannery. "I'm 'ere."

"Oh, Mr. Flannery!"

"There, there!" said the Sergeant Major.

In spite of the feeling that he was behaving a little prematurely, he slipped a massive arm round the girl's waist. He also kissed her. He had not intended to commit himself quite so definitely as this, but it seemed now the only thing to do.

Rosa became calmer.

"I dropped the tray," she said.

"Yes," said Mr. Flannery, who was quick at noticing things.

"I'd better go and tell him."

"Tell Mr. Twist?"

"Well, I'd better, hadn't I?"

Mr. Flannery demurred. To tell Mr. Twist involved explanations, and explanations, if they were to be convincing, must necessarily reveal him, Mr. Flannery, in a light none too dignified. It might be that, having learned the facts, Mr. Twist would decide to dispense with the services of an assistant who, even from the best motives, hid in shrubberies and said "Boo!" to maidservants.

"You listen to me, my girl," he advised. "Mr. Twist is a busy gentleman that has many responsibilities and much to occupy him. He don't want to be bothered with no stories of dropped trays. All you just do is run back to the kitchen and tell Mrs. Evans to cook the case some more breakfast. The coffeepot's broke, but the cup ain't broke, and the plate ain't broke, and the mustardan-pepperan-salt thing ain't broke. I'll pick 'em up, and you take 'em back on the tray and don't say nothing to nobody. While you're gone I'll be burying what's left of them eggs."

"But Mr. Twist put something special in the coffee."

"Eh? How do you mean?"

"When I took him in the tray just now, he said, 'Is that the case upstairs' breakfast?' And I said yes, it was, and Old Monkey Brand put something looked like a aspirin tablet or something in the coffeepot. I thought it might be some medicine he had to have to make him quiet and keep him from breaking out and murdering all of us."

Mr. Flannery smiled indulgently.

"THAT case upstairs don't need nothing of that sort—not when I'm around," he said. "Mr. Twist's like all these civilians. He gets unduly nervous. He don't understand that there's no need or necessity or occasion whatsoever for these what I may call sedatives when I'm on the premises to lend a 'and in case of any verlence. Besides, it don't do anybody no good always to be taking these drugs and what not. The case 'ad 'is sleeping draft yesterday, and you never know it might not undermine his 'ealth to go taking another this morning. So if Mr. Twist asks you has the case had his coffee, you just say, 'Yes, sir,' in a smart and respectful manner, and I'll do the same. And then nobody needn't be any the wiser."

Mr. Flannery's opportunity of doing the same occurred not more than a quarter of an hour later. Returning from the task of climbing the ladder and handing in the revised breakfast at John's window, he encountered his employer in the hall.

"Oh, Flannery," said Mr. Twist.

"Sir?"

"The—er—the violent case. Has he had breakfast?"

"He was eatin' it quite hearty when I left him not five minutes ago, sir."

Chimp paused.

"Did he drink his coffee?" he asked carelessly.

"Yes, sir," replied Sergeant Major Flannery in a smart and respectful manner.

"Oh! I see. Thank you."

"Thank *you*, sir," said Sergeant Major Flannery.

IV

IN describing John as eating his breakfast quite 'earty, Sergeant Major Flannery, though not as a rule an artist in words, had for once undoubtedly achieved the *mot juste*. Hearty was the exact adjective to describe that ill used young man's method of approach to the eggs and bacon and coffee which his jailer had handed him in between the bars of the window.

Neither his now rooted dislike of Mr. Flannery nor any sense of the indignity of accepting food like some rare specimen in a zoo could compete in John with an appetite which had been growing silently within him through the night-watches. His headache had gone, leaving in its place a hunger which wolves might have envied.

Placing himself outside an egg almost before the Sergeant Major had time to say "Oo—er," he finished the other egg, the bacon, the toast, the butter, the milk, and the coffee—and, having lifted the plate to see if any crumbs had got concealed beneath it and finding none, was compelled reluctantly to regard the meal as concluded.

He now felt considerably better. Food and drink had stayed in him that animal ravenousness which makes food and drink the only possible object of a man's thoughts, and he was able to turn his mind to other matters. Having found and swallowed a lump of sugar which had got itself overlooked under a fold of the napkin, he returned to the bed and lay down.

A man who wishes to think can generally do so better in a horizontal position. So John lay on the bed and stared at the ceiling, pondering.

He certainly had sufficient material for thought to keep him occupied almost indefinitely. The more he meditated upon his present situation, the less was he able to understand it. That the villain Twist, wishing to get away with the spoils of Rudge Hall, should have imprisoned him in this room in order to gain time for flight would have been intelligible. John would never have been able to bring himself to approve of such an action, but he had to admit its merits as a piece of strategy.

But Twist had not flown. According to Sergeant Major Flannery, he was still on the premises. And so, apparently, was his accomplice, the black hearted Molloy.

But why? What did they think

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WELDONA
TABLETS FOR
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"We have sold more than 46,200 packages of Weldona tablets in less than one year and have nothing but the highest praise for it."

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Sold by Druggists from Coast to Coast

LARGEST SELLING RHEUMATIC TABLET IN THE WORLD

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page sixty-seven]

they were doing? How long did they suppose they would be able to keep a respectable citizen cooped up like this, even though his only medium of communication with the outer world were a more than usually fatheaded sergeant major?

The thing baffled John completely.

He next turned his mind to thoughts of Pat, and experienced a feverish concern. Here was something to get worried about. What, he asked himself, must Pat be thinking? He had promised to call for her in the Widgeon Seven at 1 o'clock yesterday. She would assume that he had forgotten. She would suppose—

HE would have gone on torturing himself with these reflections for a considerable time, but at this moment he suddenly heard a sharp clicking sound. It resembled the noise a key makes when turning in a lock, and was probably the only sound on earth which at that particular point in his meditations would have had the power to arrest his attention.

He lifted his head and looked round. Yes, the door was opening, and it was opening, what was more, in just the nasty, slow, furtive, sneaking way in which a door would open if somebody like the leper Twist had got hold of the handle.

In this matter of the hellhound Twist's mental processes John was now thoroughly fogged. The man appeared to be something very closely resembling an imbecile. When flight was the one thing that could do him a bit of good, he did not fly; and now, having with drugs and imprisonment and the small talk of sergeant majors reduced a muscular young man to a condition of homicidal enthusiasm, he was apparently paying that young man a social call.

However, the mental condition of this monkey faced, waxed mustached bounder and criminal was beside the point. What was important was to turn his weakmindedness to profit. The moment was obviously one for cunning and craftiness, and John accordingly dropped his head on the pillow, cunningly closed his eyes, and craftily began to breathe like one deep in sleep.

The ruse proved effective. After a moment of complete silence, a board creaked. Then another board creaked. And then he heard the door close gently. Finally, from the neighborhood of the door there came to him a sound of whispering. And across the years there floated into John's mind a dim memory. This whispering—it reminded him of something.

Then he got it. Ages ago—when he was a child—Christmas Eve—his father and mother lurking in the doorway to make sure that he was asleep before creeping to the bed and putting the presents in his stocking.

The recollection encouraged John. There is nothing like having done a thing before and knowing the technique.

He never had been asleep on those bygone Christmas Eves, but the gift bearers had never suspected it; and he resolved that, if any of the old skill and artistry still lingered with him, the Messrs. Twist and Molloy should not suspect it now. He deepened the note of his breathing, introducing into it a motif almost asthmatic.

"It's all right," said the voice of Mr. Twist.

"Okay?" said the voice of Mr. Molloy.

"Okay," said the voice of Mr. Twist.

Whereupon, walking confidently and without any further effort at stealth, the two approached the bed.

"I guess he drank the whole potful," said Mr. Twist.

Once more John found himself puzzling over the way this man's mind worked. By pot he presumably meant the coffeepot standing on the tray, and why the contents of this should appear to him in the light of a soporific was more than John could understand.

"Say, listen," said Mr. Twist. "You go and hang around outside the door, Soapy."

"Why?" inquired Mr. Molloy, and it seemed to John that he spoke coldly.

"So's to see nobody comes along, of course."

"Yeah?" said Mr. Molloy, and his voice was now unmistakably dry. "And you'll come out in a minute and tell me you're all broke up about it, but he hadn't got the ticket on him, after all."

"You don't think—"

"Yes, I do think."

"If you can't trust me that far—"

"Chimpie," said Mr. Molloy, "I wouldn't trust you as far as a snail could make in three jumps. I wouldn't believe you, not even if I knew you were speaking the truth."

"Oh, well, if that's how you feel—" said Mr. Twist, injured.

John's perplexity increased. He could make nothing of that "ticket." The only ticket he had in his possession was the one Bolt the chauffeur had given him to give to his uncle for some bag or other which he had left in the cloakroom at Shrub Hill station. Why should these men—

He became aware of fingers groping toward the inner pocket of his coat. And as they touched him he decided that the moment had come to act.

Bracing the muscles of his back, he sprang from the bed and with an acrobatic leap hurled himself toward the door and stood leaning against it.

HE became aware of fingers groping toward the inner pocket of his coat.

In the pause which followed this brisk move, it soon became evident to John, rubbing his shoulders against the oak panels and glowering upon the two treasure seekers, that if the scene was to be brightened by anything in the nature of dialogue the ball of conversation would have to be set rolling by himself.

Not for some little time, it was clear, would his companions be in a condition for speech. Chimp Twist was looking like a monkey that has bitten into a bad nut, and Soapy Molloy like an American Senator who has received an anonymous telegram saying, "All is discovered. Fly at once."

So it was John who was the first to speak.

"Now, then!" said John. "How about it?"

The question was a purely rhetorical one, and received no reply. Mr. Molloy uttered an odd, strangled sound like a faraway cat with a fishbone in its throat, and Chimp's waxed mustache seemed to droop at the ends.

IT occurred to both of them that they had never realized before what a remarkably muscular, well developed young man John was.

"I've a good mind to break both your necks," said John.

At these unpleasant words Mr. Molloy came to life sufficiently to be able to draw back a step, thus leaving his partner nearer than himself to the danger zone.

It was a move strictly in accordance with business ethics. For if, Mr. Molloy was arguing, Chimp claimed 70 per cent of the profits of their little venture, it was only fair that he should assume an equivalent proportion of its liabilities. At the moment the thing looked like turning out all liabilities, and these Mr. Molloy was only too glad to split on a seventy thirty basis.

So he moved behind Chimp, and from behind the bulwark of his body, which he could have wished had been more substantial, peered anxiously at John.

John, having sketched out his ideal policy, was now forced to descend to the practical. Agreeable as it would have been to take these two men and bump their heads together, he realized that such a course would be a deviation from the main issue.

The important thing was to ascertain what they had done with the loot, and to this inquiry he now directed his remarks.

"Where's that stuff?" he asked.

"Stuff?" said Chimp.

"You know what I mean. Those things you stole from the Hall."

Chimp, who had just discovered that he was standing between Mr. Molloy and John, swiftly skipped back a pace.

This caused Mr. Molloy to skip back too. John regarded this liveliness with a smoldering disfavor.

"Stand still!" he said.

Chimp stood still. Mr. Molloy, who had succeeded in getting behind him again, stood stiller.

"Well?" said John. "Where are the things?"

The next move is up to Chimp and Mr. Molloy—those smooth but unlucky comrades in crookedness. Can they avert the worst thrashing of their lives? Read next week's installment and see.

Pictures by EDWARD RYAN

TODAY every woman and most of the men feel that talking is a social duty. He who eats must talk.

Talk Your Way to SUCCESS

A Guide to the Gift of Gab

By DORIS WEBSTER
and
MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

(Reading time: 25 minutes 15 seconds.)

THE assumption that the art of conversation has deteriorated since its heyday in the eighteenth century when Dr. Johnson talked interminably to the attentive Boswell is without foundation. The confusion comes from the fact that in those days only a few talked while the many listened.

Today everybody talks and nobody listens. Business is chiefly carried on by talking at the directors' tables, over the telephone, and by telegrams supplemented by night letters. Everyone knows how much even the office boy does to help in this direction.

Any executive can outtalk the famous Dr. Johnson, and each has a little female Boswell typist.

In those famous eighteenth century days the social rivals, Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Vesey, held competing evening "Conversations." At Mrs. Montagu's the chairs were arranged in a semicircle, with Dr. Johnson at one end, monologuing contentedly. At Mrs. Vesey's the chairs were arranged in groups, giving the minor lights a chance.

Dr. Johnson preferred Mrs. Montagu's; but Mrs. Vesey's was always crowded.

Today every woman and most of the men feel that talking is a social duty.

He who eats must talk. But you may keep still when you're dancing, if your partner prefers silence.

The following article is designed to assist each individual in discovering his or her distinctive talents in the field of conversation. It matters not whether one talks much or little, provided one knows how.

To Find the Key Number

ANSWER each question "yes" or "no" according to the best of your ability. If four or more questions in Group 1 are answered "yes," begin your key number with 1; if they are answered "no," omit 1 from your key number. In the same way add 2, 3, 4, and 5 to your key number if the majority of questions in those groups are answered "yes," omitting them if the majority are answered "no."

For example, if the majority of questions in groups 2, 4, and 5 are answered "yes," and the majority in groups 1 and 3 are answered "no," the key number will be 245.

When you have ascertained the "number" of the individual whose conversation you wish to analyze, look for the advice under that number.

GROUP 1

Do you frequently know what the other person is going to say?

Do you vary your conversation according to your listener?

Do people almost always take your remarks the way you mean them?

Do you think before you speak?

Are you disturbed when people are not interested in what you are saying?

Are you always following the other person's trend of thought?

Do people tell you that you understand them?

GROUP 2

Would you have made a good teacher?

Do you get irritated when you argue?

Do you hold to your beliefs through thick and thin?

Do you feel obligated to convert people to your views?

Do you think there is only one side to the prohibition question?

Are you ever called stubborn?

Do you harp on the same subjects?

GROUP 3

Do you easily find points in common with strangers?

Have you friends of both sexes, all ages, and different races?

If you traveled, would you prefer to associate

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TALK YOUR WAY TO SUCCESS
Continued from page sixty-nine]

with foreigners than with your countrymen?

Have you active interests outside the home or office?

Do you find it easy to think up a new topic of conversation?

Does interesting conversation in a guest compensate for lack of social grace?

Do queer people interest you?

GROUP 4

Does your mind frequently wander when you are talking?

Do you sometimes forget to listen to what the other person says?

Are you conscious of your clothes while you are talking?

Do you think about the impression you are making on the other person?

Do you rehearse your conversations afterward?

Do you plan your conversations ahead?

Are you nervous about your grammar or pronunciation?

GROUP 5

Do you feel personal responsibility for making a party a success?

Do you enjoy talking?

Do you avoid the chair in the background?

Do you want to interrupt?

Do you enjoy being the center of the stage?

Do you feel guilty when your conversation has been dull?

Do absorbed listeners stimulate you?

KEY NUMBER 0

If you want to start something, drop one of the conversation liveners below into the painful silence and watch the party wake up. A person of your temperament finds it difficult to break the terrible silences which are likely to occur when a party hasn't started to "go," on "beau nights," or Sunday afternoon when the Browns drop in.

Ninety per cent of the difficulty in conversation is in getting started. You will notice that the most brilliant conversationalists introduce their own topics, choosing subjects on which each person has a decided opinion even if they never thought of it before. Here is a list of subjects guaranteed to make the guests sit on the edge of their chairs and shriek their opinions into the turmoil:

Should a man be paid a living wage regardless of the amount of work he is able to accomplish?

Should illegitimate children have the same inheritance rights as legitimate?

Is jealousy a sign of love?

Is buying on the installment plan beneficial or detrimental to business?

Think up other conversation bombs yourself.

KEY NUMBER 1

Some people are miserable in company. Two girls went to a tea. They were pretty, well dressed, and well bred, but they were strangers and nobody talked to them. "I'm going home," moaned Elsie. "No," replied Dorothy. "We must talk to each other as if we were having a good time." She bent close to Elsie's ear as if she were telling a secret. "One, two, three, four," she whispered.

Elsie looked at her in utter astonishment. "Five, six, seven, eight," continued Dorothy, nodding her head sagely. Elsie got the idea. "Nine, ten, eleven," she confided back. This low toned conversation went on right merrily till the two girls got to laughing at its absurdity, and the one young man they knew came over to inquire what the joke was. They said it was nothing for his young ears, and they all three laughed and started real talk.

KEY NUMBER 2

Here are directions for getting your own way through talking. The recipe can be applied to salesmanship, courting, or managing one's husband.

Never flatly contradict another person. When he makes a statement with which you disagree, consider whether or not it is worth while expressing your disagreement. You will be surprised to find how frequently the matter is immaterial. If it is necessary for you to swing the other person to your viewpoint, begin by accepting the fact that there may be something in what he says, and gradually work around to presenting your diametrically opposed viewpoint.

Make a pleasant remark first whenever it is necessary to make a critical one.

Look for admirable qualities in the persons you dislike and mention them.

When you are angry make a pleasant remark.

Praise people behind their backs. It will be repeated to them.

KEY NUMBER 3

You are naturally a good listener, because you want to hear what the other person has to say, and also because your range of interest is wide. Your difficulty may be that you are not sufficiently interested in yourself. Once you have learned to stand on your own feet and pursue your own quarry instead of merely admiring the other hunters, you will find that you draw people instead of simply being drawn to them. People always want to know what is going on. The simplest stunt will attract the crowd. Tell one person about something that has amused or absorbed you, and the others will wander your way.

KEY NUMBER 4

Do not call attention to your failings. Carl lost a promotion at the bank where he works because he had so often said he was a failure

Ninety per cent of the difficulty in conversation is in getting started.

that the officials looking for a man to put higher up believed him. Anne's fiancé had never noticed how large her nose was until she told him that she was convinced he loved her truly, since he could stand her big nose. After that he always saw it large. Some people talk about their inferiorities in order to be contradicted, but it is a very tiresome habit. It is dangerous, too; for people take you at your own valuation.

KEY NUMBER 5

You are not really looking for advice on talking, because talking comes easy to you. You expected to be told that you should read up on Chinese methods of taxation in order to scintillate, and you privately thought that nothing like that would go in your crowd; but as a matter of fact we do not advise you to go in for artificial highbrowism. It would spoil the spontaneity that brings you so much attention.

Your only difficulty may be that at home, where people can't get away from you, you are not so much appreciated as you are abroad. Don't talk to people who want to sit and think.

KEY NUMBER 12

There are two kinds of conversation. The first is the interchange of ideas.

The second type is what is called "light conversation." Many highly educated persons have difficulty with this, because they do not realize that it is an entirely different brand. Light conversation is the expression of kindly emotions. Greetings, inquiries about health, the expression of kind wishes, congratulations, and like remarks come under this head. In these cases it is not necessary to have any particular mental reaction, but it is essential to have a kindly feeling.

Do not disdain the small coin of conversation, like comments on the weather, inquiries about the other person's health and his family. Be patient in listening to that in which you have no interest. It is an intellectual process. You have some difficulty with this kind, for you are an individual with opinions of your own.

KEY NUMBER 13

You have intuitive understanding of others and deep interest in their joys and troubles. You have forgotten more than most people ever learn and you have a kindly temperament. Why, then, do you sit pleasantly silent so often while others carry the burden of conversation? You would do it so much more easily than others, if you would only do it at all. If you are a man your wife has often pointed this out to you.

KEY NUMBER 14

James is a tongue coward. Like many shy individuals, he thinks of such witty remarks to make—after the conversation is over and the company gone home. "I ought to have said this" and "Why didn't I think of a good comeback?" he regrets, and he wishes he had a best girl in Zululand, so he could converse by cable.

He is all right at repartee, he reflects, if only given time enough. But at the next party he is no better off. He doesn't run up to the net. He stays at the back line and lets someone else return the ball.

Get in the game with your idea, James. Review what you have said—not what you did not say. Do not mind if you are clumsy at first.

KEY NUMBER 15

You are an excellent talker with congenial people. All you need to do is to learn to talk to those whose interests are not at all like your own. You should not be frightened off when someone introduces a topic you know nothing about. You ought to be able to enjoy the conversation of anyone—even a professor! You are quick to see that a person is bored or that the topic of conversation distresses him, but your only remedy is to leave him alone. That is why only 90 per cent of the people you meet like you. Work on the other 10 per cent.

The next time you meet a "hopeless specimen" find out why in the world he cares enough about himself to want to keep on living. Keep at him till you find something interesting in him. Even the most exasperating cigar lighter will strike a spark in the end.

KEY NUMBER 23

You were taught that a child should be seen and not heard. All right; but you are no longer a child, yet you continue to let the other fellow do the hard talking work in general conversation. You seldom make a contribution except when some subject is mentioned in which you

are vitally interested, and then aren't you inclined to lay down the law?

Practice talking first, and perhaps through the whole conversation, on matters in which the other fellow is interested. Make your own matters entirely secondary. If you do talk about matters that concern yourself, in answering his questions speak of pleasant things that have happened to you, but not in a boasting spirit. Try not to mention disasters and disappointments at all; but if you do, express sympathy if they concern him and dismiss them rather briefly if they concern you. You will impress your listener as a brilliant and scintillating person.

KEY NUMBER 24

Can you make people purr, or only cats? Here are suggestions for making people like you:

1. Make it a rule to utter one pleasant remark every day.
2. Offset every criticism by two admiring comments.
3. Look for admirable qualities in people you dislike.
4. When you are annoyed, say something pleasant.
5. Introduce every necessary criticism of children or employees with preliminary commendation.
6. Practice until you can speak without embarrassment of good looks, pretty clothes, fine character traits.
7. Cultivate the habit of saying out loud the kind thoughts that come into your mind concerning other people, at the same time that you stop critical thoughts before they slide off your tongue.

KEY NUMBER 25

It takes two people to make a conversation. Be sure that the person at the receiving end wants to hear what you have to say. Only when you are speaking over the radio can he shut you off without endangering the peace of your social relations, so it is up to you to watch him and find out whether he wants to do something besides listen to you.

On the other hand, you may sometimes say too little instead of too much.

You should teach your tongue to speak cordially.

1. When you enter the breakfast room, say "Good morning" to those members of the family with whom you have not already been quarreling about turns in the bathroom. Daily greetings should begin at home. The family will get used to it.
2. On the street, on the train, in the street cars, speak to every person you know. Conquer the temptation to pretend you didn't see this one or that. You commit yourself to nothing even if you add a remark about the weather.
3. If you meet the boss of your place of business, say clearly and distinctly, "Good morning, Mr. So-and-So." He is not averse to being politely treated.

You are so good about doing your share of the entertaining and helping to keep things lively that a little improvement in your technique would probably double your invitations.

KEY NUMBER 34

Did you ever think that your conversation is wound up inside you like a spool of thread? Learn to unwind yourself. Take the initiative. One talks best on subjects concerning which one has some information, although some people have not yet learned this simple truth. Do you realize that when you have the courage to introduce a topic yourself, you introduce one on which you have something to say?

KEY NUMBER 35

You are a good talker. Your only possible danger is that you have so many stimulating ideas popping into your head that you may not hear the occasional pop of another person's ideas. You make a party go, but you do not always send a quiet mouse home to his hole glowing with the feeling that he is a devil of a fellow who has been appreciated at last.

Try occasionally to coax the mice out by silence—appreciative silence.

KEY NUMBER 45

Did you ever read Edwin Arlington Robinson's poem about the perfect *Richard Cory*, who was "always *human* when he talked"?

The first step in making people like you is to like them.

Naturalness is the talker's greatest charm. His slips of grammar, his mispronunciations, even his tactlessness, may pass unnoticed; but his self conscious desire to be correct will congeal him to a cake of ice that separates him hopelessly from the rest of the company.

Nowadays people want to be amused above everything. Passive care to do nothing wrong will get you nowhere, not even if you are second cousin to *Lord Snigsworth*. You must be actively entertaining, either warming the company by the glow of your friendliness or actively interesting them by your new ideas. You have a good outturning personality and a warm feeling for everyone. Make the most of yourself by letting your personality go out and play without hampering restrictions.

KEY NUMBER 123

Your answers show that you are an individual of rare social potentialities which you have not yet developed to their fullest. You are a bit stiff in the tongue. The next time you are letting others do all the talking at a party, pick out that tiresome wallflower who is always present and give him or her a good time.

KEY NUMBER 124

Ready greetings make a man popular. Those naturally genial people who seem to have been born adjusted to the world find nothing easier than to greet everyone with a pleasant remark; but some of us still want to hide behind mother's skirts when we see anyone coming who will expect us to say even so little as "day-day" to him. We figuratively put our thumbs in our mouths and refuse to shake hands.

If you want to be liked, don't let people know you are not glad to see them. The first step in making people like you is to like them.

KEY NUMBER 125

Never make people feel that they are inferior to you. A clever young woman who has made her way in politics has a pleasant way of ending her statements with, "Don't you think so?" even though the matter discussed is her own specialty about which her listener may know very little.

Can you argue on prohibition without getting angry? This is a test of self-restraint, because most people feel very strongly on one side or the other. If you cannot meet it, argue on the other side for practice.

You already have certain qualities that are the basis of good talking—the desire to be entertaining, a sensitive appreciation of what the other person is feeling, and lack of self-consciousness. All you need is to widen your range.

KEY NUMBER 134

Men and women of temperament are likely to find conversation difficult because they take it too seriously. The following suggestions apply especially to slow talkers, but are worthy of consideration by everyone:

1. Do not stop to inspect every idea that comes into your mind during a conversation. If you do the train will have pulled out of the station before you are aboard.
2. Do not stop to hunt for the right word, or to think of grammar.
3. Your problem is to get your idea into the conversation while the talk is on that subject.
4. When you begin a sentence, finish it whether anyone is listening or not. You need to get accustomed to talking whole sentences.
5. Keep your voice up to the end—do not begin bravely and trail off.

KEY NUMBER 135

Now, *you* are the perfect talker. You make the other person feel at home; you really want to know what he has to say; you notice whether or not he wants to hear what you have to say; and you talk without wondering whether you are forgetting the broad *a* or using the verb *to be* with an object—or whether your hair needs brushing.

Moreover, you have a sense of social responsibility, and feel that it is up to you to give everybody a good time. If you are a man this is the more remarkable, for women have been trained to amuse the animals, while men who dance to make the baby laugh do so only out of the goodness of their hearts.

KEY NUMBER 145

Your answers indicate that you have a sense of social responsibility, but that you often find it difficult to hold up your end of the conversation. These suggestions are for such individuals. Before you go to a party, make a list with paper and pencil of the subjects on which you have some information. Sample topics are as follows (although it is most important that each person make out his own list):

1. Dogs
   Oil furnaces
   The younger generation
   Stories about well known people
2. If you want to know what people are interested in, look over the subjects written up in the magazines they read. Editors are specialists in current interests.
3. Remember that it is not essential to make your introduction of a subject hitch definitely to the conversation. If people like the topic you introduce, they will not notice whether it has much to do with what they have been talking about. If you have your topics ready, you will find plenty of opportunity to introduce them. It is always timely to say, "Did you see that article about ——— in ——— *Magazine?*"

It's easy once you get the habit.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TALK YOUR WAY TO SUCCESS]
Continued from page seventy-one

KEY NUMBER 234

Simulate cheerfulness until it becomes natural. All you need to do is to get into the frame of mind when you are really eager to make other people happy. Here are some suggestions.

Think over any recent conversation you have had and ask yourself the following questions:

1. Did you refer to any unpleasant topic?
2. Did you refer to any pleasant topic?
3. Did the person you talked with commiserate with you?
4. Did you think they felt happier for seeing you?
5. Did you say anything calculated to make them feel pleased with themselves?
6. Do you think they will be glad to see you coming next time?

Pretend an interest in other people's pleasures. Don't think that weeping with those that weep covers the entire field of altruism.

Practice dissimulation in relating your experiences. Say you had a good time, and describe the joys of the expedition, omitting all mention of the mosquitoes.

KEY NUMBER 235

You talk often and well. You are the delight of a hostess when a dinner threatens to be heavy. You are the life of the party. Now that we have recognized your fine points, may we slip in here warnings which are for all talkers and not for you alone?

Think over some conversation you have had today and ask yourself:

1. Was the other person really interested?
2. Were you trying to show off?
3. Did the other person get away as soon as you let him?
4. Were you talking for pleasure, or from conscientious motives, and in the latter case did the effort show?
5. Did you encourage the others to talk also?
6. Are you an intelligent listener?

KEY NUMBER 245

It is easier to criticize than to praise. When Aunt Louise speaks to her cat she says, "Beautiful pussy! Such a nice pussy! Caught a great big mouse for Aunt Louise." Pussy arches her back and purrs. When Aunt Louise speaks to nephew Eddie, she says, "Haven't I told you a hundred times to wipe your feet when you come in the house? And here you go tracking mud all over the floor!"

Eddie sulks. When he does remember, she makes no comment. She flatters the cat shockingly, but her praise for Eddie is all behind his back.

Have you ever tried expressing admiration to people's faces? It is surprising how pleased even the most absorbed scientist will be if you speak to him as Aunt Louise speaks to her pussy—or along similar lines.

Here is another point you may find useful: Do not be an *Ancient Mariner*. Do not detain a wedding guest with a painful tale of your troubles unless he shows an absorbed interest in them and asks for more.

It is sad but true that the cheerful talker who doesn't need companionship is the one who gets it.

KEY NUMBER 345

You are a good talker with your own kind, but reserve keeps you from doing your best in a casual conversation. If you would think less about the impression you are making on others and more about the impression they are making on you, you would find things easier. Let the other person entertain you once in a while.

You probably fit well into your own group, but may feel at sea when you are with people of a different sort. Practice talking with strangers or, rather, making them talk.

KEY NUMBER 1234

Take part in the party.

1. Look for a stranger and speak to him or her without an introduction.
2. Can you see anyone who looks as miserable as you feel? Put that person at ease. Get your hostess to introduce you if you think that necessary, or speak about the weather without any introduction.
3. Help your host or hostess pass refreshments.
4. Get somebody a chair.
5. Old ladies adore attention.
6. Take charge of the radio. If you don't know how, watch the man who is doing it and learn how.
7. Take part in whatever game is going on, like charades, ask-me-another, or cards—even though you hate it like poison.

One talks best on subjects concerning which one has some information.

You may be miserable following these directions, but not half so miserable as if you stand in a corner hating the people who are enjoying themselves. Do not expect others to carry you.

KEY NUMBER 1235

Of course you are full of faults; but since people like you in spite of them, or because of them, it seems a pity to try to change you.

You have a way of giving your opinion unasked and unmodified. You sometimes do more than your share of the talking and you simply love to be admired. But there! Everybody loves to have you round (for one evening, anyway), and you are warm, kindly, and magnetic. Your interests are varied, and if anyone else does get a word in edgewise you listen to it. And you do take pains not to hurt people's feelings.

In fact, you're such a dear that we won't bother about your faults. You wouldn't change them, anyway.

KEY NUMBER 1245

You appear to have the unfortunate combination of longing for affection, along with a fear that other people do not admire you as much as you wish. You feel you talk too much sometimes, but shut up like a clam other times. Here are directions how to spread your conversation more evenly:

1. Speak to your family when you first meet them in the morning. Say something pleasant in addition to "Good morning" if you can think of it, but don't force gayety.
2. Speak to your neighbors on the street. Add a remark to the regulation greeting if you like. This will become easier with practice.
3. Speak to your fellow employees, and don't forget the boss, at your place of business.
4. Speak to people who come in during the day. A smile may be all that is necessary.
5. Try to give the impression that you are pleased to see each person.

KEY NUMBER 1345

To tell you not to be self conscious is like telling you to pose for your photograph with a pleasant, natural expression. And so we will have to tell you to learn to be such an artist that no one will see that you are self conscious! As a matter of fact, though, you are not as self conscious as you think you are, for your real interest in the other person absorbs you for long spaces.

You have tact by nature; that is, you instinctively notice whether the subject of conversation bores your listener or makes him feel unhappy. Moreover, you have learned to do your part in the talking and "turn handsprings for the lady" when she asks you to. In short, you are an ideal guest. It is only your own reaction to yourself that you need worry about. Try to give yourself a really good time, and never, never scold yourself for your shortcomings.

KEY NUMBER 2345

Jones is a commuter who takes himself seriously. Life is so real and earnest to Jones that he is afraid to waste one precious minute. Each night, when he descends at his rural station with a group of his neighbors, he improves the no longer shining hour by introducing a profound topic like politics, fundamentalism, or even free will.

There is no escape for his neighbors, for their route is identical for a quarter of a mile.

The commuters greet his remarks in silence. Encouraged, Jones hands out some more profound wisdom. He thinks that he has awakened their sluggishness, stimulated them to inspiring thought. He has. They are wondering whether it would be safe to duck Jones in the pond.

If you are like Jones, relax your mental muscles. Watch other people when you talk. If they show no signs of interest, pause, and see if they will introduce another topic of conversation. Don't be a conscientious uplifter.

KEY NUMBER 12345

Dwell on the pleasant aspects of life in your conversation. If this does not hit you, pass it on to a real crape hanger. To some extent, it applies to everyone.

Three girls from an office were talking over their lunch. Two of them had just returned from their vacations.

The first had had a horrid time. The walking had been dusty, and the people had been unfriendly and too self centered to notice a lonely stranger.

The second was sympathetic, and rather loath to tell of her own experiences, but, when pressed, admitted that she had had a wonderful time. There had been a full moon. She didn't mention rain or the initial loneliness.

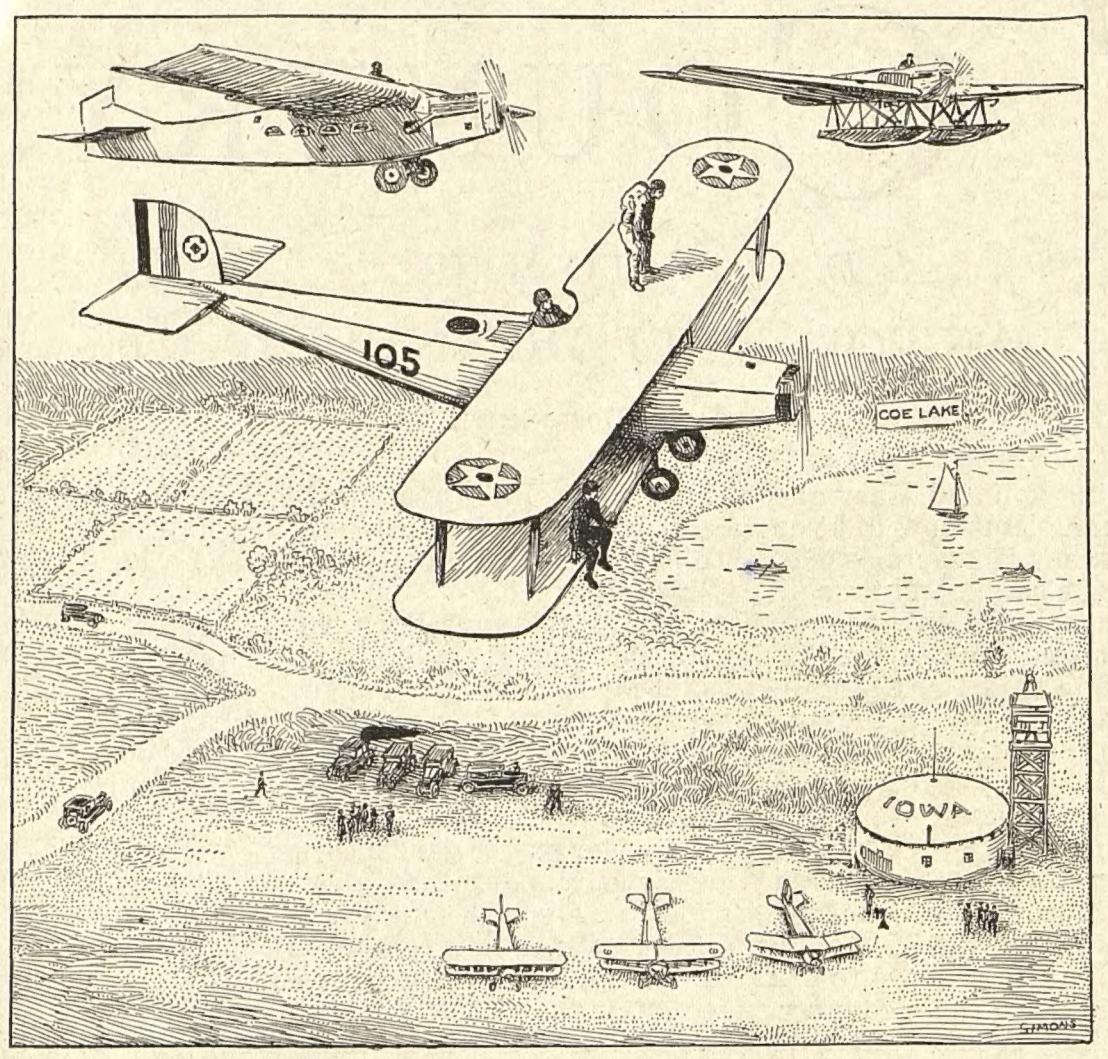
"Nothing unpleasant ever happens to you," gloomed the girl who had omitted the moon and seen the fair weather only as "dust."

"No," corrected the third girl, "she has her bad times, but she doesn't pass them on."

Some people dwell on disagreeable experiences to draw out sympathy. Others take satisfaction in making the hearers as unhappy as themselves. Since people object to being made unhappy, they avoid the unfortunate glooms and run after cheerful people.

THE END

Mind Tests



THIS picture and the questions below offer another opportunity to test your ability to observe and to remember details. Study the picture for *one minute;* then, without referring to it again, see how many of the ten questions you can answer.

How many airplanes are shown?
How many of them are on the ground?
Are those on the ground monoplanes or biplanes?
How many men can be seen on the biplane in the air?
What number is shown on the side of this plane?
What name is on the hangar in the right foreground?
How many boats did you see on the lake?
What kind of boats are they?
What is the name of the lake?
How many automobiles in the picture?

STRIKE out from the following groups of words any that do not belong to the class in which they appear. You are allowed one minute and a half.

1—ANIMALS: Zebra, coon, dogwood, ermine, arbutus.
2—STATE CAPITALS: Boston, Chicago, Denver, Savannah, Portland.
3—BIRDS: Robin, woodpecker, anemone, thrush, rail, kite.
4—RIVERS: Potomac, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Delaware, James.
5—TREES: Oak, pine, larch, jimson, magnolia, sequoia.

ANSWERS: Strike out (1) dogwood, arbutus; (2) Chicago, Savannah, Portland; (3) anemone; (4) Oregon, Pennsylvania; (5) jimson.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 42

1—Proving it, in court, to be the last will and testament of a deceased person.
2—The Battle of Lookout Mountain.
3—Montana.
4—One that lays eggs.
5—In Palestine.
6—Any device for arresting bleeding by exerting pressure on an artery.
7—A hall in which Revolutionary patriots of Massachusetts were accustomed to meet. It is in Boston.
8—Fifteen thousand dollars a year.
9—From the Earl of Sandwich, who is supposed to have originated the idea of eating food in that form.
10—Hinduism.
11—Robert Louis Stevenson.
12—Oriental rugs.
13—No. She became the wife of John Rolfe.
14—He is not charged with a time at bat.
15—Absolute monarchy.
16—A person who is seventy years of age.
17—In Chicago.
18—Major general and colonel, respectively.
19—A striking exhibition of power or skill.
20—A Russian wolfhound.

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So This Is the Country!

As Dictated by TONI, JR., *to*

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

I said all right I'll climb first. You boost me up.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 6 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

Fiddle went to the country. Fiddle is the boy that lives on the corner, with his grandmother. He is the boy that I like best. I don't know if he likes me best.

He lets me ride on his scooter. But not in his auto-mo-bile. He says it is only big enough for one and it needs a boy in it. Girls, he says, blow the horn all the time and don't watch where they're going.

Nancy and Virginia went to the country, too. Nancy also lives on the corner. She lives with Virginia or Virginia lives with her. I don't know which.

Anyway, they are sisters.

Patsy went to the country also. That left nobody to play with in the park. So I had to play with Mary. And she had to play with me. So Mary said I wish I could go to the country. And I said do you Mary so do I. And she said yes. Then she said how do you go to the country? I said I don't know. You've got to be asked. Fiddle was asked. And Nancy and Virginia also. So Mary said I'll ask you, Toni. And you ask me. Then we can go to the country too.

So she asked me and I asked her. Then we went home and told Aunt Toni that we were asked to the country.

Aunt Toni said you're right you were asked to the country. Mrs. Titus just telephoned asking you and Mary and me. But how did you know you were asked? she said. And we said we knew because we asked each other. So she said there's nothing like carrying the thought, is there? And I said yes because I didn't know what carrying a thought meant. I didn't want to waste any time asking because I had a lot of questions to ask about the country. And Aunt Toni said we'd have to hurry like everything if we wanted to be ready by Saturday.

We hurried like everything. We hurried so fast we missed the train.

But Uncle Joe said we should stop crying. He'd take us right on out in his car.

That's how we got here. I mean, after they took the suitcases and the boxes and the bundles off the top of us we were here.

Uncle Joe said now you're in the country. What do you think of it?

Where is it? I said. Right where you are, he said. I said no this is a house. And he said lookit the trees on the lawn there. I said that's a park. He said it's nicer than a park. A park hasn't such lovely flowers. I said is it the Bo-tan-ikkle Gardens? I went there once on a Sunday. Uncle Joe said they didn't have such nice roses at the Bo-tan-ikkle Gardens.

So, now I don't know if I'm in the country or if I'm living in a beautiful house in the park and Bo-tan-ikkle Gardens.

The house has upstairses in it and downstairses. Aunt Toni says if she catches me running up and down them again she doesn't know what she'll do with me. I don't know what I'll do with myself if I can't run up and down them. They're more fun than anything else.

Aunt Toni only said that to me when I didn't come down the back stairses feet first like you're supposed to. I started that way. But there's a bend in the stairses and it turned me around. I got bended too. When I got to the bottom they had a hard time unbending me.

My Auntie says I'm wearing her nerves to a frazzle with those stair de-sents of mine. I said my nerves is worn, too. She said it isn't your nerves 'at's getting worn. It's your 'natomy and it'll get worner if you don't stay outdoors and play. So then I went out in the garden.

I never saw a garden in my life before. Not one where po-ta-toes grow and po-ta-to bugs and carrots with long green hair and peas and beets with Indian feathers in their hats.

Po-ta-toes don't grow in bags. Not in the country they don't. They've got little houses in rows. One little family lives next door to another little family. When you open up their houses with a hoe there's the family with its clothes all peeling off and its skins showing through.

LEO, the gard-ner, says they're just new born so haven't had time yet to get all their skin browned so they won't need clothes. But he says they've got enough eyes to see everything I do. Mary, too. And if we pull the carrots by their green hair or the onions, those eyes will see. So we better be pretty careful.

Leo showed me and Mary where the corn's ears would soon be out. Mary asked him why it wasn't out now. He said it was growing. Mary said I want to see. So he told her to sit right there and watch it. Also, he'd be glad if I'd sit down beside her—he wanted to get some peas picked for dinner.

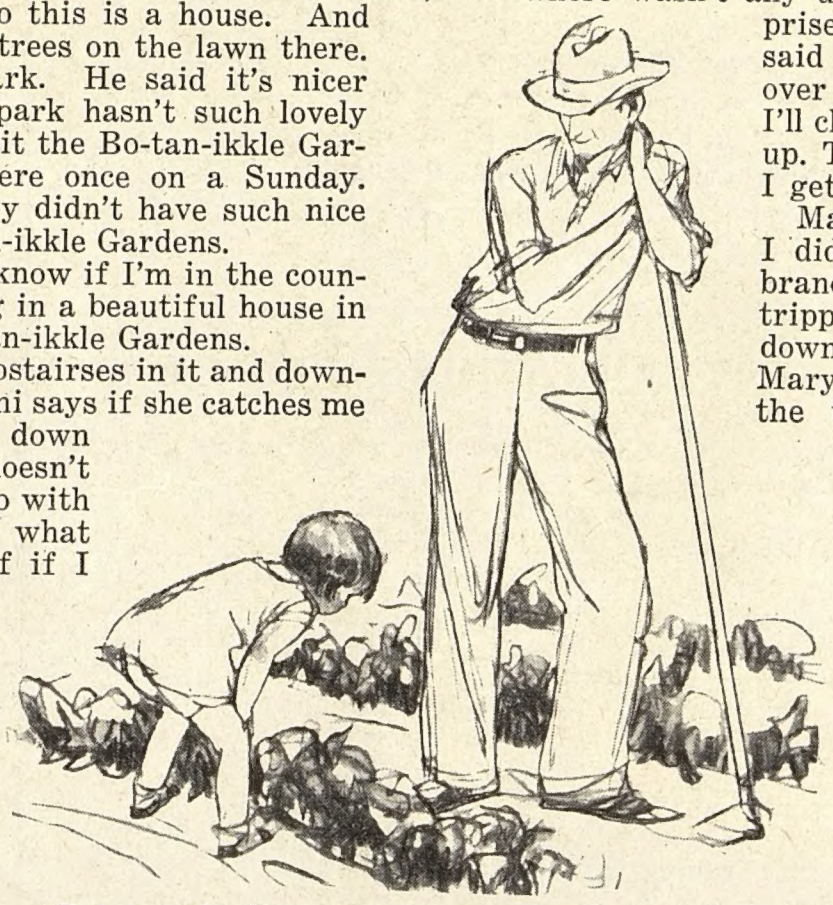
Mary and me sat and waited for the surprise. But we didn't get one. So Leo said maybe tomorrow we'd get it.

There wasn't any use waiting for the surprise any longer. So Mary said let's climb up that tree over there. I said all right I'll climb first. You boost me up. Then I'll pull you up when I get on that big branch.

Mary never got pulled up. I didn't get out on the big branch. It was a little branch tripped me. It threw me down on my head. I guess Mary thought she fell out of the tree. Auntie did too.

Mary screamed so hard she nearly got the bandage on instead of me.

"Three days out for a nice quiet rest," Aunt Toni mut-ter-ed to herself, "and nearly forty heart attacks already."



Potatoes don't grow in bags. They've got little houses in rows.

Does Toni have a good time in the country? Well, if you'll just read about her in Liberty next week, you'll see.

Look for this display case at your dealer's. It contains an assortment of very soft, soft, firm and medium Ti-con-der-oga pencils.

5¢ each
60¢ a dozen

Three for a quarter in Canada.

You'll find it convenient to buy Ti-con-der-ogas by the dozen—in this distinctive box.

OFF TO A GOOD START

This half-gross package is the economical way to buy Ti-con-der-ogas—if you use them in quantities.

MOTHER: "Bill's all ready to start school tomorrow morning, except for a nickel to buy some pencils."

DAD: "A pencil you mean mother.. a Dixon's Ti-con-der-oga just like this one. We've found down at the office that one 5¢ Ti-con-der-oga is better than a handful of cheap pencils."

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DIXON
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

Pencil Dept. 10-J JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO. Jersey City, N. J.

TO CHURCH UNDER ARMS

Hostile Indians made even attendance at church perilous for the early Puritans. In the picture the artist portrays the austere Puritan father with musket and Bible on his way to divine service. With him is his daughter happy in the security afforded by her sturdy, courageous protector.

Cudahys

Puritan Lard

"First in the Land - The Test Tells"

Pie, the great American confection — nature provides the luscious fruits but the pie crust is left to man's and *woman's* ingenuity. Cudahy's Puritan Lard assures that light, flaky pie crust impossible with inferior shortenings.

Cudahy's Puritan Lard is one hundred per cent pure leaf lard, and therefore gives greater satisfaction and is more economical for all pastry and for every cooking purpose. Ask for Cudahy's Puritan Lard. A test will demonstrate that it is

"THE PERFECT SHORTENING"

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A.

producers of

Puritan Hams · Bacon · Lard · Beef · Lamb

(A copy of the above picture will be sent free upon request to Dept. G, The Cudahy Packing Co., Chicago.)